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THE

# ARTISTS OF AMERICA:

A SERIES OF

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

AMERICAN ARTISTS;

WITH

PORTRAITS AND DESIGNS ON STEEL.

BY

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

AUTHOR OF "THE ARTIST, THE MERCHANT, AND THE STATESMAN," ETC.,  
ETC.

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NEW-YORK:  
BAKER & SCRIBNER.

1846.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by  
BAKER & SCRIBNER,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

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LEAVITT, TROW & CO., PRINTERS,  
33 ANN-STREET.  
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THIS  
OFFERING  
IS MADE  
TO ALL THE  
*Friends*  
OF  
AMERICAN ARTISTS.



## PREFACE.

THE immediate object of this Series of Biographical Sketches, is to make Our Artists and their Works better known *at home*. Abroad, this is not necessary, for there they have always been better known, and better appreciated than in their own country. The names of such men as West, Allston, Durand, and Powers, are a sufficient pledge of the truth of this statement.

While every American of taste, and of national feeling, is proud of Our Artists, he blushes when this fact is told. It does not reflect much credit upon us, it seems to me, to have it said, and with too much truth too, that no American Artist can get bread at home till he has won fame abroad.

I have long believed that the insensibility of the nation to the claims of Art and Artists was more owing to a lack of information on these subjects, than to any, perhaps *all* other causes; and I have long desired to see this want supplied with some work, uniting beauty of execution and cheapness of price, with authenticity of facts, to secure for it general circulation. Artists themselves will not do it, although well qualified for the task; perhaps they could not do it without suffering, however unjustly, unkind imputations. No one else seems inclined to make an attempt, and I have resolved to try it myself.

Confining myself strictly to the object of this work—already stated—I shall endeavor only to make our Artists and their Works better known to their own countrymen. No alarm need be felt by them; for I shall not consider it my business to deal with living men

without their consent, however current the old adage may be that public men are public property. I do not propose to compare one artist with another, nor to praise any body. Praise cannot make Artists; otherwise we should have had masters by the score. All an Artist or Author needs, is to be known through his works. If these are his eulogium, let him have no solicitude about his fame.

My materials come from the most authentic sources, principally from Artists themselves. I have drawn freely from Dunlap, who has written the only work which affords me any aid. With a warm love of art, he rendered it the best service he could.

The illustrations are executed on Steel by Mr. Burt, the Artist who engraved the *LAST SUPPER*, just published by A. L. Dick, Esq.

The author would be happy to receive from Artists and their friends any information which may be made useful while these Sketches are in progress.

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

New-York, Feb. 5th, 1846





ALLSTON.

FROM HARDING'S PASTING

## WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

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CREATOR of the beautiful, which lives through distant years—  
Methought I saw a funeral band, following thee in tears ;  
'Twas not the tread of mortals, but a strange ethereal train,  
For stars shone brightly through them, while sweeping o'er the plain

The Dead Man of Elisha, pass'd sadly in my dream,  
And the Angel of St. Peter shone like the morning's beam ;  
Elijah from the Desert, and Uriel from the Sun,  
Mourned in tearless silence the great departed one.

Rosalie's radiant form was there—her tresses flowing wild ·  
Man's glorious Madonna—a Mother and her Child ;  
Saul and the Witch of Endor—and then a Bloody Hand  
Floated before Spalatro, as he followed in the band.

Monaldi, gazing wildly, moved with an air of pride ;  
Gil Blas, with fair Lucretia, went weeping by his side ;  
Catherine and Petruccio, and Anna Page, were there ;  
And men, the noble and the brave, and women pure and fair.

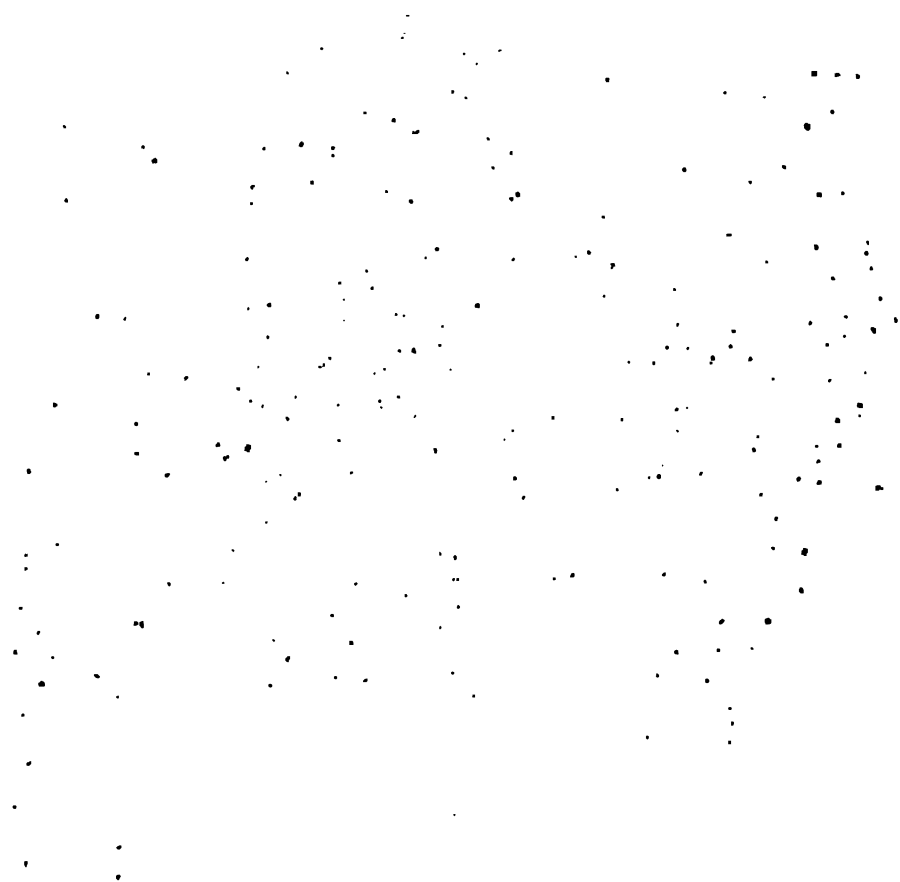
The Angels pass'd, with Jacob, arrayed in Glory's dies,  
Their shining wings half folded, and quivering for the skies.  
The prophet Jeremiah, as he stood sublime of old ;  
And the Destruction of Jerusalem to aged Baruch told.

Fair Rebecca from the well—whose tears were streaming fast,  
With the imperial Miriam, who slowly glided past—  
And darkly strode Belshazzar—for *now* his Feast was done—  
With terror on his curling lip and fear upon his tongue.

They gathered round the yawning grave, a group of Shadows wild,  
And pour'd their tears of incense o'er Columbia's gifted child—  
The night wind blew a solemn dirge, and bright stars twinkled dim—  
"He rested from his labors, and his works did follow him."

CALEB LYON, of LYONSDALE.

New-York, Feb. 10th, 1846.



## WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

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ALLSTON's name will in all coming time quicken the fancy, and stir the blood of the American Painter. His triumphs and his sorrows are over; he rests quietly in his tomb among the shades at Mount Auburn; and we should feel, however reverently we approached it, that there were others who had a right to draw nearer; for there are those who shared his confidence, and were welcome at his quiet and cheerful home,—who have seen his beautiful creations grow under the touches of his wondrous pencil,—who were near him in his last days, and who now go to his green resting-place to weep. We do not feel worthy of being Allston's biographer, nor should we attempt even this brief sketch did we not feel that in a work of this kind, American artists would expect to find, on its first page, the name of him who stands unquestionably at the head of our painters. No words of ours can do him honor, but they may at least serve as an earnest expression of our veneration for the Great Poet-Painter. We shall endeavor to convey a correct idea of Allston's history and genius *as an artist*, for it is principally, and indeed almost exclusively, in this aspect that we are to deal with the names that will be brought forward in these sketches.

Washington Allston was born in South Carolina, in 1779. His physicians recommended his removal to a northern climate, and from his early boyhood he seems to have made his home in Newport, Rhode Island, where he continued his studies till 1796, when he was entered at Harvard University. It would be difficult not to believe that this boy amused himself with brushes and paints, or had in lack of such objects, some quiet chit-chat with nature, as Ben Jonson quaintly says. In fact we have a scrap of authentic history about it, from the pen of the boy himself—now become a man—a Poet and a Painter.

“To go back as far as I can—I remember that I used to draw before I left Carolina, at six years of age (by the way no *uncommon* thing), and still earlier that my favorite amusement, much akin to it, was making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country—meagre enough no doubt; the only particulars of which I can call to mind were a cottage built of sticks, shaded by little trees which were composed of small suckers (I think so called), resembling miniature trees, which I gathered in the woods. Another employment was the converting the forked stalks of the wild fern into little men and women, by winding about them different colored yarn. These were sometimes presented with pitchers made of the pomegranate flower. These childish fancies were the straws by which, perhaps, an observer might then have guessed which way the current was setting for after life—” And then follow a few lines which would guard the reader from drawing too exalted an opinion of his native talent or propensity for Art—and Allston had no false modesty—that worst display of insincerity was no part of his nature. Dunlap very prop-

erly says—"In these delights of Allston's childhood appear the germs of landscape gardening, landscape painting, and scenic composition. Less intellectual children are content to make mud pies, and form ovens with clay and clam-shells, as if to bake them in. Even when at play they are haunted by the ghosts of cakes, pies and puddings."—Allston goes on with his sunny sketch: "But even these delights would sometimes give way to a stronger love for the wild and the marvellous. I delighted in being terrified by the tales of witches and hags, which the negroes used to tell me; and I well remember with how much pleasure I recalled these feelings on my return to Carolina—especially on revisiting a gigantic wild grape-vine in the woods, which had been a favorite swing for one of these witches. "Here," remarks Dunlap, "may be perceived the germ of that poetic talent which afterward opened and was displayed both by the pen and the pencil of Mr. Allston."

The Painter now gives an account of his boyhood. "My chief pleasure now was in drawing from prints—of all kinds of figures, landscapes and animals. But I soon began to make pictures of my own—at what age, however, I cannot say. The earliest compositions that I remember, were the Storming of Count Roderick's Castle, from a poor (though to me delightful) romance of that day, and the Siege of Toulon—the first in India ink—the other in water colors. I cannot recall the year in which they were done. To these succeeded many others which have likewise passed into oblivion. Though I never had any regular instructor in the art (a circumstance, I would here observe, both idle and absurd to boast of), I had much incidental instruction, which I have always through life been glad to receive from every one

in advance of myself ; and I may add, there is no such thing as a self-taught Artist, in the ignorant acceptation of the word ; for the greatest genius that ever lived must be indebted to others if not by direct teaching, yet indirectly through their works. I had in my school days some of this latter kind of instruction from a very worthy and amiable man, a Mr. King, of Newport, who made quadrants and compasses, and occasionally painted portraits. I believe he was originally bred a painter, but obliged, from the rare calls upon his pencil, to call in the aid of another craft. I used at first to make frequent excuses for visiting his shop to look at his pictures, but finding that he always received me kindly, I went at last without any, or rather with the avowed purpose of making him a visit. Sometimes I would take with me a drawing, and was sure to get a word of encouragement. It was a pleasant thing to me, some twenty years after this, to remind the old man of these little kindnesses.”—Pleasant thing too must it have been to the old painter, to hear such acknowledgments from the Artist who had brought away the prize from the British Institution.

Malbone’s success in Miniature Painting induced Allston, now in his freshman year at College, to try his hand at it. He tells us, “I could *make no hand of it*—all my attempts in that line being so far inferior to what I could *then* do in oil, that I became disgusted with my abortive efforts, and gave it up.”—He then relates an anecdote which illustrates his admirable sincerity and simplicity of character. “One of these miniatures,” he continues, “or rather attempts at miniature, was shown me several years after, and I pronounced it *without promise*, not knowing it to be my work. I may add, I would have said the same had I known it. I may observe, however

(for I know not why I should not be as just to myself as to another person), that I should not have expressed a similar opinion respecting its contemporaries in oil: for a landscape with figures on horseback, painted about this time, was afterwards exhibited at Somerset House."

This reminds me of a remark of Haydon, the best historical painter many suppose England has ever had. He was speaking of an English Artist, of promising genius in landscape, who was determined to paint historical pieces, and whose earlier attempts rendered it nearly certain he could never succeed. "That man, sir," said Haydon, in his impetuous way of talking, "was doing admirably in landscapes—he was made for landscapes. He has lately conceived a penchant for Historical painting, and it will most likely prove his ruin. Scores of Artists cut their throats in the same way. There are few men gifted with universal genius. It is enough to satisfy any reasonable being to climb to fame on *one* ladder, without trying half a dozen. When a boy begins to talk about being an Artist, some master should shake him up and see what *kind* of art he can shake out of him: it certainly won't take long to find out whether it's oil, or water colors, or marble. And depend upon it, you don't often get a Benvenuto Cellini, nor a Michael Angelo into the bag. These chaps who can do every thing, are white crows among Artists." He spoke with great admiration of Allston, and in alluding to his abandoning miniature, said—"Next to knowing what one *can* do, the best acquisition for an Artist is to know what he *can't*."

He tells us of his progress in Art while at the University. "My leisure hours at College were chiefly devoted to the pencil, to the composition equally of figures

and landscapes : I do not remember that I preferred one to the other ; my only guide in the choice was the inclination of the moment. There was an old landscape at the house of a friend in Cambridge (whether Italian or Spanish I know not), that gave me my first hints in color in that branch ; it was of a rich and deep tone, though not by the hands of a master ; the work perhaps of a moderate Artist, but of one who lived in a *good age*, when he could not help catching something of the good that was abroad. In the coloring of figures, the pictures of Pine in the Columbian Museum in Boston were my first masters. Pine had certainly, as far as I can recollect, considerable merit in color. But I had a higher master in the head of Cardinal Bentivoglio from Vandyke in the College Library, which I obtained permission to copy one winter vacation. This copy from Vandyke was by Smybert, an English Painter, who came to this country with Dean, afterwards Bishop Berkley. At that time it seemed to me perfection ;—when I saw the original, some years afterwards, I found I had to alter my notions of perfection. However, I am grateful to Smybert for the instruction he gave me, his work rather. Deliver me from kicking down even the weakest step of an early ladder.”

In the same cheerful way he opens another chapter of his Artistic life. He says to a friend, “ On quitting College (in 1800), I returned to Charleston. \* \* My picture manufactory still went on in Charleston till I embarked for London. Up to this time my favorite subjects, with an occasional comic intermission, were banditti. I well remember one of these, where I thought I had happily succeeded in cutting a throat ! The subject of this precious performance was, robbers fighting with each other for the spoils, over the body of a murdered trav-

eller,—and clever ruffians I thought them. I did not get rid of this banditti mania until I had been over a year in England. It seems that a fondness for subjects of violence is common with young Artists. One might suppose that the youthful mind would delight in scenes of an opposite character. Perhaps the reason of the contrary may be found in this; that the natural condition of youth being one of incessant excitement from the continual influx of novelty—for all about us must *at one time be new*—it must needs have something fierce, terrible or unusual, to force it above its wonted tone. But the time must come to every man who lives beyond the middle age, ‘when there is nothing new under the sun.’ His novelties then are the *rifacimenti* of his former life. The gentler emotions are then as early friends who revisit him in dreams, and who, recalling the past, give a grace and beauty, nay a rapture even to what in the hey-day of youth had seemed to him spiritless and flat. And how beautiful is this law of nature—perfuming as it were our very graves with the unheeded flowers of childhood. One of my favorite haunts when a child in Carolina, was a forest spring, where I used to catch minnows, and I dare say with all the callousness of a fisherman; at this moment I can see that spring; and the pleasant conjuror, memory, has brought again those little creatures before me; but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh in all their gorgeous garniture of vases and flowers. But where am I going?”

So always was it with this gifted man. While the painter held the pencil it spoke the language of the soul—when he took up the pen he was a poet—and poetry

and painting are only two breathing forms of the same spirit.

In Charleston he painted a head of St. Peter, when he hears the cock crow, and one of Judas Iscariot. He was now at the age of twenty-two, and he determined in the freshness and enthusiasm of youth to visit the shrines of Art in the old world. Dunlap says, "Allston sacrificed his paternal inheritance to his love of the Arts to which he had devoted *himself*. The product of the sale of his hereditary property was appropriated to the support of the student in Europe, and the furtherance of his enlightened ambition! He had generous offers from friends in Charleston, who, it would appear, wished to prevent any sacrifice of this kind, but the painter preferred independence and a reliance on his own resources."

Allston has illuminated this period also with his own pen—"There was an early friend, long since dead, whom I have omitted to mention, and I cannot but wonder at the omission, since he is one whose memory is still most dear to me. The name of this gentleman was Bowman. \* \* \* I believe I was indebted for the uncommon interest he was pleased to take in me, to some of my college verses, and to a head of St. Peter (when he hears the cock crow) which I had painted about that time. Be this as it may, his partiality was not of an every day kind: for when I was about to embark for Europe, he proposed to allow me, nay, almost insisted on my accepting, a hundred pounds a year during my stay abroad. This generous offer, however, I declined, having at that time a small income sufficient for my immediate wants; it would have been sordid to have accepted it. He then proposed to ship for me a few tierces of rice: that too I declined. Yet he would not let me go without a present,

and so I was obliged to limit it to Hume's History of England and a Novel by Dr. Moore, whom he personally knew. \* \* Such an instance of generosity speaks for itself. But the kindness of manner that accompanied it can only be known to me who saw it. I can see the very expression now. Mr. Bowman was an excellent scholar, and one of the most agreeable talkers I have known. Malbone Frazer and myself were frequent guests at his table, and delightful parties we always found there. With youth, health, the kindest friends, and ever before me buoyant hope, what a life to look back on! I cannot but think that the life of an Artist, whether painter or poet, depends much on a happy youth. I do not mean as to outward circumstances, but as to his inward being; in my own case at least I feel the dependence; for I seldom step into the ideal world but I find myself going to the age of first impressions. The germs of our best thoughts are certainly often to be found there.—Sometimes, indeed (though rarely), we find them in full flower; and when so, how beautiful seem to us these flowers through an atmosphere of thirty years! 'Tis in this way that poets and painters keep their minds young. How else could the old man make the page or the canvass palpitate with the hopes and fears and joys, the impetuous, impassioned emotions of youthful lovers or reckless heroes? There is a period of life when the ocean of time seems to force upon the mind a barrier against itself, forming as it were a permanent beach, on which the advancing years successively break, only to be carried back by a returning current to that furthest deep whence they first flowed. Upon this beach *the poetry of life* may be said to have its birth—where the *real* ends and the *ideal* begins."

Soon after Allston's arrival in London he became a student of the Royal Academy. The Gladiator was his first drawing from plaster, and it gained him permission, says Dunlap, to draw at Somerset House—the third procured him the ticket of an entered student. West was then in the zenith of his fame, and he gave him his hand. Here is Allston's tribute to that great Reformer in English Art. "Mr. West received me with the greatest kindness. I shall not forget his benevolent smile when he took me by the hand; it is still fresh in my memory, linked with the last of like kind which accompanied the last shake of the hand, when I took a final leave of him in 1818. His gallery was open to me at all times, and his advice always readily and kindly given. He was a man overflowing with the milk of human kindness. If he had enemies I doubt if he owed them to any other cause than his rare virtue."

"I arrived in London about the middle of June 1801, near the close of the annual exhibition. The next year was the first of my adventuring before the public, when I exhibited three pictures at Somerset House. The principal one a French Soldier telling a story (comic attempt)—a Rocky Coast (half length) with banditti, and a Landscape with horsemen, which I had painted at College. I received two applications for the French Soldier, which I sold to Mr. Wilson, of the European Museum—for whom I afterward painted a companion of it, also comic—the Poet's Ordinary, where the lean fare was enriched by an incidental arrest."

Allston spent three years in England and then went to Paris with Vanderlyn. The Louvre was now in its full splendor. Napoleon had a saying that every victory gave him a *master*; every city that fell before his tri-

umphant legions, surrendered up its works of Art, and when the two young painters reached Paris, the *chef d'ouvres* of the Masters and the Schools of Europe were clustered in the Louvre—forming a Gallery which will probably never be seen again. But the Battle of Waterloo gave back to nations their stolen treasures.

In writing from the Louvre, Allston says :—" Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, absolutely enchanted me, for they took away all sense of subject. When I stood before the Peter Martyr, the Miracle of the Slave, and the Marriage of Cana, I thought of nothing but of the *gorgeous concert of colors*—or rather of the indefinite forms (I cannot call them sensations) of pleasure with which they filled the imagination. It was the poetry of color which I felt ; procreative in its nature, giving birth to a thousand things which the eye cannot see, and distinct from their cause. I did not, however, stop to analyze my feelings—perhaps at that time I could not have done so. I was content with my pleasure without seeking the cause. \* \* I am by nature, as it respects the Arts, a *wide* liker. I cannot honestly turn up my nose even at a piece of still life, since, if well done, it gives me pleasure. This remark will account for otherwise strange transitions. I will mention here a picture of a totally different kind which then took great hold of me, by Ludovico Carracci. I do not remember the title, but the subject was the Body of the Virgin borne for interment by four Apostles. The figures are colossal—the tone dark and of tremendous depth of color. It seemed while I looked at it, as if the ground shook under their tread, and the air were darkened by their grief. \* \* I may here notice a false notion which is current among artists, in the interpretation they put on the axiom, that 'something should

always be left to the imagination, viz. : that some parts of a picture should be left *unfinished*.' The very statement betrays its unsoundness ; for that which is unfinished must necessarily be *imperfect*, so that according to this rule, *imperfection* is made essential to *perfection*. The error lies in the phrase 'left to the imagination ;' it has filled modern Art with random flourishes of no meaning. If the axiom be intended to prevent the impertinent obtrusion of subordinate objects, (the fault certainly of a mean practice), I may observe that the remedy is no remedy, but rather a less fault substituted for a greater. Works of a high order aspiring to the poetical, cannot make good their pretensions, unless they *do affect* the imagination, and *this* should be the test—that they set to work, not to finish what is less incomplete, but to awaken images *congenial* to the compositions, but not in them expressed—an effect that never was yet realized by misrepresenting any thing. If the objects introduced into a picture *keep their several places*, as well in the deepest shadow as in light, the general effect will suffer nothing by their truth : but to give the *whole* truth in the midnight as well as the daylight, belongs to a master." Few passages were ever uttered which contain so profound a criticism or furnish so sure a guide to the student.

Allston stayed only a few months in Paris during this visit (1804)—but he was not idle. He painted some compositions of his own, and made a copy from Rubens. He then turned his face to the sweet South, and journeyed leisurely on to Italy, crossing the Alps by the Pass of St. Gothard. He has given a few lines to perhaps the most beautiful scene on the earth. "I passed a night and saw the sun rise on Lake Maggiore. Such a

sunrise ! The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold, to send up hallelujahs almost audible."

Nearly four years he now passed in Italy, principally in Rome. In that sad but beautiful land, in that wondrous City where Art and History have clustered their treasures, with the most gifted of his own countrymen, and the artists of Europe, his existence was like a blissful dream. The climate, associations, the arts, and the ruins around him, perfectly accorded with his intellectual wants. How intensely they were appreciated is evident in his story of 'Monaldi,' a book which would have made a reputation for any other man. The faithfulness of descriptions interspersed throughout the volume every one will recognize who has looked upon those scenes with feeling and discernment : while his discussions on art, the history of human passions, and female loveliness, are dramatic and profound.

Here he met Coleridge, and we can imagine how the hours passed beneath that sky, amid those ruins, statues, and olive groves, winged by the fluent wisdom, and noble sympathy of two such beings. He studied in a private academy with Vanderlyn and with Thorvaldsen, whose name has since that day been inscribed upon the temple of sculpture which will last for ever. He passes the following high eulogium upon the author of the Ancient Mariner : "To no other man whom I have known do I owe so much, *intellectually*, as to Mr. Coleridge, with whom I became acquainted in Rome, and who has honored me with his friendship for more than five and twenty years. He used to call Rome the *silent* city ; but I never could think of it as such while with him ; for meet him when or where I would, the

fountain of his mind was never dry ; but like the far-reaching aqueducts, that once supplied this mistress of the world, its living streams seemed specially to flow for every classic ruin over which we wandered. And when I recall some of our walks under the pines of the villa Borghese, I am almost tempted to dream that I had once listened to Plato in the groves of the Academy. It was there he taught me this golden-rule—never to judge of any work of art by its defects ; a rule as wise as benevolent, and one that while it has spared me much pain, has widened my sphere of pleasure.”

Some kind friends have furnished me with rich chapters in the history of Allston’s Italian life, and there is not a line of his own writing, which relates to that period, that I do not omit with pain ; for it seems like clouding the light which streams over one of his own beautiful creations. These sketches at best will, I fear, only give gleamings of light. I will not omit one passage where he speaks of the old masters :

“ It is needless to say how I was affected by Raffaele, the greatest master of the affections in our art. In beauty he has often been surpassed, but in grace, the native grace of character, in the expression of intellect, and, above all, sanctity, he has no equal. What particularly struck me in his works, was the *genuine* life (if I may so call it) that seemed, without impairing the distinctive character, to pervade them all ; for even his humblest figures have a *something* either in look, air, or gesture, akin to the *venustas* of his own nature ; as if, like living beings under the influence of a master spirit, they had partaken, in spite of themselves, a portion of the charm which swayed them. This power of infusing one’s *own life*, as it were, into that which is feigned,

appears to me the sole prerogative of genius. In a work of art this is what a man may well call his own, for it cannot be borrowed or imitated. Of Michael Angelo I know not how to speak in adequate terms of reverence. With all his faults (but who is without them) even Raffaele bows before him. As I stood beneath his colossal Prophets and Sybils, still more colossal in spirit, I felt as if in the presence of messengers from the other world, with the destiny of man in their breath—in repose even terrible. I cannot agree with Sir Joshua, that the ‘Vision of Ezekiel’ of Raffaele, or the ‘Moses’ of Parmegiano, have any thing in common with Michael Angelo. Their admiration of Michael Angelo may have elevated their forms into a more dignified and majestic race; but still left them *men* whose feet had never trod other than this earth. The supernatural was beyond the reach of both. But no one would mistake the Prophets of Michael Angelo for inhabitants of our world; yet they are true to the imagination as the beings about us to our senses. I am not undervaluing these great Artists when I deny them a kindred genius with Michael Angelo; they had both a genius of their own, and high qualities which nature had denied the other.”

As a proof of estimation in which Allston was held in Rome, Prof. Wier of West Point, who was studying in that city many years after Allston had left, says, that the Artists of Rome inquired of him about an American Painter, for whom they had no name but the American Titian. When Wier mentioned Allston’s name, they exclaimed, “that’s the man.” I have heard celebrated European artists say that they believed no Painter’s col-

oring, for two hundred years, has so closely resembled Titian's.

In 1809, Allston returned to America, but only to remain three years. He found little to encourage Art or Artists in his own land. He married a sister of the lamented Channing, and in 1811 returned with his wife to England, taking with him as his pupil S. F. B. Morse, who has since won so bright a fame by the invention of the Magnetic Telegraph.

Allston may now be said to have completed his studies, if studies may be termed complete which are never done, and he took up his pencil for those great pictures which have given immortality to his name. He gives the best account of them himself:

"My first work after returning to London—with the exception of the small pictures, (if they can be called exceptions, which were carried on at the same time with the larger ones,)—was the 'Dead Man revived by Elisha's Bones,' which is now in Philadelphia. My progress in this picture was interrupted by a dangerous illness, which after some months of great suffering compelled me to remove to Clifton, near Bristol. My recovery, for which I was indebted under Providence to one of the best friends and most skillful of the Faculty, was slow and painful, leaving me still an invalid when I returned to London—and indeed, as my medical friend predicted, in some degree so to this day." Dunlap tells us that Allston alludes to Dr. King, (who married a sister of Mrs. Edgeworth,) to whom he was introduced by his friend Southey. "The 'Dead Man,'" continues Allston, "was first exhibited at the British Institution, commonly called the British Gallery—an institution patronized by

the principal nobility and gentry—the Prince Regent then President: I there obtained the first prize of two hundred guineas. As I returned to London chiefly to finish this picture, that done, I went back to Bristol, where I painted and left a number of pictures. Among them were half-length portraits of my friend Mr. Coleridge, and my medical friend Mr. King, of Clifton. I have painted but few portraits, and these I think are my best. My second journey to London was followed by a calamity of which I cannot speak—the death of my wife—leaving me nothing but my Art, which then seemed to me as nothing. But of my domestic concerns, I shall avoid speaking, as I do not consider them proper subjects for *living* biography.”

This blow fell heavily upon Allston. He had just taken a house in London, and around his fire-side, where such men cluster all their treasures, gathered many of the choicest spirits that have illuminated the Literature and the Arts of the present century. There was Coleridge, and Southey, and Leslie, and Morse, who had been his companions in Italy; who had walked with him on the terraces of Clifton in the pure fresh air, when he was recovering from a long illness; his studio and his home were by the same hearth-stone. But a few days after he led his wife across the threshold of his new home, she was taken from him for ever. Some men can pass such scenes unscathed, but Allston was not one of them. The bolt prostrated him as it fell, and the cloud cast its shadow over his path for many years.

The ‘Dead Man’ won the first prize of two hundred guineas from the British Institution, and the Painter could have sold it for a large sum. But a fortunate occurrence brought it to this country. Mr. McMurtie, of

Philadelphia, proposed to Allston to put the picture into his hands, and the Pennsylvania Academy paid for it \$3,500—hardly a tithe of its real value. But the reader will see the noble spirit of the painter in the extract here given from his letter to Mr. McMurtie. He writes from London, the 13th of June, 1816:

“When you first made me the generous offer of taking out my picture, you may remember with what implicit confidence I submitted the entire management and disposal of it to yourself, and Mr. Sully. I would not have done this if I had not been fully assured that, whatever might be the event, I should have every reason to be grateful, for even if it had wholly failed of profit, I should still have felt myself indebted for every exertion that kindness and liberality could make. If such would have been my feelings in the event of a total failure, (an event too which I had suffered myself almost to anticipate,) you may well judge what I now feel at the account of this most agreeable and unexpected result. I beg you both to accept my warmest and most grateful acknowledgments. The sale is in every respect highly gratifying, both as affording a very seasonable pecuniary supply, and on account of the flattering circumstances attending it. As necessary and acceptable as the money is to me, I assure you I think more of the honor conferred by the Academy becoming purchasers of my work.”

Allston has himself given a description of this great work. The composition is founded on the following passage from the Jewish Annals: “And the bands of the Moabites invaded the land at the coming in of the year. And it came to pass as they were burying a man, that behold they spied a band of men, and they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha: and when the man was

let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived." 2d Kings: c. xiii., v. 20, 21.

"The Sepulchre of Elisha," says the Painter, "is supposed to be in a cavern among the mountains, such places being in those early ages used for the interment of the dead. In the foreground is the man at the moment of reanimation, in which the Artist has attempted, both in the action and color, to express the gradual recoiling of life upon death. Behind him in a dark recess are the bones of the Prophet, the skull of which is peculiarized by a preternatural light. At his head and feet are two Slaves, bearers of the body; the rope still in their hands by which they have let it down, indicating the act that moment performed: the emotion attempted in the figure at the feet is that of astonishment and fear, modified by doubt, as if still requiring further confirmation of the miracle before him; while in the figure at the head, it is that of unqualified immovable terror. In the most prominent group above, is a soldier in the act of rushing from the scene. The violent and terrified action of this figure was chosen to illustrate the miracle, by the contrast it exhibits to that habitual firmness supposed to belong to the military character, showing his emotion to proceed from no *mortal* cause. The figure grasping the soldier's arm, and pressing forward to look at the body, is expressive of terror overcome by curiosity. The group on the left, or rather behind the soldier, is composed of two men of different ages, earnestly listening to the explanation of a priest, who is directing their thoughts to Heaven, as the source of the miraculous change; the boy clinging to the old man is too young to comprehend the nature of the miracle, but like children of his age, unconsciously partakes of the general impulse. The group on

the right forms an episode, consisting of the wife and daughter of the reviving man. The wife, unable to withstand the conflicting emotions of the past and the present, has fainted, and whatever joy and astonishment may have been excited in the daughter by the sudden revival of her father, they are wholly absorbed in distress and solicitude for her mother. The young man, with outstretched arms, actuated by impulse (*not motive*), announces to the wife, by a sudden exclamation, the revival of her husband. The other youth, of a mild and devotional character, is still in the attitude of one conversing—the conversation being abruptly broken off by his impetuous companion. The Sentinels in the distance at the entrance of the cavern, mark the depth of the picture, and indicate the alarm which had occasioned this tumultuary burial.”

Allston remained in England till 1818, and painted his greatest works. Of one of his finest pieces he says: “I am now engaged on ‘Jacob’s Dream,’ a subject I have long had in contemplation. It has been often painted before, but I have treated it in a very different way from any picture I have ever seen; for instead of one or two Angels, I have introduced a vast multitude; and instead of a ladder or narrow steps, I have endeavored to give the idea of unmeasurable flights of steps, with platform above platform, rising and extending into space immeasurable. Whether this conception will please the matter of fact critics, I doubt. Nay, I am certain that men without imagination will call it stuff! But if I succeed at all, it will be with those whom it will be an honor to please. The picture is of the same size with the landscape I sent out.” He here alludes to a picture he sent to McMurtie, of Philadelphia, with ‘the Mother

and the Child.'—"I wish," said the Artist to his friend, in speaking of this last exquisite piece, which he sent as a present, "I wish you not to consider it now as 'the Virgin and Child,' but simply as a mother watching her sleeping offspring. A Madonna should be *youthful*; but my mother is a matron. \* \* I have a double pleasure in offering this little present, inasmuch as, since the retouching, I think it one of my best works; and as I know it will be appreciated by one who can *truly* appreciate whatever merit it may have. It does not always happen that the possessors of pictures are also possessed of taste, and therefore it is a source of no small gratification to an Artist to know that his works are cherished by those who will neither mistake, nor overlook their excellencies, however subordinate."

Allston thus speaks of his most celebrated pictures, omitting many of his beautiful works:—"I will mention only a few of the principal which I painted during my first visit to England, viz.: The 'Dead Man,' &c., 'The Angel liberating St. Peter from Prison.' This picture was painted for Sir George Beaumont, (the figures larger than life), and is now in a church at Ashby de la Zouch. 'Jacob's Dream,' in the possession of the Earl of Egremont. There are many figures in this picture which I have always considered one of my happiest efforts. 'Elijah in the Desert.' This I brought to America, but it has gone back, having been purchased here by Mr. Labouchere, M. P. The 'Angel Uriel in the Sun,' in possession of the Marquis of Stafford. This is a colossal fore-shortened figure, that if standing *upright* would be fourteen feet high, but being fore-shortened, occupies a space but of nine feet. The Directors of the British Gallery presented me with a

hundred and fifty guineas, as a token of their approbation of 'Uriel.' Since my return to America, I have painted a number of pictures, but chiefly small ones. I shall mention only a few of the larger ones, viz.: 'Jeremiah dictating his Prophecy to Baruch, the Scribe:' the figures as large as life. 'Saul and the Witch of Endor,' and 'Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand.'" \* \*

It may not be deemed improper here to say a word of what has been called Allston's "Great Picture," for it has been the subject of no little misunderstanding. It was unfortunate that such vague and almost boundless expectations in regard to it should have been excited in the public mind. It is far better that genius should burst upon the world with some master-piece, than forestall its eager reception by vast expectancy. In this case we believe Allston was quite passive in the matter. His injudicious friends whispered about that he was engaged upon a stupendous work, and it was not long before a mysterious interest became attached to the rumor. Years passed, and the picture did not make its appearance. Meantime a few individuals had been favored with a glimpse of the design. The subject was known to be 'Belshazzar's Feast.' Delay only quickened curiosity, and inflamed expectation. At length it was said the canvas was rolled up, and the great work abandoned. Two reasons have been assigned for this; one, that an execution had been levied on the work, in consequence of which the Artist had resigned it in disgust; the other, that the great idea of the picture, that of making the light all radiate from the handwriting on the wall, had been anticipated by Martin.

In 1831 Allston says, in a letter to McMurtie, "I have but a few weeks since been established in my new paint-

ing-room, which I have built in this place (Cambridgeport). Belshazzar has been rolled up and reposing in a packing case for more than three years, in consequence of my former large room in Boston passing into the hands of a new owner, who has converted it into a livery stable. \* \* Belshazzar will still remain some time in his case ; some embarrassing debts, and my immediate necessities, being the cause. I must be free in mind before I can finish. I trust, however, that the time will not be very long."

In another letter he thus speaks of it :—"I could long ago have finished this, and other pictures as large, had my mind been free ; for indeed I have *already* bestowed upon it as much mental and manual labor as, under another state of mind, would have completed several such pictures. But to go into the subject of all the obstacles and the hindrances upon my spirit, would hardly be consistent with delicacy and self-respect. Nor could I be far enough understood if I should do it, to answer by it any essential purpose. Those feelings which are most intimately blended with one's nature and which most powerfully and continuously influence us, are the very feelings most difficult to give any distinct apprehension of to another." Thus far Allston lifted the veil which concealed his feelings from the world—it is not for us to invade the sanctuary. It is enough for us to know that few have been subjected to keener trials than were decreed to that gifted and wounded spirit. But we cannot suppress a burst of indignation when we think that the sordid soul of some sordid wretch, who weighed dollars against Allston's Art, and could see nothing in Belshazzar's feast but three hundred yards of canvass, should have locked up that half-formed vision, when a few more weeks of the master's magical pencil

would have given the world a creation that our countrymen three hundred years hence would speak of as the Italians now speak of the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo. It is well known that not until a few months before his death did Allston resume the work. He then erased several figures, altered his plan, and in the midst of these changes for ever ceased from his labors! It remains a great fragment. His power and style are, however, clearly evident. To the Artist it will ever be an object of veneration, for it bears the last touches of the great pencil.

Perhaps the most interesting exhibition to the genuine lover of Art ever seen in this country, was that of Allston's pictures. His friends in Boston took great pains to collect them, and when arranged in the same room, their number, variety, and peculiar excellence, afforded an eloquent reply to the charge of indolence sometimes brought against the great Artist. No idea should be more strenuously urged with us, in regard to Art, than that quality, and not quantity, is the test of merit. Considering Allston's constitution, his life was one of singular industry. His mind was intensely active to the last hour of existence, and like all men of true genius, he did not covet mere fame, so much as the gratification of that *ideal* which glowed in his soul. Consequently, he often destroyed the labor of months. In this exhibition were his 'Dead Man,' 'Jeremiah,' 'Alpine Scenery,' 'Rosalie,' and others. Those who have seen Allston's pictures can readily recall them, for they live in the imagination. He was a great Poet, although the highest and purest form of the expression of his poetry was through his pencil. His crowning distinction among the painters of his country was the power of copying nature

with thorough fidelity. But he did not like some, even great Artists, stop here. He imitated not only her details, but her creative power—combining scattered beauties, seizing on grand effects, and exalting the material with the earnest intelligence of a lofty soul.

The personal appearance of Allston was remarkable. His figure was slight, and his action significant of spiritual grace. His long hair hung carelessly around his neck. His face was small, and actually ploughed over with a kind of nervous ruggedness, finely illustrated in his bust by Clevenger. His eyes were large and lustrous, and the first sight of the Painter made the stranger feel that he was a remarkable man. Even as he glided in his unpretending way along the street, there was an abstractive, an unearthly air about him that often made the careless stop—and yet there never was a gifted man so utterly free from all consciousness of superiority. His mind was fixed, not on his reputation, but on that exalted standard of excellence towards which he earnestly pressed. He thirsted for a satisfaction which praise and consideration never yield. And who that knew him can ever forget the graces of his social character—the simple hospitality with which he welcomed the visitor, the unaffected interest with which he entered into the feelings and prospects of every votary of Art—his sweet encouragement to the young—his ardent sympathy with every form of beauty and of truth—his winning recognition of nature under every disguise, and of honest worth, however unacknowledged. Add to all this a beautiful self-respect and childlike frankness, and nothing is wanting to win the hearts of the gifted and the generous.

The latter years of Allston's life were passed in Cambridgeport, an unattractive village about equally distant

from the city of Boston and Harvard University. Probably he chose this residence partly from motives of economy, and partly that he might have easy access to literary society. We know not indeed how far his health and circumstances may have rendered seclusion necessary, but it was felt by many who had no claim to the Artist's acquaintance, that he was most unjustly neglected. In the Old World, he would not have been suffered thus to withdraw himself from the society he was fitted to adorn and improve. So near any University in Europe, he would have been offered a Professorship, to instruct the young men of the nation in the History and Claims of Art.

A great Painter in the vicinity of so opulent and refined a Metropolis, should certainly have found a wider and more intimate recognition, more cordial and spontaneous sympathy. True, his humble abode was sought out by the young worshipper of Art, who approached it with reverence and left it with gratitude. True, his presence was sometimes invoked at the table of an opulent merchant of the neighboring city, who desired to exhibit a native Lion to some curious foreigner, and it is also true that Lord Morpeth's first inquiry, after the British Steamer reached the Boston pier, was, "where does Allston live?"—his first object being to visit his Studio and give him a commission, since he had tried in vain to buy one of his pictures in England. Labouchere managed to hunt out his dwelling and give him gold, which would buy bread, for his 'Elijah in the Desert,' De Tocqueville, and such men, who could not accept every invitation to be lionized, took pains to go out to Cambridgeport to show their veneration for the man who had painted the 'Dead Man.' But as a general rule, we are told he was left to his retirement and his poverty, by

those who might have been proud of doing homage to the genius and sitting in the sunlight of such a spirit. But it would be sad enough if any body should suppose we lament this on Allston's account—Oh! no. *That* Painter, like all real Painters, is above all *such* lamentation.

A friend of Allston tells me a hundred touching stories about him. Here is one: "While in England, he threw off a little painting of great beauty—the subject of which, though perfectly free, to his own perception, from all moral objection, might be perverted to evil associations. The idea occurred to him while sitting alone the evening he had sent it to the purchaser. No sooner did the impression seize him than, with conscientious sensibility to the high claims of his Art, he wrote the owner of the picture, stating his scruples, begging its return. His desire was reluctantly granted. He sent back the gold with his thanks, and burned the picture. And yet the Painter was poor, and needed money in that solitude of London. The Artist who *knew* these facts, had known Allston for years.—He says that when he looked on him after this sublime act, notwithstanding his familiarity with the Painter, he was struck with a sudden veneration.

Allston was one of the most delightful talkers of the age. Like most persons of intellectual taste and nervous temperament, his spirits freshened at night. For this reason, he was never an early riser—worked at his easel till late afternoon, and gave the evenings to social enjoyment. Then he and his companions 'took no note of time.' Through the vapory clouds of the grateful weed his snowy head loomed with a kind of priestly beauty; and taste, criticism, description, anecdote, and poetry,

streamed forth for hours together, like eloquent oracles, from his lips. Some of these "better moments" will never fade from the remembrance of those who knew and loved the man, while they revered the Painter.

His conversation often tinged itself with the colorings of the Spiritual world, and the few who were admitted into the tabernacle of his faith, bear witness to its exalted character. A life of earnest communion with the true and the beautiful, enabled him to speak of their mysteries as 'one having authority.' Never, we are told, was his language more significant, clear and spiritual, than on the night of his death. This event was very unexpected. He had painted all day, and with unusual cheerfulness talked away the evening with his kindred. At a late hour he complained of a pain in his breast, to which he had been occasionally subject. His wife (a sister to Dana, the Poet,) left the room to bring some remedy, which had proved serviceable on former occasions. When she returned, he was leaning back in his chair apparently in a doze. She touched his shoulder; his eyes opened with a calm, sweet expression, and closed again; he sighed gently, and ceased to breathe. Thus was softly loosened the tie that bound that gifted and pure spirit to mortal life. He passed away in the full activity and consciousness of his powers, without any struggle or decay.

There is probably no other Government in the world but our own, that would not have called on such a man to illustrate its History. While he was in the full vigor of youth, and the glow of creative genius, Congress had no bread to give him, and he was obliged to accept prizes from British Institutions. But the Government discovered their mistake, as they generally do, only when it was too late to correct it. He was offered a valuable com-

mission too late, and he declined it, I am told, in an eloquent and affecting letter to the Secretary of State. A document which will one day be pointed to by the Historian, as a sarcasm too bitter for any country but our own—a country which produces many great Artists, but starves them all out of it—a practice more cruel than the vulture, for she only *devours* her young.

When the great Thorvaldsden, the friend and companion of Allston, went home to Copenhagen to die, after his myriad creations of grandeur and beauty, he was received with the thunder of cannon along the coast, and processions and *gala festas* bespoke the general enthusiasm. He was greeted back to his country with the honors decreed to a Roman Victor, and became a companion of his Sovereign. When he died the King conducted his funeral. He followed him to the grave uncovered, as chief mourner, attended by all his Court, and with his own hands he helped lay the great Sculptor in his tomb. There were public demonstrations of grief, and in the Court and throughout the City, there were signs of mourning, which silently told the stranger that some great public calamity had fallen.

As great a man was Washington Allston : and his works, although not as numerous, display as high an order of talent. He was gifted with a Poetical and artistic genius, Coleridge once remarked to Campbell, so the latter told me, unsurpassed by any man of his age !

When Allston died, who had had a few friends who not only appreciated his genius, but showed their sympathy in a more substantial way ; these friends, who had not forsaken him while living, gathered around him when he came to die : and their example was followed by a numerous funeral train, as is always the case when it is

too late to do any good. And there he lies, for aught I know, without a monument, or the prospect of any worthy of a genius, who, when taste is improved and a love of the Arts developed in our country, will gather thousands to the spot where he lies; and the foreigner who looks about for the colossal pile over his dust, will, in its absence, turn to the Artists of the nation as he points to his resting-place, and say—

“In yonder grave your Druid lies.”

Allston was appreciated by the few, but any one who should have suggested that his death was a national calamity, that called for demonstrations of national sorrow, like those exhibited by the Danes of that ice-bound coast to their Thorvaldsden, would most likely have been met with a reply not unlike the following: “Why, one would suppose that the President of the United States was dead!!” Ages will roll by, and the wild flower, and it may be the wild brier, grow over the grave of the great Poet-Painter, and a long succession of Presidents will come, and men enough will be found, without hunting for them to fill that post—but ages may yet go by before the successor of Allston appears.

But our children will one day build the sepulchres of our Prophets, though their fathers killed them.









INMAN.

*Engraving by J. H. P. & Co. New York.*

## HENRY INMAN.

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A PALL of withered leaves sad fays are bearing  
Through the long shadows of the woodland dim,  
While mourning sylphs, their golden tresses tearing,  
Weep o'er the urn, and wail the funeral hymn.

In vain the lark her sweetest carol singeth,  
Or blossoms woo him to the spangled shade ;  
The odorous bank where laughing cascade ringeth,  
No more the student's favorite seat is made.

O'er the gay landscape where his fancy pondered,  
Shall dusky clouds, lamenting, close around ;  
The flowerets droop, where'er his foot-prints wandered,  
A mournful welcome to the silent mound.

For him no more shall Beauty's dark eye glisten,  
The rainbow paint its colors on the sky ;  
The spirit's fled that fondly loved to listen  
The Storm King rolling in his grandeur by.

The Artist's dead ! The Gifted's task is ended—  
The brush and canvas lie all useless now ;  
Life's picture's finished, *light and shade are blended*  
By the Great Master to whom all must bow.

From a poem in the Albany Argus.



## HENRY INMAN.

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TOWARDS the close of the last century the banks of the Mohawk were deeply shaded by the luxuriant foliage of our virgin forests. Along the beautiful vale from which Utica has since risen, with its glittering spires, its superb streets and its noble mansions, the timid deer had scarcely learned to know the echo of the woodman's axe.

On the green bank of that broad river, among the earliest settlers, Inman's parents, who had emigrated from England, had made their home. They were intelligent people, and spared no pains to instruct their children. Probably no very uncommon facilities could have existed in so new a country for the development of artistic taste. But Dunlap speaks of two circumstances in Inman's early life, from which we may safely infer that, to be a painter when he became a man, was the early and enthusiastic desire of the boy. Among the 'movables' of this Inman family, brought from 'Merrie England,' and boated up the Mohawk, probably, were the charming books of the incomparable Madame de Genlis. Dunlap says: "He read, as soon as he could read, a translation from Madame de Genlis' 'Tales of the Castle;' and here he found food to nourish and strengthen his love. Among the notes to one of the stories contained in that work, are to be found brief biographies of celebrated painters and sculptors. He never wearied of poring over their

histories ; and the name of Raphael embodied in his young mind all that could be conceived of greatness. It is a proof of an extraordinary intellect, when the love of facts supersedes the universal appetite for fiction. The father of Inman, perceiving the bent of his son's mind, thus early disclosed, kindly encouraged his inclinations." An itinerant drawing-master, he says, was engaged to give him lessons : but the poor man soon found it necessary to leave his pupil and seek some other field for action.

Probably the youthful aspirant, who was to be a painter at another day, owed no great obligations to this roving artist on the score of *instruction* ; and yet even this is a conjecture, for we would do no injustice to any man who bears the worthy name of Artist—but it is not difficult to imagine that this Drawing-Master may have been a Perugino in the eyes of the young Raphael, since he was, for aught we know, the first living illustration of Art he had ever seen. To him this may have been a wondrous man—for at *one time* every thing is wondrous to us all. But peace to the Drawing-Master, be he in the Senate, the Backwoods, Oregon, or Texas, for his last known locality dates back some six and thirty years.

But Madame de Genlis is a more certain and notable personage, and good fortune threw into young Inman's hands the very book he wanted. 'The Tales of the Castle' gave wild, free, gorgeous range to his imagination. Flushed with 'the thick coming fancies' of Castles and Halls, and armor of Knights, he read the stories of the old Painters, and clothed them in glittering robes ; and after that he would be nothing but a painter.

Inman's father, from all we can learn, was a man of considerable intelligence, and even of some literary

and artistic taste. He was anxious to encourage the ambition of his boy. Influenced in part perhaps by this noble sentiment, he resolved to leave the 'green woods' and return to New-York. "And there," says Dunlap, "the study of drawing was recommenced under a competent teacher, who was engaged at the day school which Henry attended."

The reader who likes to have his author help him to facts and leave him to do his own thinking, (the very best sort of readers,) may now fancy how this boy thought and felt when he found himself suddenly plunged into the heart of a great Capital from his frontier life. He raced about, mornings and evenings and holidays, wherever a picture was to be seen; and we are told that his father used to find out where there was any thing rare in Art, by way of exhibitions or private pictures, and take his boy there. I am informed, that about this time he was sent to Mr. Halsey's school at Newburgh, where he received some instruction in Latin. How long he remained, I do not know.

"About the year 1814," says Dunlap, "Wertmüller's celebrated picture of Danæ was exhibited at Mr. Jarvis' rooms in Murray-street, and thither, as to other exhibitions, the father of the young aspirant took him." His second visit to the studio of Jarvis, he has thus described:

"On a second visit, when I went alone, I saw Mr. Jarvis himself, who came up from his painting-room into the apartment in which the Danæ with other works of Art was placed. On observing his entrance, with maulstick in his hand and palette on his arm, I removed my hat and bowed, presuming that he was the proprietor of the establishment. At that time I regarded an Artist with peculiar reverence. Without noticing my saluta-

tion, he walked rapidly towards me, and with his singular look of scrutiny, peered into my face. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'By Heavens! the very head for a painter!' He then put some questions to me, invited me below stairs, and permitted me to examine his portfolios. He shortly after called upon my father and proposed to take me as a pupil. I was at this time preparing for my entrance to the West Point Institution as a Cadet, for which I had already obtained a warrant. My father left the matter to myself, and I gladly acceded to Mr. Jarvis' proposal. I accordingly entered upon a seven years' apprenticeship with him. Notwithstanding his phrenological observations upon my cranium, a circumstance connected with my first effort in oil colors would seem to contradict the favorable inference it contained. Another of his students and myself were set down before a small tinted landscape with instructions to copy it. Palettes and brushes were put into our hands, and to work we went. After much anxious looking and laborious daubing, Mr. Jarvis came up to see what progress we had made. After regarding our work for some moments in silence, he astounded us with these words: 'Get up! Get up! These are the d——t attempts I ever saw! Here! Philip, (turning to a mulatto boy who was grinding paints in another part of the room,) take the brushes and finish what these gentlemen have begun so bravely.' All this took place in the presence of several strangers, who had come to look at the gallery. You can imagine what a shock our self-love received. Such mortifications are the most enduring of all remembrances. Notwithstanding this rebuff, I managed to make other and more successful efforts."

Inman was in the studio of Jarvis seven years,

under steady and thorough training. Few Artists in this country are able to go through such a course. Early poverty has crushed many a one who, under the genial influences of a master's studio, would have perhaps rivalled the great painters. But before they had gone through even the rudiments of Art, they were obliged to go to painting portraits to pay their board bills, or abandon their career entirely. Not unfrequently, too, young artists find it difficult to get access, as pupils, to the studios of competent teachers; and sometimes when fortune favors them in their first steps, they become restive under the discipline of the master, and disgusted with the very "details of the Art;" as Haydon terms it, they set up for themselves, persuaded that practice will at last render them perfect. But experience demonstrates the folly of such a course. The biographers of the old masters tell many touching stories of the prostrating toils of those wonderful men. Michael Angelo, in the very noon of his fame, consumed whole days and nights over the most loathsome dead bodies, studying anatomy. In fact, nothing has been more incontestably proved, even in natural Science, than that men who have been most gifted by nature have bent their muscles hardest to toil. I believe that the same training, the same labor, and the same encouragement in the Fine Arts now, which distinguished the sixteenth century, would give us another race of old masters.

Although Inman's improvement was so rapid, that Jarvis used to put him "upon his own canvasses," yet he inured himself to the toil of the studio, and his patience did not give way for seven years. He accompanied his master to many of the principal cities in the United States, and at last left him in New Orleans, (I am informed,) when his engagement expired—(1823.)

During this seven years' apprenticeship, which he used facetiously to compare with 'Jacob's seven years' crusade for Rachael,' he employed his leisure hours in making many a sunny little sketch, which Artists of great merit have since esteemed worthy of their praises.

In 1823 he opened a studio in Vesey-street, and devoted himself almost entirely to miniatures and paper sketches. He was soon applied to for vignettes for illustrated works, and in bank note vignettes particularly, he introduced the first improvements known in this country. Those who are familiar with his designs of this description, have assured me that in the charm of light and shadow so peculiarly his own, they are very beautiful. At this early period his miniatures, for which he seems to have had no great fondness, occupied most of his time, and Dunlap esteemed him second only to Malbone, in this elegant walk of Art. I have seen some of his miniatures, but they seem to me to indicate less genius than many of his portraits and landscapes.

Soon after he set up for himself, Cummings, who has since become so distinguished, particularly for his miniatures, applied to him to receive him as a pupil. Inman replied: "Why, I have only just escaped from pupilage myself." Cummings was young in Art, but was determined to go through a thorough course of study; and perceiving the rare abilities of Inman, he sought his familiar acquaintance. He entered his studio, and remained with him seven years: part of the time as pupil, and the rest as associate. Cummings soon displayed so much merit in miniatures, that Inman from that time forward abandoned that branch of Art, seldom painting in that style, except for his own amusement or the gratification of a particular friend. He devoted himself principally to

portraits, and from their studio in Vesey-street, some of the best works in portraiture, of all sizes, were sent out, which have been done in this country.

Inman painted occasionally on Bristol Board—in the style of the sketch of De Witt Clinton—a piece which now hangs in the Inman Gallery, and is said to be a fair sample of that kind of work. He commenced some illustrations of the works of Washington Irving, but did not continue them. *Rip Van Winkle*, awaking from his dream, was one of them. This little composition is made up with great fidelity, from the ‘Sketch Book.’ “On waking he found himself on the green knoll, from whence he had first seen the Old Man of the Glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning—the birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. He looked for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten.”

His earlier pieces of this kind, which gave him reputation, were *Rip Van Winkle*, and his pencil sketches of the *Death of the Last of the Mohicans*, and of *Leather Stocking*.

In the year 1825, “Inman joined the Association of Artists, for drawing—and on the establishment of the N. Y. National Academy of Design, was elected Vice President, which office he filled until his removal to Philadelphia: within a short distance of which city, at Mount Holly, he purchased an estate, or farm and cottage, where he could paint, surrounded by his family, with the delights of rural scenes in summer, and the comforts of his own fireside in winter.”

At this period, he amused himself occasionally in the practice of Lithography, then but recently introduced into America. "His reputation in the meanwhile became more and more extended by several compositions in oil, illustrative of popular works of fiction, which are now scattered far and wide over the country. At length, in 1834, he returned to New-York, and opened his studio once more, in the heart of the city, with the intention of devoting his whole attention to portrait painting. Orders for pictures crowded in upon him so rapidly, that even with his noted quickness and wonderful faculty of execution, it was almost impossible for his pencil to keep pace with the demands that were made upon it. The admiration excited by his new heads gave a fresh appreciation to those he had painted in former years, while present approval and success warmed his canvass with a richer glow. The frank and winning address of Inman, united to conversational powers of a rare order, always gave him an advantage with sitters, which he used with the happiest effect. He rarely failed to beguile them by his talk of the consciousness they were sitting for a portrait, when he would seize upon the most natural and characteristic expression of the countenance from which he had thus banished the formality and constraint, which so few in such a position can lay aside by any effort of their own."

Sir Thomas Lawrence used to tell his pupils that if their portraits did not bear a good expression, however ugly or stupid their sitters might be, it was their own fault; for the Artist had the power of stirring their feelings, and he must blame himself if he did not make an animated and life-like picture. Inman excelled here. He seldom failed in a likeness, and yet his portraits al-

most always looked better than the originals. This accounts in some measure for his success as a portrait painter, for no American Artist has ever been so successful at home. I have myself heard Inman say that, in his time, no man could succeed in America except as a portrait painter. "The taste of my 'customers,' says he, 'is limited chiefly to portraits. They will not commission me to execute Landscapes, which would possess a much greater value, and win me an infinitely higher fame. I cannot even get a chance to paint a landscape, unless I stick it into a portrait, where I sometimes manage to crowd in a bit of sky, or some old tree or green bank. Why, I should have starved long ago on any thing but portraits. But it is always so in the infancy of the Fine Arts in all countries. People are fond of their own portraits before they care a fig for a fine landscape, or a noble historical piece. You see I have not been able to consult my own inclinations at all. People would have portraits and I must have bread, and I made them pay for their own phizzes just as much as I should have asked them for a phiz of Nature, or a phiz of History. They did it willingly, too, as a general rule and I have many a time received a commission for \$300 or \$500 for portraits and groups, when the very same persons would not have hung up my 'Mumble the Peg' in their parlors. I tell you, sir, the business of a few generations of Artists in this country, as in all others, is to prepare the way for their successors—for the time will come when the rage for portraits in America will give way to a higher and purer taste."

I hardly know of a more lamentable sight than to see a man who has a genius, and of necessity a taste for landscape and historical painting, limited to portraits.

Inman's powers for many years were confined to a narrower range than they should have been, in Art. For although he continually improved, and his last portraits are the best, yet, any one who will compare his 'October Afternoon' or 'Rydal Falls,' or 'Mumble the Peg,' with his early landscapes, will see an infinitely greater difference than can be found between his early and later portraits. What he might not have accomplished in Landscape and History by painting in these departments for twenty years, no one can say. We only know what he did when, after being nearly out of practice for fifteen years, he once more wielded a free pencil for 'land and sky and water.'

But let us come to the INMAN GALLERY, now open at the Rooms of the Art-Union, where many of Inman's best pictures are collected for the first and perhaps for the last time. There is something peculiarly touching in these relics of departed genius; for each one has its history known to some one of the spectators. The works of an Artist never gain their real value till the hand that produced them can work no more. While the great Masters were living, some of their best works brought less than the cost of their frames in which they are now. Andrea del Sarto painted one of his great Frescos for the Monks of the Church of the Annunziata at Florence, for a sack of corn! An Italian Prince commissioned a picture of him just before he died, and besought him to execute it and name his price. But it was too late; and when the news of his death went through Italy, his pictures could not be commanded for any price, for the Master could paint no more. The death of Allston gave an immediate value to his works they had never had before; and those who have since sought for his pictures have told me they could not get them for any price. Five

thousand dollars one gentleman was willing to give for the 'Rosalie,' but the owner would not let it go—it was painted *in seven hours*. Probably the owners of 'Mumble the Peg,' 'October Afternoon,' the 'Portrait of Chalmers' and others, would not part with them for five times their original cost—some of them would not for *any* price.

Sir Joshua Reynolds once said that 'there are few painters who can pass the ordeal of criticism, if their works are all brought together,'—the reasons are obvious. If the painter's merit ranks not above mediocrity, he will win little admiration, for the *mediocre* never excites enthusiasm. If his fame is great, an exhibition draws crowds, who come together with glowing expectations which nothing can gratify, and they go away disappointed. But more than all, there is a sameness in the works of nearly all Artists, which is almost sure to weary the spectator, whose eye wanders round a large collection, although the same beauty which characterizes each work there, called forth admiration when any one was seen alone. And another point of perhaps even greater importance should not be overlooked. In a Gallery made up of the works of one Artist, there is no standard of comparison for common spectators, except the standard of the very Artist criticised. Hence in a succession of portraits in the same style and of nearly equal merit, the first one the eye strikes, represents its class—we hurry over its fellows. This is also true to a limited extent, even of Landscapes and Historical pieces—although the fields of Nature and History are so illimitable, the same master must vary from himself more widely than he ever can in portraits. This is likely to diminish the interest of a large collection.

One of the first things, perhaps, that strikes the

spectator who enters the Inman Gallery, is the general brilliancy of coloring throughout his pictures. He delighted in strong contrasts of warm and cold colors. All his half tints are cold, for he was not what is generally called a florid colorist. But the pink on the cheeks and lips contrasts so strongly with the cold coloring around them—his brightest lights and darkest shades are always brought so closely together, that in nearly all his works, one sees what Inman used to call ‘climaxes,’ and which he always delighted in, and produced with uncommon effect. While this characteristic of his pencil, which is perceptible in nearly all his works, constitutes, in the estimation of many, one of the principal beauties of his portraits, particularly his female heads, when they are seen alone, or hanging by the side of other pictures, it gives to a collection of his portraits a somewhat flushed appearance.

Inman’s characteristics as an Artist, were like his peculiarities as a man. He painted because he loved his art, and few have had, in this country, a higher or purer ambition to elevate it in the affections of our people. He carried a free pencil—his pictures were like his conversations—gay, brilliant, and cheerful—more filled with fancy than imagination. They all have a social home-like air about them,—they look as though they were just going to speak to you. Perhaps we have never had a painter who could paint a better eye than Inman—few so well. They are all looking at you, more than you at them.

Inman has occupied in this country, a position in art, similar to Sir Thomas Lawrence, in England; and for that distinguished Painter, he cherished almost a blind veneration. When he returned from Great Britain,

where he saw many of the works of the best painters of all the European schools, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Reubens, Titian, Reynolds, and others, he told several of our Artists that Lawrence's painting of Kemble as Hamlet, was the best picture he saw while he was gone. He always spoke of Lawrence with enthusiasm,—but his resemblance to him could not have sprung from imitation, for he approached him nearer in his early life, when he could hardly have seen any of his works. It must have arisen from accidental causes.

The spectator will also be struck with the versatility of Inman's genius. Most Artists are distinguished by their early and later style—by success in one, or at most, two different walks of art. But Inman cannot be thus characterized. He excelled in heads, in busts, in half lengths, in full lengths, in cabinet size, the size of life, and even in miniatures—in children, and in groups—in landscapes, and in figures—in sky, clouds, trees and water—in vignette designs, and in pen sketches. There is a striking versatility, also, in his manner of treating similar subjects. The portrait of his brother, (No. 113,) is said to have been his first portrait in oil. Mr. Rawle's, (No. 17,) was executed about twelve years ago, (I am told,) and Dr. Chalmers, during his visit to England. They are esteemed to be among his best heads—painted at intervals of twelve years or more, and yet there is a striking dissimilarity in the style of the three. Macaulay was painted the same year with Chalmers, and one could easily suppose they were done by different Artists.

It being one of the objects of this work to give as complete a list as possible of the principal works of Artists, we shall here transfer the catalogue of the Inman Gallery, omitting No. 64, a picture called 'Sterne's Ma-

ria,' for the reason that there seems to be no evidence that it was ever painted by Inman. No one with whom I have conversed, ever heard of the picture before this exhibition. It certainly bears on itself no evidence of authenticity. It is said to have been painted in boy hood. A celebrated Artist who has known Inman intimately for more than twenty years, says he never heard of 'Sterne's Maria,' till he saw it in the Gallery. The 'Rip Van Winkle' was one of his earliest original pictures; but no resemblance can be traced between the two. A due regard to truth requires that such *mistakes* be corrected.

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## THE INMAN GALLERY.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
1.	Portrait of Chief Justice Jones, .	Jas. L. Graham, Esq.
2.	Portrait of Mrs. Inman, . . .	Mrs. Inman.
3.	Portrait of Col. Johnson, . . .	J. Richards, Esq.
4.	Scene from the Bride of Lammermoor, Ferris Pell, Esq.	

"Hardly had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

"Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or antechamber, were seen standing on the threshold, transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglass Ashton was mingled with resentment; that of Bucklaw, with haughty and affected indifference; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, showed signs of fear, and Lucy seemed stiffened to stone, by this unexpected apparition—apparition it

might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead than a living visitor.

"He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes, with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark-colored riding-cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soiled, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side and pistols at his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow, and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild, a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resenable that of a marble bust than that of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes."

*Tales of My Landlord.*

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
5.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	H. Stebbins, Esq.
6.	Portrait of President Duer, . . .	D. Duer, Esq.
7.	Birnam Wood, . . .	Jas. Phalen, Esq.

*Siward.* What wood is this before us?

*Menteth.* The wood of Birnam.

*Malcolm.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow  
The numbers of our host, and make discovery  
Err in report of us.—*Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. iv.

8.	Portrait of the late Col. Fish, . . .	Mrs. Fish.
9.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	W. F. Ladd, Esq.
10.	Portrait of Chief Justice Marshall, . . .	Law Library, Philad.
11.	Portrait of Thomas Sully, . . .	T. Sully, Esq., Phila.
12.	Family Portraits and Landscape, . . .	T. Wade, jr., Esq.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
13.	Portrait of a Lady and Child, 1839,	Geo. Buckham, Esq.
14.	A Family group of Children, .	E. Parmley, Esq.
15.	Portrait of Rev. Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, . . . .	James Lenox, Esq.
16.	Portrait of Wordsworth, . . .	Professor H. Reed, of Philadelphia.

Wordsworth recently assured one of our distinguished countrymen, that Inman's portrait was the most faithful and satisfactory of the many which have been taken of him. It was painted in the summer of 1844, and the friends of the poet were unanimous in praise of its excellence. "There is," says a critic, "a natural tone about the flesh, and an unexaggerated truth in the expression, strikingly in contrast with the idealized imitation of nature, so usually adopted by inferior limners in representing distinguished men. A physiognomist of discrimination will be at no loss to trace in this portrait both the weak and strong characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry."

17.	Portrait of Mr. Rawle, . . .	Law Library, Philad.
18.	"An October Afternoon." . . .	Wm. P. Jones, Esq.

One of the happiest pictures that ever came from the easel of Henry Inman, is a landscape with figures which he has just finished, bearing the unpretending title of "An October Afternoon." The subject of the painting is an "American District School-house" on the skirt of a wood, with children just released from their tasks, loitering to frolic on the hill-side ere they turn their steps homeward. A blithe and buoyant rout of youngsters they are, and some of them beautiful withal, as ever set philo-progenitiveness a yearning for the honors of paternity. The surrounding scenery, characteristic of the valley of the Hudson generally, wears upon its features a more especially family resemblance to the landscape of Chester county: and indeed the name of *Ichabod Crane*, over the school-house door, would seem to intimate that the withered ruler of copy-books who is just closing it, must have wielded the birchen sceptre of his authority not far from *Sleepy Hollow*.

From the negro who pauses to grin at the sport of the children, as, axe on shoulder, he plods his up-hill way homeward, to the dash of foam upon the stream that *hints* at the mill in the hazy distance ; from the rich forest glade, chequered by the level sunbeams, to the delicious autumnal atmosphere that softens the distant spire beneath the mountains—the whole picture, alike in composition and handling, is full of beauty and character :—a thoroughly *American* “October Afternoon.” [*N. Y. Evening Gazette*, Nov. 24, 1845.]

This admirable picture is the last that Mr. Inman ever finished. When he had finished it, he remarked that he had painted his last picture.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
19.	Portrait of a Gentleman,	Geo. Buckham, Esq.
20.	Portrait of Martin Van Buren,	J. L. Graham, Esq.
21.	Portrait of a Child,	W. P. Jones, Esq.
22.	Portrait of Lord Chan'r Cottenham,	N. Y. Gal. of Arts.
23.	Rydal Water,	C. M. Leupp, Esq.

“Her only Pilot the soft breeze, the boat  
Lingers ; but fancy is well satisfied ;  
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory at her side,  
All that to each is precious, as we float  
Gently along ; regardless who shall chide  
If the Heavens smile and leave us free to glide.  
Happy associates ! Breathing air remote  
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse,  
Why have I crowded this small bark with you  
And others of your kind. Ideal crew ?  
While here sits one whose brightest owes its hues  
To flesh and blood ; no goddess from above,  
No fleeting spirit, but my own true love.”—*Wordsworth*.

“Mr. Wordsworth pointed out the view, and went with me when I made the sketch.”—INMAN’S LETTER.

24.	Portrait of a Lady,	Morris Robinson, Esq.
25.	Portrait of a Lady,	Wm. H. Falls. Esq.
26.	The Sleep of Death,	R. Goelet, Esq.

“She is not dead, but sleepeth.”

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
27.	Portrait of Professor Mapes, . . .	James J. Mapes, Esq.
28.	Portrait of the late General Morton, John L. Morton, Esq.	
29.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	Mrs. Leacraft.
30.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	Mrs. Christholm.
31.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . .	Mrs. Christholm.
32.	Portrait of John L. Graham Esq. . .	J. L. Graham, Esq.
33.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	A. D. Patterson, Esq.
34.	Family Group, . . .	Mrs. Hicks.
35.	Portrait of the late Bishop Moore, . . .	A. M. Cozzens, Esq.
36.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . .	B. C. Buckstone, Esq.
37.	The Sisters, . . .	Mrs. Lawrence.
38.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	— Campbell, Esq.
39.	Portrait of Colonel Crosby, . . .	H. H. Stevens, Esq.
40.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	H. H. Stevens, Esq.
41.	Portrait of Colonel Webb, . . .	James W. Webb, Esq.
42.	Crayon sketch of Wm. T. Porter, . . .	W. T. Porter, Esq.
43.	Pen sketch of Cha's F. Hoffman, . . .	H. T. Tuckerman.
44.	The Mask, . . .	E. L. Carey, Philad.
45.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . .	C. L. Livingston, Esq.
46.	Portrait of the late Col. Rutgers, . . .	Wm. B. Crosby, Esq.
47.	Heads of Cherubim, . . .	Jas. Lenox, Esq.
48.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	Mrs. Fish.
49.	The Artist's Daughter, (unfinished,) . . .	Mrs. Inman.
50.	Colossal crayon Portrait of the Artist, . . .	Mrs. Inman.
(Copied for a friend, by Mr. Inman, from a bust of himself, by Ball Hughes.)		
51.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . .	Francis Hall, Esq.
52.	Portrait of Dr. Mott, . . .	New-York Hospital.
53.	Portrait of the late Henry Eckford, . . .	F. R. Tillou, Esq.
54.	Rydal Falls, . . .	O. Haggerty, Esq.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald:—how profound

The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound!—*Byron.*

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
55.	Portrait of a Lady, . . . .	E. Dunigan, Esq.
56.	Portrait of Jacob Barker, Esq., . .	Jacob Little, Esq.

(Executed at one sitting.)

57.	Portrait of J. J. Audubon, . . . .	J. J. Audubon, Esq.
58.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . . .	Wm. P. Hallet, Esq.
59.	The News Boy, . . . .	John Sturgis, Esq.
60.	Mumble the Peg, . . . .	E. L. Carey, Esq.

(Estate of the late E. L. Carey, Esq., Philadelphia.)

"The whole thing is a sort of pictorial memorandum of early school-day amusements. The faces of those boys, however, wherein "The Boor" and "The Patrician" were so plainly written by nature, long haunted me. The game at which they were playing—the old accustomed look of the distant school-house—the whole scene of their afternoon's amusement—how could I account for their being so familiar to me?"—*Hoffman's story of Nick Ten-Vlyck, in "The Gift," for 1844.*

61.	Portrait of the late Bishop White, . . . .	Jas. McMurtrie, Esq.
62.	Group of three Ladies, . . . .	H. Stebbins, Esq.
63.	The Brothers, . . . .	Chas. Edwards, Esq.

"We in one mother's arms were locked,—  
Long be her love repaid;  
In the same cradle we have rocked,  
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,  
Each little joy and woe;—  
Let manhood keep alive the flame,  
Lit up so long ago!"—*Sprague.*

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65.	A Woodland Scene, . . . .	J. Q. Jones, Esq.
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(Staten Island, autumn of 1832.)

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
66.	Portrait of a Boy and Landscape,	P. M. Wetmore, Esq.
67.	The Boyhood of Washington,	C. G. Childs, Esq., Philadelphia.

This picture, which tells its own story, illustrates a traditional trait of Washington's schoolboy days, when the young hero was ever deferred to by his associates as the umpire between angry combatants.—*See Sparks' Life of Washington.*

68.	Portrait of Chief Justice Nelson,	Wm. P. Hallett, Esq.
69.	Portrait of a Lady,	H. Stebbins, Esq.
70.	Portrait of T. Babington Macaulay,	E. L. Carey, Esq.
71.	Portrait of a Child,	John Inman, Esq.
72.	Landscape after Morland,	Mrs. Inman.
73.	Trout fishing in Sullivan Co., N. Y.,	H. Stebbins, Esq.

"We break from the tree-groups, a glade deep with grass;  
The white clover's breath loads the sense as we pass,  
A sparkle—a streak—a broad glitter is seen,  
The bright Callikoon through its thickets of green!  
We rush to the banks—its sweet music we hear;  
Its gush, dash and gurgle all blent to the ear.  
No shadows are drawn by the cloud-cover'd sun,  
We plunge in the crystal, our sport is begun.  
Our line where that ripple shoots onward, we throw,  
It sweeps to the foam-spangled eddy below.  
A tremor—a pull—the trout upward is thrown,  
He swings to our basket—the prize is our own!"—*Street.*

74.	Portrait of a Gentleman,	H. Stebbins, Esq.
75.	Portrait of a Lady,	Mrs. Inman.
76.	Portrait of a Lady,	Francis Hall, Esq.
77.	Portrait of an Infant,	F. R. Tillou, Esq.
78.	Portrait of Edmund Simpson, Esq.	E. Simpson, Esq.
79.	Portrait of a Lady,	E. Simpson, Esq.
80.	Portrait of Rishop Delancey,	St. James Ch., Phila.
81.	Portrait of a Gentleman,	T. Dixon, Esq.
82.	Portrait of the late Stephen Price,	E. Simpson, Esq.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
83.	Portrait of J. Haviland, Esq. . .	J. Haviland, Esq.
84.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	J. Batelle, Esq.
85.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	Geo. Duer, Esq.
86.	Miniature of a Lady, . . .	R. H. J. Martin, Esq.
87.	Portrait of M <sup>le</sup> Augusta, . . .	Wm. T. Porter, Esq.
88.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . .	G. E. Hoffman, Esq.
89.	Portrait of Col. Childs, . . .	C. G. Childs, Esq.
90.	Water-colored Portrait of a Boy, . .	E. Parmley, Esq.
91.	Water-colored sketch of Jarvis, the late painter, . . .	Mrs. Inman.
92.	Portrait of a Lady, . . .	Jas. McMurtrie, Esq.
93.	The Young Rustic, . . .	Miss Julia Sands.
94.	The Lake of the Dismal Swamp, . .	John Inman, Esq.

"Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,  
His path was rugged and sore,  
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,  
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,  
And man never trod before."—*Moore*.

95.	Portrait of Jas. McMurtrie, Esq., . .	J. McMurtrie, Phila.
96.	Portrait of Fitz Green Halleck, . .	C. P. Clinch, Esq.
97.	Landscape, . . .	C. G. Childs, Esq.
98.	Pencil sketch, . . .	Mrs. T. S. Patterson.
99.	Pen Etching, . . .	W. F. Ladd, Esq.
100.	Portrait of Horace Binney, Esq., . .	J. Cadwallader, Esq.
101.	Cabinet full length of a Girl, . .	J. Nelson, Esq.
102.	Rip Van Winkle awaking from his dream, . . .	R. S. Crittenden, Esq.

"On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the Old Man of the Glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. He looked for his gun, but, in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten."—*Sketch Book*.

NO.	SUBJECTS.	POSSESSORS.
103.	Landscape and Figures, . . .	Jacob Little, Esq.
104. }	Cabinet Groups, . . .	P. M. Wetmore, Esq.
105.		
106.	Landscape, . . . . .	Jas. McMurtrie, Esq.
107.	India Ink sketch of De Witt Clinton, . . . . .	C. G. Childs, Esq.
108.	Sketch of a Lady, . . . . .	J. H. Carpenter, Esq.
109.	A Sepia Drawing, . . . . .	C. G. Childs, Esq.
110.	Lithographic Drawing—The Page,	C. G. Childs, Esq.
111.	The Brigand, (a study,) . . . . .	C. G. Childs, Esq.
112.	Bank Note Vignettes, . . . . .	C. Toppan, Esq.
113.	Portrait of John Inman, Esq. . . . .	John Inman, Esq.
(The Artist's first Portrait in oils.)		
114.	Portrait of a Lady, . . . . .	John Nelson, Esq.
115.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . . . .	J. R. Clark, Esq.
116.	Portrait of Mrs. Embury, . . . . .	D. Embury, Esq.
117.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . . . .	D. Embury, Esq.
118.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . . . .	John Nelson, Esq.
119.	Portrait of Clara Fisher, . . . . .	J. Inman, Esq.
120.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . . . .	L. W. Kipp, Esq.
121.	Portrait of a Gentleman, . . . . .	John Megary, Esq.
122.	Portrait of Captain Mackenzie, U. S. N., . . . . .	J. Bolton, Esq.
(The Head only by Inman.)		
123.	Portrait of C. J. Ingersoll, Esq.,	Law Library, Phila.
124.	Portrait of Ex-Mayor Harper, . . . . .	City of New-York.
(Unfinished.)		
125.	Portrait of a Lady, . . . . .	— Hubbard, Esq., Newark.
126.	Family Group, . . . . .	J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq.

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This Gallery as all are aware contains but a small portion of Inman's Pictures,—indeed, many of his best

works are scattered over the country, and some have gone to other parts of the world.

Thomas McCready as William Tell was one of his first large pictures that brought the Artist into notice. Full length portraits of Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Seward, were commissioned by the Municipal Authorities while those men were Governors of the State, and they now hang in the City Hall. For the Bible Society he executed a full length of its President, Mr. Varick. He painted one of his finest and largest groups for Mr. Henry Livingston. It is composed of six children—distributed with great grace and beauty. He received for it the liberal price of fifteen hundred dollars. Another charming thing was done for the same gentleman—a full length of a girl, with a fine view of the Catskill, from the piazza of the Livingston house at Claverack. This same family sent one of Inman's good pictures to Italy for Mrs. T——, who had presented them a bust executed abroad. The painting was a group of Mrs. Livingston, with her daughters seated around a table on which the bust is standing,—executed with great beauty.

Inman was paid higher prices for his portraits than have ever been received by an American Painter in this country, and these prices he never varied from. On a certain occasion he painted a group for a gentleman of great wealth, who paid the \$500 somewhat reluctantly. Hearing that he had manifested his dissatisfaction about the price, Inman requested him to send him the picture. When it came he cut off all the legs, and sent it back with \$200, making the difference between a half and full length group!

Says the Evening Post :—" Henry Inman, was not

less beloved as a friend, than admired as a painter. His social qualities were of the richest order, and although he seldom indulged in rhyme, his conversation and letters were often instinct with the spirit of poetry. Before he sailed for England, while suffering from the depression incident to his health and embarrassments, he sent the following little poem to a friend :”—

“ Now listless o’er time’s sullen tide  
My bark of life floats idly on ;  
Youth’s incense-laden breeze has died,  
And passion’s fitful gusts are flown.

While sadly round her aimless course  
Now lowering brood the mental skies,  
The past but murmurs of remorse,  
And dim the ocean future lies.

And must this be ? My soul, arouse !  
See through the passing clouds of ill  
How Fame’s proud pharos brightly glows,  
And gilds thy drooping penant still.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide,  
Spread to Ambition’s freshening gale ;  
Friendship and love are at thy side,  
While glory’s breathings swell thy sail.”

“ The allusion to his commission from Congress,” says the *Excelsior*, “ to execute a picture for the Capitol, in the last stanza of Inman’s verses, makes it, with those who know all the circumstances, one of the saddest things that poet ever penned ! For after Inman’s sanguine disposition had involved him irretrievably in the speculating epidemic of ’36, and the subsequent commercial revolution overwhelmed him with a hopeless load of debt ; and when the persuasions of the friends who saw that his

health was failing under hopeless toil, could not induce him to avail himself of the Bankrupt Act, he thus eagerly, when invited to connect his name with his country's history in the Capitol, catches at the only gleam of hopeful aspiration that shines forth to cheer his Future,

"Stretch to thine oar, *yon beam thy guide.*"

The public know the rest—or rather, they know that a portion of the money was advanced for that picture, and that nothing but the "study" of it was ever put upon canvass by the artist. It is only since his death that they know that Inman was even then a dying man—a man stricken with mortal disease, a disease that permitted him to work only a few hours a day, and by no means each successive day—work for a large family with no resources but his genius. The murmurs of the public at his deferred engagement with them could not but reach his ears. It was said that he never *intended* to complete the picture. The writer of this heard Inman himself refer to the subject with a sad but forgiving spirit. It was never his wont to speak harshly of others, nor did he then. He seemed to regard the slander only as a proof that his character had become seriously affected by his unfulfilled contract with the Government, and that men hesitated no longer to tamper with his good name,

'For Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame!'

That 'beam' which was to be his 'guide' was henceforth a shaft of cruel light, for ever piercing his eyelids and quivering in his very brain. For he knew that he must die before he could execute that picture, and the star which had cheered him on, was now changed to a

fiery scourge, which was goading him to his grave. In his visit to England he had looked for sufficient renewal of health to finish there his great picture. There Wordsworth, to an eminent countryman, had pronounced him the most decided man of genius he had ever seen from America; a new and European fame seemed dawning upon him, with patronage in portrait painting to support his family here, and leisure to finish his great picture under the best advantages for a great work of art. Once more his sanguine spirit saw a bright and proud future widening before it. But the tone of his letters to his friends changed; his disorder again showed itself in an aggravated form; and neither he in Europe, nor his family in America, could wait for that ripening recognition of his genius which surely awaited him in England. He returned to die among his friends. Over his easel, indeed,—for while still working for subsistence, at broken intervals, he executed some of the best things he ever did, within the last year—hope would again, at times, cheer him as of old: for when the painting mood was upon him, there was nothing that Inman would not promise himself; and so miraculously rapid was he in the exercise of his art at such happy moments, that even a stranger might prophesy extravagantly from the brief display of such vigorous powers. The times favorable for work, however, were only those in which his disorder would permit him to take exercise. He must forego the exercise, or he could not labor for his family. Why should he not forego that which could only prolong, without lightening a life, of whose approaching termination he was already but too well aware? He now ceased to speak of his great picture. His talk was of dissolution, and the world to come—of Nature, of Art,

of the affairs of his friends, instead of his own. And, thus discoursing, apparently cheerful till the last, his gallant heart, when it had ceased to beat, was found distended to twice the natural size; and the disease was doubtless aggravated, as one of his medical examiners declared, by aching thoughts and suffering suppressed. How could it be otherwise with a man so sensitive, who had been forced to feel that the highest stamp upon his fame threatened, from untoward circumstances, to prove a blot upon his reputation?

Yet his funeral! Never—never have we witnessed a more striking scene than that of the long and compact procession, comprising some of the most prominent persons both from this and other cities, following the bier of the artist on foot, for two long miles, on a cold winter evening. No splendid pageant to the memory of the eminent painter could have been so balmful to his hurt mind as that unerring tribute to his acknowledged worth as a man! And if his spirit still hovered near till the earth closed over his mortal remains, it must have soared away at last content that his name and his fame would be alike shielded and cherished by his mourning countrymen."

There has seldom been a nobler display of kind and generous feeling among our citizens, than was manifested at the Globe Hotel, a few evenings after Inman's death. A notice was published in the city journals, inviting the friends of the late Artist to assemble at that place. The high character, and the number of the assembly, bespoke the feeling his death had awakened. Mr. Cummings was called to preside over the meeting, and all its proceedings were characterized by the utmost dignity and propriety. It was resolved that all the

works of the late Artist, which could be conveniently collected, should be brought together, and an exhibition made for the benefit of the family.

The next few days furnished the most convincing proofs of the sincerity of the professions that had been made of respect for the citizen they lamented, and admiration for the Artist they had lost. The day the exhibition was to begin was anxiously waited for, and when the doors were at last thrown open, the Gallery was crowded. Thousands have already gone, and thousands more will yet go to pay their tribute of admiration to departed genius. To those who loved Inman, this is a grateful spectacle—to those who love Art, no sight can be more cheering—for it bespeaks a *general* appreciation of the high claims of Art and Artists to the sympathies of the nation, and a consciousness too that over the early death of Inman the country has cause to mourn.

The Artist's dead : the Gifted's task is ended,  
The brush and canvass lie all useless now :  
Life's picture's finished—light and shade are blended  
By the Great Master to whom all must bow.

## P. S. "MUMBLE THE PEG."

This last 'Proof' is received in time to give us an opportunity of acknowledging the courtesy of Messrs. Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, in offering us the use of their exquisite engraving of Inman's 'Mumble the Peg,' for the illustration of this sketch. It originally appeared in the 'Gift,' and has been esteemed one of the most beautiful illuminations of that elegant Annual. The loan of this plate is only one of the many kind offices Authors have experienced from those gentlemanly Publishers.

The mention of that House brings freshly to our recollection the name and the virtues of the lamented Carey. Never have Arts and Artists had, or lost a better friend. In his Gallery are many of the choicest works of American painters and sculptors. Among others is 'Mumble the Peg,' which was commissioned of Inman a few years ago, and engraved for Mr. Carey's favorite Annual. And although the peculiar province of this work is to speak of Artists, yet we cannot omit this short tribute of affection to one who appreciated them so well.

Few countries have ever had so gifted and generous a friend of Art in the infancy of their taste. We never heard of an appeal for Art made to him in vain; nor do we know of any one who has devoted so large a portion of his income to the Fine Arts. There may possibly be some who have expended more, but we know of no one who has expended more wisely or generously. There are few works in his Gallery which were not commissioned at the very time the Artists most needed his aid

—and the superior style in which they are executed, shows the spirit which inspired their Authors.

I happened to be in the studio of Powers, when he was giving his last touches to his Proserpine. “This,” said the Sculptor, “is for Edward L. Cary, of Philadelphia, and I never felt more anxious to execute a commission well. He is one of the most enlightened and gifted men in our country, and there are few men in any country of more mature and refined taste ”





WEST.

*From a Painting by Lawrence.*

## BENJAMIN WEST:

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A GALAXY of glorious names had passed for ever by,  
Before thine infant eyelids ope'd upon the new world sky ;  
Names that will echo ever, through the dim halls of time—  
Portrayers of the beautiful, the sainted, the sublime.

Italia's Raphael and Titian, da Vinci and Guido,  
With wild Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo ;  
Carracci and Correggio, whose works will ever stand,  
Bright monuments of glory, to grace a fallen land.

Dominichino and del Sarto, (with many a lesser name  
That never left a foot-print upon the steeps of fame,)  
Have made thy hills and valleys, thy temples old enshrined,  
The Milky-way of genius, the Mecca of the mind !

Velasquez and Murillo, the pride of haughty Spain,  
And Holland's gifted Reubens, we ne'er shall see again ;  
Vandyk and famous Rembrant, with the grotesque Teniers,  
Have link'd unto the present the past's uncounted years.

France, the fair land of lilies, to the Poussins gave birth,  
And to a name unrivalled, unequalled on the earth—  
Who ever proudly triumphed, mid sorrow and in pain—  
'T was he who mirror'd nature, the gifted Claude Lorraine.

And Hogarth toiled in England, neglected many a year,  
While on his graphic canvas dropp'd Poverty's dim tear ;  
And then, worn out with suffering, he found repose in death.  
Beneath an humble tomb-stone Art's Druid slumbereth.

The western world then yielded a neophyte for fame :  
From Pennsylvania's forests a Quaker pilgrim came ;  
The touches of his pencil gave birth to forms sublime—  
The favorite of England—the Giotto of his time.

CALEB LYON OF LYONSDALE.

New-York, March 2, 1846.

His (West's) power at his advanced age is beyond all example; and my visit to the continent has given me a still higher opinion of his great talents, and knowledge of his Art, than I before had, and *this from comparison with the works of the great masters.*

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Letter to Mr. Lysons, from Rome.

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When we consider the determined perseverance he (West) showed to persist in the high walk he had at first chosen, though there was not a grain of taste for it in the country at that time, it does him the highest honor, and *I am ashamed of the recent ungrateful neglect of my countrymen—it surprised and grieved me.*

Letter of Sir George Beaumont to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

## BENJAMIN WEST.

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THERE have been more volumes written about this great Painter in England, than there have been pages devoted to him in the land of his birth. This fact, however tame it may seem to us now, will one day make a chapter in the 'Curiosities of Art,' when her D'Israeli writes her history. I have been advised by almost every body but Artists to pass over in silence West, and Trumbull, and Stuart. I am told that sketches of these old Painters will carry with them little interest for general readers, and hang like a dead weight upon a series which would otherwise be buoyed up with the names of living men. Well, let it be so. I had rather my design in this work should never be completed, than to leave for coming times a History of the 'Artists of America' in which the Restorer of Historical Painting in England—the man who painted a Battle Piece which Goethë gazed on with astonishment and delight, and the man whose portrait of Washington hangs over our fireside altars, can have no place. I must then call these sketches by another name—for if the Fathers of Painting in this country are not 'Artists of America,' I know not who are.

I have been taught from my childhood to venerate these men. Among my earliest recollections are Stuart's portrait of Washington, with its benign and earnest expression, and I remember there was so much of the pa-

ternal in it, it looked like a father, and there was so much venerableness and grandeur and dignity, it looked like the Father of a Nation. And I saw the 'Declaration of Independence,' and those long rows of gray heads, and those old costumes, and Hancock in the chair, and Franklin standing by him. And I never read of those stormy days, nor of those honest, earnest, iron men, without thinking of Trumbull, and the mysteries of his Art. And I remember well how old people talked about the great picture of 'Death on the Pale Horse.' I saw some print of it about that time, and when I heard the venerable old parish minister speak of that 'Apocalyptic vision,' I never forgot 'Death on the Pale Horse.'

And so at last these old Painters became to me venerable personages—men whose names made me think of Plymouth Rock, which always brought back the wild vision of the Mayflower rocking in Massachusetts Bay, her icy deck covered with old men, and females, and young children, all kneeling in solemn covenant with God. Indeed, there was something more to me in these painters, than Pilgrims—they were mysterious men, for they seemed to have a kind of incomprehensible relation with the old Heroes of Revolutionary Senates and Battle-fields. This impression was not done away with even after Trumbull and Stuart were guests at our house, and I sat on their knee. I am quite willing that portion of the world which knows no better, should simmer a little to hear me talk so about Pilgrims and Painters,—but the day is coming as surely as another eclipse of the sun, when the men of this country will pile up everlasting bronze to our early Painters, as they have already piled up Massachusetts granite to the Pilgrims, and God will give us a Webster to speak when the foundation is

laid. So it is evident enough I cannot talk about living Artists till I have spoken of the dead, who have rested from their labours.

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BENJAMIN WEST was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, Oct. 10, in the year 1738, just ten years after Smybert landed in America. His father was born in England, where his ancestors had distinguished themselves. Col. James West had done some fighting on the right side with John Hampden, and Cunningham carries the painter's ancestry back to Lord Delaware, renowned in the wars of Edward the Third and the Black Prince. But I believe West himself was always willing to stop when he got to John Hampden, and he was wise for doing it, for the man who traces back his ancestry too far is in infinite danger of stumbling over both kings and beggars. Cunningham relates several prodigies that attended the birth of Benjamin, but we fancy they are somewhat apocryphal. The only extraordinary circumstances I have been able to learn are, that he was the youngest of nine children, and that he went with all due gravity becoming a Quaker baby, through the mysteries of swaddling clothes, teeth cutting and short clothes, till he came to his first 'pants and jacket,' that memorable day of boyhood.

When Benjamin was seven years old he "was placed with a fly-trap in his hand to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister." "As he sat by the cradle the child smiled in sleep—he was struck with its beauty, and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black

ink. His mother returned, and snatching the paper, which he sought to conceal, exclaimed to her daughter, 'I declare, he has made a likeness of little Sally!' She took him in her arms and kissed him fondly." His sober parents encouraged this new taste, and in no great space of time the quiet Quaker home was filled with works of art, such as they were. "When he was some eight years old, a party of roaming Indians paid their summer visit to Springfield, and were much pleased with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds and fruits and flowers, for in such drawings many of the wild Americans (Indians, we suppose Mr. Cunningham means to say) have both taste and skill. They showed him some of their own workmanship, and taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they stained their weapons. They taught him archery too."

Lewis, his American biographer, says his colours were "charcoal and chalk mixed with the juice of berries," and he laid them on with brushes made of the hair of a cat drawn through a goose quill. He got "from the Mohawk or Delaware Indians red and yellow earths used by them at their toilets; Mrs. West's indigo pot supplied blue, and the urchin thus gained possession of those primitive colours he afterwards knew to be the materials whose combined minglings, in their various gradations, gave all the tints of the rainbow." It is said that the cat in this process lost so much of her fur, that a general solicitude was felt for the poor creature throughout the family, until Benjamin honestly told them that the fur had not fallen by disease or age, but had been *picked* off for artistic purposes. It was then agreed that Tabby should have a respite, while the young painter drew from the geese.

A neighbor of the Wests, General Wayne's father, "took a liking," says Dunlap, "to six heads in chalk drawn by him (Benjamin), and presented him with six dollars for them. These chalk productions were among Mr. West's first performances, and he was so much pleased with their producing so large a price, as to be thereby chiefly induced to adopt for his means of support the profession of a painter. This anecdote Mr. West told me in London 1785." Such was the commencement of Benjamin West's drawing.

A Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, made a visit to Chester county, where he saw some of the sketches of the boy-artist, and when he returned home he sent him a present worth more to him than a kingdom—"a box of paints and brushes and several pieces of canvas prepared, and six engravings by Greveling." These were the first works or implements of Art the boy had ever seen. Cunningham and Galt tell us how he used them—"West placed the box on a chair at his bed-side, and he was unable to sleep. He rose with the dawn, carried his canvas and colours to the garret, hung up the engravings, prepared a palette, and commenced copying. So completely was he under the control of this species of enchantment that he absented himself from school, laboured secretly and incessantly for several days, when the anxious inquiries of the school-master introduced his mother to his *studio* with no pleasure in her looks,—but her anger subsided as she looked upon his performance. He had avoided copyism, and made a picture composed from two of the engravings, telling a new story and coloured with a skill and effect which was in her sight surprising. 'She kissed him,' says Galt, who had the story from the Artist, 'with trans-

ports of affection, and assured him that she would not only intercede with his father to pardon him for having absented himself from school, but would go herself to the master and beg that he might not be punished.' Sixty-seven years afterward, the writer of these Memoirs had the gratification to see this piece in the same room with the sublime painting of 'Christ Rejected,' on which occasion the Painter declared to him that there were inventive touches of art in his first and juvenile essay, which, with all his subsequent knowledge and experience, he had not been able to surpass." Two of these sketches are still to be seen in Philadelphia.

Pennington took West to Philadelphia in his ninth year, where he executed a landscape of the Delaware, which so much delighted Williams, a portrait painter, that he warmly encouraged him to prosecute his studies. West's education had hitherto been chiefly confined to the simple rudiments of learning—he had read nothing but the Bible History. Williams may have painted good or bad portraits, but he did one thing worth remembering. He put into West's hands two books, "Du Fresnoy and Richardson, with an invitation to call whenever he pleased and see his pictures. The books and the pictures made the love of Art overcome all other feelings, and he returned home resolved to become a painter. Williams's pictures, which were "the first specimens of true Art the boy had seen, affected West so much that he burst into tears."

How long he remained in Philadelphia this first visit, I do not know. A story well authenticated is told by all his biographers, which goes to show that Benjamin was quite an ambitious little fellow for a Quaker. "One of his school-fellows allured him on a half-holiday from

trap and ball, by promising him a ride to a neighboring plantation. 'Here is the horse, bridled and saddled,' said his friend, 'so come, get up behind me.' 'Behind you,' said Benjamin; 'I will ride behind nobody.' 'Oh! very well,' replied the other, 'I will ride behind you; so mount.' He mounted accordingly, and away they rode. 'This is the last ride I shall have,' said his companion, 'for some time. To-morrow I am to be apprenticed to a tailor.' 'A tailor!' exclaimed West; 'you will surely never be a tailor.' 'Indeed, but I shall,' replied the other; 'it is a good trade. What do you intend to be, Benjamin?' 'A painter.' 'A painter! What sort of a trade is a painter? I never heard of it before.' 'A painter,' said this humble son of a Philadelphia Quaker, 'is the companion of kings and emperors.' 'You are surely mad,' said the embryo tailor; 'there are neither kings nor emperors in America.' 'Aye, but there are plenty in other parts of the world. And do you really intend to be a tailor?' 'Indeed I do; there is nothing surer.' 'Then you may ride alone,' said the future companion of kings and emperors, leaping down; 'I will not ride with one willing to be a tailor!' This incident, it is said, together with his skill in drawing, which now began to be talked of, drove the schoolboys of Springfield to walls and boards, with chalk and ochre. This was only a temporary enthusiasm, and soon subsided; yet many of these drawings, West afterwards said, were worthy of the students of a regular academy."

A gentleman by the name of Flower, who lived in a neighboring town, happening to see some of West's first essays in Art, was so much pleased with the boy, that he obtained permission from his father to take him on a visit to his house. "A young English lady," says Cun-

ningham, "was governess to his daughter. She was well acquainted with Art, and was also intimate with the Greek and Latin Poets, and loved to point out to the young Artist the most picturesque passages. He had never before heard of Greece or of Rome, or of the heroes, philosophers, poets, painters and historians, whom they had produced, and he listened while the lady spoke of them, with an enthusiasm which, after an experience of near seventy years in the world, he loved to live over again."

His fame soon spread to Lancaster, a neighboring village, where he was invited by a gentleman by the name of Ross, to paint the portrait of his lady, who was 'eminently beautiful.' He executed his task so well, he was soon applied to from all quarters of the village. But of all the characters who had any thing to do with West's early career as an Artist, we have always been most interested in the Lancaster gunsmith, who commissioned him to paint the 'Death of Socrates.' The Artist knew none too much about the personage he was going to paint, and the gunsmith read to him a few passages which spoke about Hemlock and the Philosopher. Once possessed of the idea, he began to work it out on canvas. The gunsmith gave him one of his men to stand for a model, and in due time this first Historical Picture of Benjamin West was finished. All we know of this Lancaster gunsmith is, that his name was Henry! Pity we can say no more of him.

Dr. Smith, Provost of the College at Philadelphia, saw young West at Lancaster, in his fifteenth year, and perceiving that his education was being neglected, proposed to his father to send his son to the Capital, where the worthy and learned Provost kindly proposed to direct

his studies. But before this Quaker father gave up his boy to the 'worldly occupation of painting,' he felt it to be his duty to lay the matter before the Society of which he was a member. The Society assembled and waited for the moving of the Spirit. It was a serious question with those serious men and women, whether they could give their consent that one of their own members should wander from the fold to pursue an Art which 'had hitherto been employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man.'

There is not so much to provoke a smile in this business as some persons may suppose. People that pray over such matters are not always the fools the world in our times takes them for. A great many men have laughed at the Puritans, Cromwellians, or Round-heads, as you please, but no man ever laughed at them after meeting them in the halls of debate, or crossing swords with them on the field of battle.

"The spirit of speech first descended on one John Williamson—'To John West and Sarah Persons,' said this Western Luminary, 'a man-child hath been born, on whom God hath conferred some remarkable gifts of mind; and you have all heard that, by something amounting to inspiration, the youth has been induced to study the art of painting. It is true that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art—shall we question His wisdom? Can we believe that He gives such rare gifts but for a wise and a good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth.'"

The assembly seems to have felt the force of these

words, and the young painter was called in. He entered and took his station in the middle of the room, his father on his right hand and his mother on the left, surrounded by a company of simple-hearted worshippers. A female spoke—for in the Society of Friends the pride of man has fastened no badge of servitude upon woman. There seemed to be but one opinion. If Painting had been employed hitherto only “to preserve voluptuous images, in wise and pure hands it may rise in the scale of moral excellence, and display a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. Genius is given by God for some high purpose—what that purpose is, let us not inquire—it will be manifest in His own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth, who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for Art. May it be demonstrated in his life and works, that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain, nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration which induces us to suspend the strict operation of our tenets prove barren of religious and moral effect!”

“At the conclusion of this address,” says Galt, who had the information from West himself, “the women rose and kissed the young Artist, and the men one by one laid their hands on his head.” I know of nothing more beautiful in the history of Art, or even of Religion. I know of no scene more worthy of the pencils of our painters, than this first, and, for aught I know, last consecration, in our country, of a young genius to Art. I am not certain, too, if this may not have been the first meeting ever convened in America to consider the high claims of Art upon citizens and Christians, and I should be inclined to doubt if any assembly has ever since been

gathered, which has put forth so high, lasting, and noble an influence upon the Fine Arts.

It was a scene the young painter himself never forgot. He assured Galt that from that hour he considered himself expressly dedicated to Art—and that this release from the strict tenets of his religious community implied a covenant on his part to employ his powers on subjects holy and pure. How sacredly he regarded this covenant the world knows—for no painter ever painted so much who always chose such pure and lofty themes. These honest men decided that the Lord had made Benjamin to be a painter. How well they judged their neighbors had a fair opportunity of knowing when ‘Christ Healing the Sick’ and ‘Death on the Pale Horse’ were hung up in Philadelphia.

Young West had his eye now fixed steadily upon the fame that would gratify the dreams of his early ambition, and returned with Provost Smith to Philadelphia. He dedicated himself to study with earnestness and untiring perseverance, for a considerable period, until his career was interrupted by a summons from Springfield, to hasten to the bedside of his dying mother. He arrived just in time to receive the welcome of her eyes, and her mute blessing. His biographers all speak of the noble veneration and affection with which he always mentioned his mother. “When he was old and gray,” says one, “he recalled her looks, and dwelt on her expressions of fondness and of hope, with a sadness which he wished neither to subdue nor conceal.” We love to speak of this beautiful characteristic of West. It declares the nobleness of his nature, that, long years after, when his head was encircled with a halo of fame, more brilliant than often falls to the lot of man, the idol of a

British king, he used to go from scenes of splendor and gaiety, and around his fireside talk to some kind friend about his mother!

Over the grave of this gifted and affectionate parent he broke the ties that held him to his home, and he left it to go into the great world, to win his own fame and court fortune among strangers. He was eighteen years old when he returned to Philadelphia to establish himself as a portrait painter. A few circumstances only are to be mentioned, and then we shall come to his European life. His prices were, for a head \$12 50, and \$25 for a half-length. His merit was great, his reputation was increasing, and he found sitters enough to occupy his pencil. Governor Hamilton had one picture in his house which had a good deal to do with West's advancement. A St. Ignatius of the Murillo school, captured in a Spanish prize! It was the best picture West had yet seen, and he copied it with considerable beauty, which added to his reputation. Provost Smith was anxious to have him now paint portraits in a similar attitude—thus blending historical and portrait painting. No one, of course, in our time will be surprised to hear that such an attempt was speedily abandoned.

A Mr. Cox commissioned him to paint an historical composition, the 'Trial of Susannah'—"a work" says Cunningham, "which he loved long after to talk about and describe." But West, who had now only one object in view—to complete his studies in Europe—came to New-York and opened a studio. His reputation had gone before him, and for eleven months he had all the portraits he could execute at double the prices he received in Philadelphia. Dunlap has given a very beau-

tiful and graphic account of his embarkation for Italy. "He had now accumulated nearly enough by his industry to waft him to the 'land where the orange trees bloom,' and where the Fine Arts have left a lasting impression of the time they *did* flourish, when he heard that a ship was about to sail from his own homely country to carry food to the inhabitants of Italy, who have in modern as well as ancient times been more abounding in marble than bread. Mr. Allen, of Philadelphia, was loading a ship with flour for Leghorn, and West, who was painting a picture of Mr. Kelly of New-York, when he heard the news mentioned it to his sitter, with his intention to take advantage of this extraordinary occurrence. Kelly's portrait being finished, and the ten guineas paid for it, he gave a letter in charge to the painter for his agent in Philadelphia, which on delivery proved an order for fifty guineas, to assist the youth in his projected journey, and his intended studies abroad. In the mean time Mr. Allen had determined his son should have the benefit of travel by accompanying the flour, and West's invaluable friend, Provost Smith, had obtained permission for the young painter to accompany the young merchant. Thus every thing seemed to conspire for the furtherance of the youth's advancement in the road to wealth and honor. He found friends eager to assist him at every step—was it not because it was seen by all that every step was in the right path—that his mind was as deeply imbued with the love of virtue as the love of his Art. Such was the character of West through life, and through life his success was uniform. He met in his way false friends, detractors and libellers, but he never turned aside, and as he approached that height at which he aimed from childhood, the hands of

those who had attained or had been seated on his upward way were stretched forth to welcome him. We see the undeviating tribute paid to worth and genius in his ascending progress; whether in the homely encouragement given by Henry, the gunsmith of Lancaster, the refined and well directed friendship of Provost Smith, the frank liberality of the merchants, Kelly and Allen, the enlightened admiration of the men of fortune who received him with open arms at Rome, as we have yet to mention, or finally in the smiles of the nobles and the sovereign of England, who hailed his arrival with joy in the land of his fathers."

In describing his approach to Rome, Cunnningham says—"He had walked on while his travelling companion was baiting the horses, and had reached a rising ground which offered him a view far and wide; the sun was newly risen, and he saw before him a spacious *campagna*, bounded by green hills and in the midst of a wilderness of noble ruins, over which towered the nobler dome of St. Peter's. A broken column at his feet, which served as a mile-stone, informed him that he was within 8000 paces of the ancient mistress of the world; and a sluggish boor, clad in rough goat-skins, driving his flock to pasture amid the ruins of a temple, told him how far she had fallen."

On the morning of the 10th of July, 1760, West entered Rome. He was in his twenty-second year, and had nothing to do but to 'make his fame and his fortune.' The arrival in Rome of a young Quaker from the wild woods of America to study Art, excited universal wonder. He was the first representative in that Ancient Seat of Empire, of the Arts and Artists of the New World, and his arrival was regarded as a strange event. Those who

had not seen him, supposed of course that he was a savage. One evening, soon after his arrival, he was 'exhibited' at a *soirée*, by Lord Grantham. He had been furnished with letters of introduction to several distinguished characters, some of whom happened to be present that evening. The celebrated Cardinal Albani, 'who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch, that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios.'—'Is he black or white?' blandly inquired the venerable virtuoso, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching, at least, this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled and said: 'He is fair—very fair.' 'What! as fair as I am?' exclaimed the Prelate. Now the complexion of this churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair—and as they stood together, the company smiled.—'As fair as the Cardinal,' became for a while proverbial."

British noblemen are fond of exhibiting Lions, and it was considered in Rome a superb stroke of good fortune to Lord Grantham that he had fallen upon a *protégé* so rare and *recherché*. The *Connoisseurs* "wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael would have upon him," and Galt says that thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the Capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view some of the masterpieces of Art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view: the statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed: 'My God! a young Mohawk Warrior!' The Italians were

surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild Savage, and West, perceiving the unfortunate impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. ‘I have seen them often,’ he continued, ‘standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.’ The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced.” West was no longer a barbarian.

West was now ‘the Lion’ of society, which was a matter of no consequence except as it gave him a fine opportunity of displaying his genius for Art. His drawings he had shown to Mengs, the greatest Artist then at Rome, but they gave indication of no very extraordinary talent. “I cannot,” said West to Lord Grantham, “produce a finished sketch like the other students, because I have never been instructed in drawing, but I can paint a little, and if you will do me the honor to sit for your portrait, that I may show it to Mengs, you will do me a great favor.” He did so, and the picture was shown to a company of *Amateurs* and Artists in the Crespigni Gallery; the painter’s name was kept secret. Some thought it the work of Mengs, although it surpassed him in coloring. An English Connoisseur present said: ‘The coloring surpasses that of Mengs, but the drawing is neither so fine nor so good.’ Crespigni seized the proper moment and said: ‘It is not painted by Mengs.’ ‘By whom then?’ they exclaimed, ‘for there is no other painter in Rome capable of doing any thing so good.’

‘By that young gentleman,’ said the other, turning to West, who sat uneasy and agitated. The English held out their hands; the Italians ran and embraced him.”

Soon after Mengs came in. “He looked at the picture,” says Cunningham, “and spoke with great kindness: ‘Young man, you have no occasion to remain in Rome to learn to paint. What I therefore recommend to you is this: Examine every thing here worthy of attention—making drawings of some half a dozen of the best statues. Go to Florence, and study in the Galleries. Go to Bologna, and study the works of the Carracci; and then proceed to Venice, and view the productions of Tintorelli, Titian and Paul Veronese. When all this is accomplished, return to Rome, paint an historical picture, exhibit it publicly, and then the opinion which will be expressed of your talents, will determine the line of Art which you ought to pursue.’ A dangerous illness interposed, and for a time prevented West from following this common but sensible counsel. The change of scene, the presence of works of first-rate excellence, and the anxiety to distinguish himself, preyed upon him; sleep deserted his pillow, a fever followed, and by the advice of his physicians, he returned to Leghorn, where, after a lingering sickness of eleven months, he was completely cured.”

“Those who befriend genius when it is struggling for distinction befriend the world, and their names should be held in remembrance. There is good sense and right feeling in the reply of Mahomet to the insinuation of the fair Ayesha, that his first wife, Cadijah, was old and unlovely, and that he had now a better in her place. ‘No, by Allah! there never was a better.—She *believed* in me when men despised me: she

relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world.' The names of Smith, Hamilton, Kelly, Allen, Jackson, Rutherford, and Lord Grantham must be dear to all admirers of West: they aided him in the infancy of his fame and fortune."

West's successful *debut* as an artist in Rome was known in Philadelphia. Allen the merchant, whose name has already been mentioned, was dining with Governor Hamilton—West was the theme of their conversation. "I regard this young man," said the merchant, "as an honor to his country; and as he is the first that America has sent out to cultivate the Fine Arts, he shall not be frustrated in his studies, for I shall send him whatever money he may require." "I think with you, Sir," said Hamilton, "but you must not have all the honor to yourself: allow me to unite with you in the responsibility of the credit." Mr. Galt finishes the story well. "When West," some time after, "went to take up ten pounds from his agents, the last of the sum with which he had commenced his studies, one of the partners opened a letter and said, 'I am instructed to give you unlimited credit: you will please have the goodness to ask for what sum you please.' The munificence of the Medici was equalled by these American magistrates."

This is high praise, but it was scarcely unmerited—their aid at that moment was all West needed. He visited Florence, Bologna, and Venice, carefully studying all the works of the Great Masters those beautiful cities contain. At Parma he was elected a Member of the Academy—he painted for the Academy a copy of the St. Jerome of Correggio, "of such excellence, that the reigning Prince desired to see the Artist. He went

to Court, and, to the utter confusion of the attendants, appeared with his hat on. The Prince was a lover of William Penn, and he received the young artist with complacency, and dismissed him with many expressions of regard. During his visits to Florence and Bologna he had also received the honors of their Academies.

When he returned to Rome, he painted a picture of 'Cimon and Iphigenia,' and another of 'Angelica and Medora.' These works established his reputation in Italy. He had no rival in Italy but Mengs and Pompeo Battoni, and he soon left those painters far behind him. After four years of study and triumph in that unfortunate but beautiful land, he turned his face towards the Alps, with a determination to visit England, and then return to his native country—but he little knew how brilliant a career he was to run.

He arrived at London the twentieth of June, 1763. "Allen, Hamilton, and Smith, his early and steadfast friends, happened to be there. They welcomed him with open arms, and introduced him to the many officers of note who had heard of him in Pennsylvania. He was introduced to Reynolds, and a letter from Mengs made him acquainted with Wilson. Intercourse with artists and an examination of their works awakened his ambition—he consulted no one, but took chambers in Bedford street, Covent-Garden, and set up his easel."

He could not have arrived in London at a more auspicious period. There was hardly an historical painter of genius now engaged in his Art in Great Britain. Hogarth was dying—Barry had abandoned his easel to carry on controversies in Rome—Reynolds was devoted to Portraits—Wilson was neglected—Gainsborough confined himself chiefly to Landscapes—West was thrown

by fortune into a path that was to lead him to fame. But before he could succeed as an historical painter, he had to create a new taste in Great Britain—for there were few countries in Europe where there was at that time so little appreciation of high Art as in England. In the Percy Anecdotes, a story to the point is told. West exhibited his Pylades and Orestes, one of his very best pictures. After speaking of the excitement it produced among the higher circles of London, he proceeds: "But the most wonderful part of the story is, that notwithstanding all this vast bustle and commendation bestowed upon that justly admired picture, by which Mr. West's servant gained upwards of thirty pounds for showing it, no mortal ever asked the price of the work, or so much as offered to give him a commission to paint any other subject. Indeed, there was one gentleman who was so highly delighted with the picture, and spoke of it with such great praise to his father, that the latter immediately asked him the reason he did not purchase what he so much admired—when he answered, 'What could I do if I had it? You would not surely have me hang up a modern English picture in my house, unless it was a portrait?'"

And this was a fair specimen of the vulgarity of English taste at the time. Leslie says that no Englishman would have dared to hang up in his parlor or even in his Library, any one of the matchless creations of Hogarth. "The connoisseur," says he, "who would have ventured to place the inimitable scene of the 'Marriage a la Mode' on his walls, (I mean the pictures, the prints were in great request,) would have hazarded most fearfully his reputation for taste. This prejudice against living genius continued until the arrival of West, and it must have re-

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quired some courage in a young man at that time to make his appearance in England in the character of an historical painter. I know not how long his Pylades and Orestes was on the Artist's hands, but when I first saw it, it was in the collection of Sir George Beaumont."

This Beaumont did many a generous thing for Art and poor Artists. A beautiful story is told of his kindness to Jackson, who afterwards became celebrated as a painter. He was apprenticed to a tailor. His talent for drawing drew the attention of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, who "purchased the lad's freedom from the shopboard and the goose, and he immediately presented himself, as if by instinct, before Beaumont in London, and expressed his wish to study in the Royal Academy. 'You have done wisely,' said Sir George; 'London is the place for talents, such as yours.' He then gave him a plan of study, and concluded: 'To enable you to do all this, you shall have fifty pounds a year while you are a student, and live in my house; you will soon require no aid.'" We shall never be tired of recording such generous deeds. Cunningham says, "As soon as he had finished his 'Angelica and Medora,' he sent it by the advice of Reynolds to the exhibition, together with the Cimon and Iphigenia, and a portrait of General Monckton, second in command to Wolfe, in the battle of Quebec. While he was employed in finishing those works, he had the good fortune to be introduced to Dr. Johnson and Mr. Burke. Johnson he admired much, and found him civil and even kind—Burke also was indulgent, but our Artist conceived there was an air of mystery about his demeanor. West at once recognized him as the brother of the Chief of the Benedictine Monks, at Parma. He painted for Dr.

Newton, the 'Parting of Hector and Andromache,' and for the Bishop of Worcester, the 'Return of the Prodigal Son.' His reputation rose so much with these productions, that Lord Rockingham tempted him with the offer of a permanent engagement, and a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, to embellish with Historical Paintings his mansion in Yorkshire. West consulted his friends concerning this alluring offer; they were sensible men; they advised him to confide in the *public*; and he followed for a time their salutary counsel."

But West had left his heart in America, and in all his wanderings he seems to have preserved the image of a fair young Quakeress in his native land. No alluring prospect of immediate fame could atone for a longer sacrifice of his feelings, and he made his preparations to return to Philadelphia, to claim his bride. "He disclosed the state of his affections to his friends, Smith and Allen; those gentlemen took a less romantic view of the matter, advised the Artist to stick to his easel, and arranged the whole so prudently, that the lady came to London, accompanied by a relation whose time was not so valuable as West's—and they were married on the 2nd of September, 1765, in the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields." West probably never made a very enthusiastic lover, but he seems to have begun no better than he held out, for after something more than half a century's experience, (time enough to form a tolerably correct opinion,) his wife said to Washington Allston of her husband—"Ah! he is a *good man*—he never had a vice!" "This," says Allston, "was worth more than a volume of eulogy."

No one of West's Biographers seems to us to have given so good an account of his progress at this period,

as Cunningham. "Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York," says he, "a dignified and liberal prelate, and an admirer of painting, invited West to his table, conversed with him on the influence of Art, and on the honor which the patronage of genius reflected on the rich; and opening Tacitus, pointed out that fine passage where Agrippina lands with the ashes of Germanicus. He caused his son to read it again and again, commented upon it with taste and feeling, and requested West to make him a painting of that subject."

"The Artist went home. It was then late, but before closing his eyes he formed a sketch, and carried it early next morning to his patron, who, glad to see that his own notions were likely to be embodied in lasting colors, requested that the full size work might be proceeded with. Nor was this all—that munificent prelate proposed to raise three thousand pounds by subscription, to enable West to relinquish likenesses and give his whole time and talents to historical painting. Fifteen hundred pounds were accordingly subscribed by himself and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned.

"The Archbishop regarded the failure of this plan as a stigma on the country; his self-love too was offended. He disregarded alike the coldness of the Duke of Portland and the evasions of Lord Rockingham, to whom he communicated his scheme—sought and obtained an audience of His Majesty, then young and unacquainted with cares—informed him that a devout American and Quaker had painted, at his request, such a noble picture that he was desirous to secure his talents for the throne and the country. The King was much interested with the story, and said, 'Let me see this young painter of

yours with his Agrippina, as soon as you please.' The prelate retired to communicate his success to West.

"The King received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favorable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the Queen, to whom he presented our Quaker. He related to Her Majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the coloring. 'There is another noble Roman subject,' observed His Majesty, 'the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?' 'It is a magnificent subject,' said the painter. 'Then,' said the King, 'you shall paint it for me.' He turned with a smile to the Queen, and said, 'The Archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus.' So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted."

"The Departure of Regulus," Dunlap says with truth, "placed West on the throne of English Art." While he was engaged on that piece, the plan of the present Royal Academy at London, which is now the pride of Great Britain, was projected. "The Society of Incorporated Artists, of which West was a member, had grown rich by yearly exhibitions, and how to lay out this money became the subject of vehement debate." "Indecent bickerings" followed, and West and Reynolds withdrew from the Society, and formed a plan for a new institution, which might put forth a higher and more beneficent influence upon the cause of Art. The King approved the plan, corrected it, and drew up some additional articles with his own hand. "Meanwhile the

Incorporated Artists continued their debates, in total ignorance that their dissenting brethren were laying the foundation of a surer structure than their own. Kirby, teacher of perspective to the King, had been chosen President; so secretly was all managed, that he had never heard a whisper in the palace concerning the new Academy, and in his inaugural address from the chair he assured his companions that His Majesty would not countenance the schismatics. While West was one day busy with his 'Regulus,' the King and Queen looking on, Kirby was announced, and His Majesty, having consulted his consort in German, admitted him and introduced him to West, to whose person he was a stranger. He looked at the picture, praised it warmly, and congratulated the Artist; then, turning to the King, said, 'Your Majesty never mentioned any thing of this work to me: who made the frame? It is not made by one of your Majesty's workmen: it ought to have been made by the royal carver and gilder.' To this impertinence the King answered, with great calmness, 'Kirby, whenever you are able to paint me such a picture as this, your friend shall make the frame.' 'I hope, Mr. West,' said Kirby, 'that you intend to exhibit this picture.' 'It is painted for the palace,' said West, 'and its exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure.' 'Assuredly,' said the King, 'I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public.' 'Then, Mr. West,' said Kirby, 'you will send it to my exhibition.' 'No!' interrupted His Majesty, 'it must go to *my* exhibition—to that of the Royal Academy.' The President of the Associated Artists bowed with much humility, and retired. He did not long survive this mortification. The Royal Academy

was founded, and in its first exhibition appeared the 'Regulus.' "

This first great effort of West, which won him so much reputation, was one of the largest and perhaps the best historical picture which had for a long time been painted in England. A fine engraving was made from it, the only copy of which I have ever seen in this country is in the possession of Dr. J. H. Foster, Warren-street, New-York, who has also a copy of 'Young Hannibal swearing eternal enmity to the Romans,' engraved by the same hand.

We now come to the most interesting crisis in the Artistic Life of West.

"A change was now to be effected," remarks Cunningham, "in the character of British Art; hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masked habit; the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. West dismissed at once this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of 'The Death of Wolfe.' The multitude acknowledged its excellence at once. The lovers of old art, the manufacturers of compositions called by courtesy classical, complained of the barbarism of boots, and buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering rams. Lord Grosvenor, disregarding the frowns of the amateurs, and the, at best, cold approbation of the Academy, purchased this work, which, in spite of laced coats and cocked hats, is one of the best of our historical pictures. The Indian warrior, watching the dying hero, to see if he equalled in fortitude the children of the deserts, is a fine stroke of nature and poetry."

The King questioned West concerning the picture, and put him on his defence of this new heresy in art. To the curiosity of Galt we owe the sensible answer of West:—"When it was understood," said the artist, "that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds, and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If instead of the facts of the action I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth. They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then rising, said to Drummond, 'West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become

one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.'” “I wish,” said the King, “that I had known all this before, for the objection has been the means of Lord Grosvenor’s getting the picture, but you shall make a copy for me.”

“West had now obtained the personal confidence of the King, and the favor of the public; his commissions were numerous, but of course the works for the palace had precedence. His Majesty employed him to paint the ‘Death of Epaminondas,’ as a companion to that of Wolfe, the death of the ‘Chevalier Bayard,’ ‘Cyrus liberating the King of Armenia,’ and ‘Segestes and his daughter brought before Germanicus.’ He suggested to the King a series of pictures on the Progress of Revealed Religion: a splendid oratory was projected for their reception. He divided his subject into Four Dispensations—the Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosical, and the Prophetical; they contained in all, thirty-six subjects, eighteen of which belonged to the Old Testament, the rest to the New. They were all sketched, and twenty-eight were executed, for which West received in all, twenty-one thousand seven hundred and five pounds. A work so varied, so extensive, and so noble in its nature, was never before undertaken by any painter.”

‘The Battle of La Hogue’ is one of West’s finest pictures. While he was painting this noble piece, a British Admiral took him to Spithead, and sent a squadron out to sea and put them into action, firing broadsides, to give the painter an idea of smoke rolling off from a naval engagement.

West expressed on a certain occasion his regret that “the Italians had dipped their pencils in the Monkish

miracles and incredible legends of the church, to the almost total neglect of the national history. The King instantly bethought him of the victorious reign of our Third Edward, and of St. George's Hall in Windsor Castle. West had a ready hand; he sketched out the following subjects—seven of which are from real, and one from fabulous history :

“1. Edward the Third embracing the Black Prince, after the Battle of Cressy. 2. The Installation of the Order of the Garter. 3. The Black Prince receiving the King of France and his son prisoners, at Poitiers. 4. St. George vanquishing the Dragon. 5. Queen Phillipa defeating David of Scotland, in the battle of Neville's Cross. 6. Queen Phillipa interceding with Edward for the Burgesses of Calais. 7. King Edward forcing the passage of the Somme. 8. King Edward crowning Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont at Calais. These works are very large. They were the fruit of long study and much labor, and with the exception of the Death of Wolfe and the Battle of La Hogue, they are the best of all the numerous works of this Artist.”

The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was called the ‘finest gentleman in Europe.’ Leslie tells one fact to show it. While this ‘gentleman’ was making some alterations in Windsor Castle, he came to a room filled with these noble paintings. They were the most valuable pictures in England. But what cared he for works of art—for the history of Edward? Just about as much as the Repudiator himself for his debts. He ordered the pictures to be all thrown into a lumber room to be eaten by palace rats, which are larger and consequently more voracious than the rats of the people.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, who always had a great admiration for West's historical pieces, told this 'gentleman' that he could do as he pleased, to be sure, but no living artist could supply their places. The 'gentleman' thought it might be an evidence of bad taste to give them to the rats, and they were saved.

Professor Morse told Dunlap an interesting anecdote about West and George III. The Professor found West engaged one day in copying a portrait of the King. "This picture," said the old painter, "is remarkable for one circumstance: the King was sitting to me for it when a messenger brought him the 'Declaration of Independence.'" It may be supposed that the question, "How did he receive the news?" was asked. "He was agitated at first," said West; "then sat silent and thoughtful. At length he said, 'Well, if they cannot be happy under my government, I hope they may not change it for a worse. I wish them no ill.'" "If such was George the Third," says Dunlap, "we find no difficulty in reconciling his attachment to Benjamin West with the American's honest love of his native land."

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died, the choice of the Royal Academy fell on West, and he was elected President with the 'ready assent of the King.' British writers seem to have had but one opinion on the propriety of this choice—there was no man in Great Britain whose title to the honor was so clear. The King offered him on this occasion the honor of knighthood. "Every American," says Dunlap, "will rejoice that he rejected the nick-name." It had been the custom to confer this honor on the most distinguished painter in England. West was the only man who declined the title. Eng-

lishmen still call this American 'Sir Benjamin.' Well, as long as they do not know how such a 'nick-name' belittles a man like West, we must overlook it.

Leslie, in one of his letters to Dunlap, says, "Mr. West was, as you know, at all times delighted to receive Americans, and no subject of conversation interested him more than the present greatness and future prospects of the United States. His political opinions were known to be too liberal for the party who governed England during the regency and the reign of George IV. Whether owing to this cause or not, he was certainly out of favor with the Court during all the time of George the Third's long seclusion from the world. It was to the credit of that monarch, that he never allowed the political opinions of Mr. West to interfere with his admiration of him as an Artist, and his friendship for him as a man. The King died while Mr. West was confined to his bed with his last illness. Raphael West endeavored to keep the newspaper from him, but he guessed the reason, and said, "I am sure the King is dead, and I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life."

When the good old Sovereign, George III., "lost his senses," a cloud began to overshadow the path of the great painter for the first time. Hitherto intrigues had been planned; ministers and courtiers, the Prince of Wales, his parasites and his mistresses, had all plotted against the American painter *in vain*. But the very moment George III. was taken from public life, West's career was for a while arrested. From 1769 to 1801 he had enjoyed the confidence of his Royal friend, and "received all orders for pictures from His Majesty in person. They had settled the subject and price between them without the intervention of others, and in addition

to this one thousand pounds a year paid on account, he had received whatever more, and it was not much, might be due upon the pictures actually painted. A great change was near. A mental cloud fell upon the King, and the Artist was the first to be made sensible that the sceptre was departed from his hand."

Here Cunningham has given a touching description. "The doors of the palace which had hitherto opened spontaneously, like those of Milton's Paradise, no longer flew wide at his approach, but turned on their hinges grating, and reluctantly." Mr. Wyatt, the royal architect, informed West that the painting of the chapel at Windsor was suspended.—"This extraordinary proceeding," says Galt, "rendered the studies of the best part of the artist's life useless, and deprived him of that honorable provision, the fruit of his talents and industry, on which he had counted for the repose of his declining years. For some time it affected him deeply, and he was at a loss what steps to take. At last, however, on reflecting on the marked friendship and favor which the King had always shown him, he addressed to his Majesty a letter, of which the following is a copy of the rough draught, being the only one preserved." After mentioning the message to suspend the paintings of the chapel, it proceeds—

"Since 1797 I have finished three pictures, begun several others, and composed the remainder of the subjects for the chapel, on the progress of Revealed Religion. Those are subjects so replete with dignity of character and expression, as demanded the historian, the commentator, and the accomplished painter to bring them into view. Your Majesty's gracious commands for my pencil on that extensive subject stimulated my humble abilities,

and I commenced the work with zeal and enthusiasm. Animated by your commands, I burned my midnight lamp to attain that polish which marks my scriptural pictures. Your Majesty's zeal for religion and love for the elegant arts are known over the civilized world, and your protection of my pencil had given it celebrity, and made mankind anxiously look for the completion of the great work on Revealed Religion. In the station which I fill in the Academy I have been zealous in promoting merit; ingenious artists have received my ready aid, and my galleries and my purse have been opened to their studies and their distresses. The breath of envy or the whisper of detraction never defiled my lips, nor the want of morality my character; and your Majesty's virtues and those of her Majesty have been the theme of my admiration for many years.

"I feel with great concern the suspension of the work on Revealed Religion; if it is meant to be permanent, myself and the fine arts have much to lament. To me it will be ruinous and it will damp the hope of patronage in the more refined departments of painting. I have this consolation, that in the thirty-five years during which my pencil has been honored with your commands, a great body of historical and scriptural works have been placed in the churches and palaces of the kingdom. Their professional claims may be humble, but similar works have not been executed before by any of your Majesty's subjects. And this I will assert, that your commands and patronage were not laid on a lazy or an ungrateful man, or an undutiful subject."

This letter was sent to Court the 26th September, 1801, but West received no answer.

"On his Majesty's recovery, he sought and obtained

a private audience. The King had not been made acquainted with the order for suspending the works, nor had he received the letter. 'Go on with your work, West,' said the King, kindly, 'go on with the pictures, and I will take care of you.' He shook him by the hand and dismissed him. 'And this,' says Galt, 'was the last interview he was permitted to have with his early and constant, and to him truly royal, patron. But he continued to execute the pictures, and, in the usual quarterly payments, received his £1000 per annum till his Majesty's final superannuation, when, without any intimation whatever, on calling to receive it, he was told that it had been stopped, and that the paintings for the Chapel of Revealed Religion had been suspended. He submitted in silence.

"The story of his dismissal from Court was spread with many exaggerations; and the malevolence of enemies which his success had created—there are always such reptiles—was gratified by the circulation of papers detailing an account of the prices which the fortunate painter had received for his works from the King. The hand which had drawn up this injurious document, neglected to state that the sum of thirty-four thousand one hundred and eighty-seven pounds, was earned in the course of thirty-three laborious years, and the public, looking only to the sum at the bottom of the page, imagined that West must have amassed a fortune. This notion was dispelled by an accurate statement of work done and money received with day and date, signed with the artist's name, and accompanied by a formal declaration of its truth; a needless addition, for all who knew any thing of West, knew him to be one of the most honorable of men."

If all sovereigns were as amiable, as firm and as generous as George the Third, Royal patronage would be sometimes worth having. But there is little doubt West would have won a higher fame, and been a richer man, if he had confided in the British *people*. No one probably would have given him a thousand guineas for 'Regulus,' *before* it was exhibited in the Royal Gallery. But he would never have imprisoned himself more than a quarter of a century in the most exhausting and laborious toil, over the execution of a series of great Historical pieces that men of his own times never would have appreciated; for men of taste would have given him commissions for smaller, but more varied and popular works, which would have made him beloved by the million, as Sir Thomas Lawrence has been since. He would then have known how firm was his foundation: a King might have 'lost his senses,' but the painter would still have had friends, whose attachment would have been lasting, and whose favors would neither have excited the envy of rivals, nor been purchased at the sacrifice of a feeling of personal independence.

The history of Artists and Scholars abounds in sad and touching incidents, which show how fatal the patronage of the powerful has generally been. The fickleness of royal favor can be illustrated only by the caprice of fortune. Long waiting in antechambers, cold neglect, cutting sarcasms, dictations, instructions, hope deferred, and then, to crown it all, the close of life embittered with mortifying, biting recollections, as the abandoned favorite goes darkling down to the grave. The Artist or the Scholar who borrows hope from the smiles of men in power, will find that his fruit, be its colors never so beautiful, will crumble to ashes when it touches

his lips. 'Great men' never bestow their favors upon any but those who are ready to part with their independence, and generally with their principles. Frederick of Prussia, who wrote so humanely and so piously his 'Anti-Machiavelli,' while he was Crown Prince, had not worn a crown twelve months, before he insulted one of his best ministers, who said his 'principles and his feelings could not allow him to follow royal instructions.' "What has a Secretary," replied his royal patron, "to do with *principles or feelings?*"

This was the only misfortune, the only false step in the life of West. I have dwelt upon it longer than may seem necessary to the reader, but it seems to me to teach an impressive lesson worth remembering. The Painter 'withdrew from the torrent of calumny,' to use the fine language of Alfieri, 'and let it foam angrily against the pillar of his fame.' The Peace of Amiens had silenced for a time the roar of hostile cannon over Europe, and he went over to Paris, where Napoleon had gathered the chef d'œuvres of the world. The best Artists, the most exquisite connoisseurs of Europe were there. West was received with enthusiasm and invited to an audience with the First Consul. He had the simple independence to recommend Napoleon to follow the example of Washington. How much that great man would have saved the world and himself, had he regarded this counsel!

Fox and Baring met West one day in the Louvre, where conversations took place on the importance of nations encouraging the higher departments of Art. Fox seemed to be struck with West's views, and replied with much frankness, and with that sincerity which lasts at least for the moment, "I have been rocked in the cradle

of politics, and never before was so much struck with the advantages, even in a political bearing, of the Fine Arts, to the prosperity as well as to the renown of a kingdom; and I do assure you, Mr. West, if ever I have it in my power to influence our government to promote the Arts, the conversation which we have had to-day shall not be forgotten." They parted, and West returned to England.

"Old age was now coming on him; but his gray hairs were denied the repose which a life of virtue and labor deserved. He took it into his head that he was looked upon coldly by the government for his admiration of Buonaparte; and, assailed in the Academy by an opposition strong in numbers and in eloquence, in which Shee distinguished himself, he was induced to retire from the President's chair, and Wyatt was elected in his stead. This distinction the court architect had merited by no works which could be weighed in the balance with the worst of his predecessor's."

But the triumph of his enemies was transient. "In a short time the Academy became weary of Wyatt, displaced him and restored the painter, by a vote which may be called unanimous; since there was only one dissenting member." It appears that Fuseli put in the name of Mrs. Moser, for President; poor Fuseli thought he had done quite a funny thing!

"Restored to a prouder eminence now than he had ever held before, West devoted himself with earnestness to the advancement of High Art in England. He endeavored to form a National Association, for the encouragement of works of dignity and importance, and was cheered with the assurance of ministerial, if not

royal patronage.' But all such reliance was vain. Mr. Pitt was busy enough in his great experiment of

'Piloting the ship through the storm  
By putting her head under water.'

"Mr. Fox, who succeeded him, declared, 'as soon as I am firmly seated in the saddle, I shall redeem the promise I made in the Louvre;' but he also was soon lost to his country. This pistol of an assassin prevented Percival from taking into consideration a third memorial which West had drawn up, and the President at last relinquished the project in despair. Yet his efforts were not unavailing, as the *British institution was formed out of the wreck of his magnificent plan.*" This was the second Institution for Art which England owed to West!

The veteran painter was now in his sixty-fifth year. Martin Arthur Shee mentions it to the discredit of Great Britain, that 'the unremitting exertions of this distinguished artist in the higher department of painting during the period of forty-eight years had not, exclusive of His Majesty's patronage, produced him the sum of six thousand pounds!!' But he determined to try what could be done by relying upon the British people. He commenced a series of great subjects of which he was always so fond. The first was 'Christ Healing the Sick,' designed 'as a present to the Hospital of the Metropolis of Pennsylvania, his native State. A noble memorial of his love to the country of his birth, and her institutions.' This work was exhibited in London—'the rush to see it was very great—the praise it obtained was high, and the British Institution offered him three thousand guineas for it. West accepted the offer, for he

was far from being rich,—but on condition he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place.' The proposition was accepted—and alterations were not only made, but an additional group embraced in the copy—with no manifest improvement, it is thought.

Dunlap complains bitterly, and with great justice too, if he is right in his facts, of the ungenerous conduct of the managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital, in regard to this picture. West had expressed his wish and intention to the managers, that it might be free to Students and Artists to copy. 'It is the only exhibition,' says Dunlap, 'where money is received from the Artist or Student.'

West felt encouraged by the success of the Healing in the Temple, and he "produced in rapid succession, the 'Descent of the Holy Ghost at the Jordan,' ten feet by fourteen—'The Crucifixion,' sixteen feet by twenty-eight—'The Ascension,' twelve feet by eighteen—and 'The Inspiration of St. Peter,' of corresponding extent—the great painting of 'Christ Rejected,' and the still more sublime 'Death on the Pale Horse,' enlarged and altered from the picture which he had carried to Paris in 1802."

"As old age benumbed his faculties, and began to freeze up the well-spring of original thought, the daring intrepidity of the man seemed but to grow and augment. Immense pictures, embracing topics which would have alarmed loftier spirits, came crowding thick upon his fancy, and he was the only person who appeared insensible that such were too weighty for his handling."

"Domestic sorrow mingled with professional disappointment. Elizabeth Shewell—for more than fifty years his kind and tender companion—died on the 6th of December, 1817, and West, seventy-nine years old,

felt that he was soon to follow. His wife and he had loved each other some sixty years—had seen their children's children—and the world had no compensation to offer. He began to sink, and though still to be found at his easel, his hand had lost its early alacrity. It was evident that all this was to cease soon ; that he was suffering a slow, and a general, and easy decay. The venerable old man sat in his study among his favorite pictures, a breathing image of piety and contentment, awaiting calmly the hour of his dissolution. Without any fixed complaint, his mental faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness uneclipsed, and with looks serene and benevolent, he expired 11th March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, in St. Paul's Cathedral. The pall was borne by noblemen, ambassadors, and academicians ; his two sons and grandson were chief mourners ; and sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession."

It would be nearly a useless labor to enumerate all West's historical pictures. Blackwood's Magazine says he painted more than three thousand pictures, and Dunlap says, it was ascertained that to contain all West's pictures, a gallery would be necessary four hundred feet long, fifty broad, and forty high !"—or *a wall ten feet high, and three quarters of a mile long!* One of his Biographers in speaking of the subjects he chose, says, "He considered himself worthy to follow in the sublimest flights of the prophets, and dared to limn the effulgence of God's glory, and the terrors of the Day of Judgment. The mere list of his works makes us shudder at human presumption. Moses receiving the Law on Sinai—the Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Savior in the Jordan—the Opening of the Seventh Seal in the

Revelations—Saint Michael and his Angels casting out the Great Dragon—the mighty Angel with one foot on sea and the other on earth—the Resurrection!—and there are many others of the same class! With such magnificence and sublimity who but a Michael Angelo could cope?”

“In all his works the human form was exhibited in conformity to academic precepts—his figures were arranged with skill—the coloring was varied and harmonious—the eye rested pleased on the performance, and the Artist seemed, to the ordinary spectator, to have done his task like one of the highest of the sons of genius. But below all this splendor there was little of the true vitality—there was a monotony, too, of human character—the groupings were unlike the happy and careless combinations of nature, and the figures seemed distributed over the canvas by line and measure, like trees in a plantation. He wanted fire and imagination to be the true restorer of that grand style which bewildered Barry and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless, and passionless, may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, and before the breath of God had informed them with life and feeling.”

“Though such is the general impression which the works of West make, it cannot be denied that many are distinguished by great excellence. In his *Death on the Pale Horse*, and more particularly in the sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. It is, indeed, irresistibly fearful to see the triumphant march of the terrific phantom, and the dissolution of all that earth is proud of beneath his

tread. War and peace, sorrow and joy, youth and age, all who love, and all who hate, seem planet-struck. The Death of Wolfe, too, is natural and noble, and the Indian chief, like the Oneida warrior of Campbell,

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear,

was a happy thought. The battle of La Hogue I have heard praised as *the best* historic picture of the British school, by one not likely to be mistaken, and who would not say what he did not feel. Many of his single figures, also, are of a high order. There is a natural grace in the looks of some of his women which few painters have ever excelled.

Nearly one hundred of his pictures were exhibited in 'a Gallery, erected by his heirs.' There are some of his beautiful works of which his biographers have said little, which seem to me to have merited more attention. I shall briefly enumerate some of them: 'Thetis bringing the Armor to Achilles,' is a work of great beauty, in the possession of Thomas Hope, Esq., England. The scene is taken from the 12th Book of the Iliad. "In this picture," says Haydon, "the eyes behold what the imagination has often fancied with enthusiasm; such is the impression here made by the graceful form of Thetis, as she bends with sympathetic respect and maternal tenderness over her son, and such is the effect produced by the energetic graces of Achilles, by his deep dejection at the death of his friend, his inflexible resentment, the pathetic prostration of Patroclus, and by the pervading truth, beauty and animation of the entire piece."

'The Captive' is a mournful, but impressive piece, drawn from 'Sterne's Sentimental Journey.' "I took a

single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grand door to take his picture." And there leans the haggard wretch, loaded with ponderous chains, *chafing away time*. He has marked nine sticks. You see the notches as they lean against the damp wall—four others lay before him, which he will mark over, for he has taken one in his hand:—and yet he does not see the stick—his hands lean and bony, are working at it, mechanically, while his mind is riveted with iron grasp upon vacuity. You see the horror-stricken face of the gazer through the grate. The Captive's finger and toe nails are grown long and half curled down, and his snaky tangled locks make you think of the head of Medusa. "What particularly strikes the feelings," says Haydon, "while it tells in the most complete manner the story of the prisoner's former condition and present misery, is the size of the bones, contrasted with the shrinking and daily waste of the muscles: the living flesh is departing, and the skeleton already anticipating the grave." Such is 'The Captive,' and if it be not well done, Byron must write over once more 'The Prisoner of Chillon.'

'The Despair of Venus over the dead body of Adonis.' Shakspeare gave him the picture, where he says—

'Frantiely she doteth ;

She thinks he could not die, he is not dead,' etc.

"Mr. West has chosen the time when the Goddess has just discovered her loss, and bursts out into a despairing lamentation at the sight. The eye follows with delight the elegantly flowing lines of all the figures, in their continuity, contrast, and delicate variation. \* \* The agony of Venus finishes the climax. It is character-

ized with an energy that absorbs every other thought, but without deteriorating in the slightest degree that winding elegance and native sweetness of air which are the inseparable charms of the Queen of Beauty and of Love. The picture is altogether a lovely one,—busy without confusion, and impassioned without affectation.” No man who had gazed on this piece would ever repeat the old charge, that West ‘never dreamed of such a thing as ideal beauty and grace.’

‘Priam Petitioning Achilles for the body of Hector’ is a bold and noble delineation of even the coloring of Homer’s fancy, when he describes, in his twenty-fourth Book of the Iliad, this impressive scene. “Priam had entered the inner tent of Achilles unseen by the attendants, and, prostrating himself before the hero, embraced his knees, kissed his hands, and commenced a petition which softened the vindictive soul of Achilles with pity for the miseries of the aged monarch, who was reduced thus lowly to sue his enemy, and to kiss ‘those terrible murderous hands that had robbed him of so many sons—that had slain his subjects and ruined his family and kingdom.’ The painter has expressed, to the extent that the pencil is competent to portray, this humiliating and pathetic imploring of an aged father for a favor from his greatest enemy.”

‘Alexander’s Confidence in the Integrity of his Physician.’ This is a noble work; filled with the dignity of the theme the painter chose—but we have not space for a description of it.

‘The Cave of Despaire’ is one of West’s most original works. He drew his subject and arrangement from the masterly description of Spencer in his *Faërie Queene*. “A deprivation,” says Haydon again, “of all hope, a

horror and loathing of existence, bows the 'man of hell' to the ground. Nothing is wanting to complete the picture of Despaire in its most direful effects."

'The Alarm of Nestor at the Lightning which precedes Hector.' Iliad, eighth Book.

'Thus said the chief; and Nestor, skilled in war,  
Approves his counsel and ascends the car,' etc.

This solemn incident, which has furnished Homer one of his finest themes, is portrayed by West's pencil in a masterly manner. 'Leaving the plebeian war in the background, the Chieftains, Diomede and Hector, are advancing toward each other, in the consciousness of being able to settle the day's combat without wasting their strength on inferior objects. It was, however, one of the days of Hector's glory, and Diomede was destined to advance in vain.' For he had something more than mortal strength to contend with. Across his path the lightnings of Heaven are gleaming. This is the moment the painter has chosen. Diomede becomes the hero of the piece, for he is not only struggling against Homer's great hero, who finds no vanquisher at last but Achilles, but he is struggling against supernatural fire! The thunder is shaking the field of battle, and "the horses are rearing at the flames that dart in their faces: old Nestor, whom, at the approach of Hector, Diomede had taken into his chariot, and who had undertaken to manage the reins, finds the task impossible, and is seized with a 'sacred dread,' and, in fine, Hector by these awful signs is coming up to sweep every thing before him; yet Diomede for the moment still remains unappalled, and, lifting his shield over his head, as if to meet

all the terrors that might assail him, grasps the javelin with a double energy for the combat."

'Venus Rising from the Sea' is a chaste and beautiful production, and has been declared by many good critics to be equal to almost any thing of a similar kind by the best masters.

In 'Adonis going to the Chase,' the painter has superbly embodied the words of Shakspeare :

'Even as the Sun, with purple colored face,  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase;  
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn.'

'It was no ordinary advantage to Mr. West, as an artist, that his early years had been passed among the glades and forests of America; a circumstance to which we are perhaps indebted for many of the most spirited and poetical of his delineations of classic character. The red men of the wilderness were, in fact, his earliest patrons, and in his intercourse with them he was furnished with opportunities such as few other artists have possessed, of observing the habits and passions of men in a state of society nearly resembling that of the mythological ages of Greece and Rome. The lives of the Aborigines of both hemispheres were chiefly occupied in war and sylvan sports; pursuits eminently calculated to impart to their followers vigor and elasticity of limb, and gracefulness of motion, together with that noble simplicity of demeanor and singleness of heart which constitute the greatest charm of poetic heroism.'

This work has been overlooked in a great measure by West's biographers, and yet we think it ought to be regarded as one of the most superb pictures of its

kind. The face and form of Adonis are among the most exquisite models of manly beauty, and in coloring, in symmetry, in the earnestness of actual life and unstudied elegance, it seems to us to surpass nearly all West's productions. We believe this picture would in our times establish the fame of any painter.

We have dwelt upon these works because they are less known, and we have devoted so large a space to West because he merits it. He was the pioneer and the father of American Artists—the sober criticism of three generations has concurred in assigning him the first rank as an historical painter during the eighteenth century. It has been the fashion in this country to speak slightly of West, but this is owing to the fact that so few of his great pictures are known to his countrymen, and it is more than doubtful if *any* historical painter of merit who has yet asked for our suffrages has ever been properly appreciated.







STUART.

*From an original Miniature by Sarah Goodrich.*

## GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

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A GRAVEFUL NAME guards thy lasting fame,  
Thou father of mine, of His form sublime,  
Whose deeds transcend all that men go like to do—  
The noblest written in the book of life—  
Unfading on thy canvas live the scenes  
Our fathers were, now resting in the earth  
They battled bravely, and the world is free  
That dark oppression erst did hold us fast—  
Maidens most beautiful, and true of heart  
Bright relics of thy art the angels of the air  
We proudly gaze on by the side of thee—  
That often we may smile and sigh and pray  
Crowned in the Canons, the high altars of the land  
Revered, admired, and loved by all.

New-York, March 2, 1866.



WILLIAMSON.

Engraved by J. Smith.

## GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

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A GRATEFUL nation guards thy lasting fame,  
Thou faithful limner of His form sublime ;  
Whose deeds transcendent left a godlike name—  
The noblest written in the book of time !  
Unfading on thy canvas live the forms  
Our fathers wore, now resting in the grave ;  
They battled bravely, 'mid the wildest storms  
That dark oppression e'er fair freedom gave.  
Maidens most beautiful, and matrons chaste,  
Bright relics of thy toil through restless years,  
We proudly gaze on—by the same hand traced,  
That often wiped away earth's bitter tears.  
Crowned in the Capitol, thy laurelled triumphs stand,  
Revered, admired, a glorious patriot band !

CALEB LYON OF LYONSDALE.

New-York, March 2, 1846.



## GILBERT CHARLES STUART.

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A FEW years before his death, Longacre and Neagle visited Stuart at his residence in Boston, to receive instruction from the veteran Painter. "While sitting with him on one occasion," says Dunlap, "Mr. Neagle asked him for a pinch of snuff from his ample box, out of which he was profusely supplying his own nostrils. 'I will give it to you,' said Stuart, 'but I advise you not to take it. Snuff taking is a pernicious, vile, dirty habit, and like all bad habits, to be carefully avoided.' 'Your practice contradicts your precept, Mr. Stuart.' 'Sir, I can't help it. Shall I tell you a story? You were neither of you ever in England, so I must describe an English stage-coach of my time. It was a large vehicle of the coach kind, with a railing round the top, to secure outside passengers, and a basket behind for luggage, and such travellers as could not be elsewhere accommodated. In such a carriage, full within and loaded on the top, and an additional *unfortunate* stowed with the stuff in the basket, I happened to be travelling in a dark night, when coachee contrived to overturn us all—or as they say in New-York, dump us—in a ditch. We scrambled up, felt our legs and arms, to be convinced they were not broken, and finding on examination, that inside and outside passengers were tolerably whole (on the whole), some one thought of the poor devil shut up with the baggage in the basket. He was found apparently

senseless, and his neck twisted awry. One of the passengers, who had heard that any dislocation might be remedied, if promptly attended to, seized on the corpse with a determination to untwist the man's neck, and set his head straight on his shoulders. Accordingly, with an iron grasp he clutched him by the head, and began pulling and twisting by main force. He appeared to have succeeded miraculously in restoring life, for the dead man no sooner experienced the first wrench, than he roared vociferously, 'Let me alone! let me alone. I am not hurt; I was *born* so.' 'Gentlemen,' added Stuart, 'I was born so'—and taking an enormous pinch of snuff—'I was born in a snuff-mill.'"

This was true, in part. His father was a Scotchman, who came over to Nantucket, at the invitation of Dr. Thomas Moffat, to build a snuff-mill. This Doctor was a learned man, but not succeeding in his profession as he wished, he resolved to establish a manufactory of snuff 'to supply the place of the great quantity that was every year imported from Glasgow. The mill-wright 'married a beautiful woman, daughter of a substantial yeoman, the cultivator of his own soil, by name Anthony. Of this happy couple was born Gilbert Charles Stuart,' in the year 1754.

Dr. Waterhouse was a school companion of Stuart. He says 'he was a very capable, self-willed boy, who, perhaps on that account, was indulged in every thing, being an only son, handsome and forward, and habituated at home to have his own way in every thing, with little or no control from the easy good-natured father. He was about thirteen years old when he began to copy pictures, and at length attempted likenesses in black lead, in which he succeeded.'

Another Scotchman, it appears, 'happened along Newport,' who called himself an Artist, and 'painted up' most of the 'upper ten thousand' of Rhode Island. He was pleased with young Stuart, and enticed him off with him to Scotland, where the Scot died, leaving the painter in the hands of somebody who treated him pretty roughly. He was put aboard a 'collier bound to Nova-Scotia,' and worked his passage home. He was now about twenty years old, and he had some experience to begin the world with. Such 'hard fare' in early life never hurts men like Stuart. There was a *moral* in the custom of the Scandinavians, who greeted the new-born child with a cold bath on his first entrance into the world. If he could stand that experiment, they thought his chance was pretty good for the hard knocks of life—and it probably was.

He got on a new suit of clothes, washed off the 'coal dust,' and went to painting. Dr. Waterhouse says 'he was fully aware of the great importance of the art of drawing with anatomical exactness, and took vast pains to attain it.' The two who studied together, prevailed on a 'strong-muscled blacksmith' to sit for them in their studio, as a model, and they gave the Cyclop half a dollar an evening.

One of his first portraits, after his return in the 'collier,' was of his mother, who had died some ten years before, when he was in his eleventh year. *It was painted from recollection*, and yet so striking was the likeness, his uncle from Philadelphia recognized it the moment he entered the room. This extraordinary circumstance brings into view some of Stuart's characteristics: power of observation, keenness of perception, rapidity of exe-

cution, and generous social feelings, all of which distinguished him through life, were now in their vigor.

Mr. Anthony, his uncle, 'was proud,' says Waterhouse, 'of patronizing his ingenious nephew, after a circumstance which greatly surprised and affected him, and he employed the young painter to make portraits of himself, his wife and two children. Another gentleman followed his example, and several others sat for their single portraits, so that our aspiring Artist had as much business as he could turn his hands to, and the buoyancy of his spirits kept pace with his good fortune. He never had, however, that evenness of spirits which marked and dignified the characters of our countrymen, Benjamin West, and John Singleton Copley. With Stuart, it was either high-tide or low-tide. In London he would sometimes lay a-bed for weeks waiting for the tide to lead him on to fortune,—while Copley and West had the industry of ants before they attained the treasure of bees.'

The Redwood Library of Newport, sent their committee to Stuart to commission 'a full-length portrait of its generous founder, Abraham Redwood; then living next door to the painter, for which the Artist would have had a generous reward.' But Stuart would not paint Abraham Redwood, for reasons best known to himself!

Stuart's love for painting was the love of an enthusiast, but his early friend says that "music divided his affection so equally with his sister, that it was difficult to say which was the ruling passion. He became enamoured with music, in which he made remarkable progress without any other master than his own superior genius. He once attempted to enrapture me by a newly studied

classical composition of his own; I exerted all the kind attention I could muster up for the occasion, until his sharp eye detected by my physiognomy that I did not much relish it. He colored, sprang up in a rage, and striding back and forth the floor, vociferated: 'You have no more taste for music than a jackass! and it is all owing to your stupid Quaker education.'

Stuart's fondness for music made him a proficient on a variety of instruments, and he also composed pieces himself. He seems to have been gifted with the loftiest and best impulses of genius—whole days he passed in reading to his sister, in walking with her in the fields; whole nights in playing the flute under her window—he never came home from his rambles in the country without bringing her wild flowers. He had a kind of wild, wayward life, made up of gleams of light and thick clouds, of shadows and sunshine; and yet he loved music, and it soothed him when he was sad—and when he was half forsaken he used to think and talk of that sister; and when all was bright around him, for he was sometimes as happy as we ever can be in a 'naughty world,' he took up his pencil and dashed away 'like Jehu;' and when such men as Reynolds looked at his pictures painted in this mood, they said the lines were 'gleams of sunshine, all light, in the midst of deep shadows.'

Stuart exhausted all there was of the Newport patronage he cared for, in a short time, and then made up his mind he would go to London and see if he could not be a painter, as West had become, with some hope, vague enough, perhaps, about the future, with dreams of Whittington cats and other things; for Stuart always

said he should be rich some day, in spite of spunging houses.

Dr. Waterhouse says that 'Stuart was shut up in Boston when the first blood was spilt at Lexington, April 19th, 1775, and escaped from it about ten days before the battle of Bunker Hill.' He seems to have made his escape from Boston to Norfolk first, where it is likely he remained some weeks, for, 'leaving Boston the seventh or eighth of June, he certainly did not need all the time till the last of November in sailing to London. He seems to have taken with him a full stock of poverty, enthusiasm, and hope—a painter's capital! Poor fellow! He expected to find Waterhouse in London, who would have helped him, but he was gone off to Edinburgh, and so he found himself one day, when his money was all gone, wandering around the 'dreary solitude' of London, as Johnson delighted to characterize the dreadful hum of that crowded city. He went by a church door in Foster Lane, where he heard an organ playing. He stepped upon the threshold, and the 'pew-woman' told him, in answer to a question what was going on, that the vestry were together testing the candidates for the post of organist. He went in boldly—asked if he might try. He was told he could—he did. He succeeded; got the place, and a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a year! So much for his musical genius he had cultivated in America when wise people were telling him he had better leave off serenading girls at night, (for he used to do such things—the lady of a British officer in Newport told Trumbull, that he spent his last night he passed in Newport under the window of a friend of hers, playing the flute,) and

go to work. It gave him bread now in the swarming wilderness of London, where he needed nothing else.

Dr. Waterhouse, a true man, came down to London, and found lodgings for Stuart near the house of some Quaker relations, and the Doctor 'managed to keep him even with his landlord and washerwoman, which was doing better than he had done.' Stuart was not very thoughtful or provident. His friends had to hunt for him occasionally in the spunging house! All this time, for some unknown reason, he never once sought the acquaintance of West, but the moment a friend called on the latter (1778), and told him of Stuart's circumstances, he sent a messenger to him with three or four guineas, and an invitation for him to call at his house. 'Such was Stuart's first introduction to the man from whose instruction he derived the most important advantages from that time forward; whose character he always justly appreciated, but whose example he could not or would not follow.'

Stuart was twenty-four years old when he entered the studio of West. He had painted, before this, his own portrait, (the only one he ever made of himself,) in very superior style. 'It is painted,' says Waterhouse, 'in his freest manner, with a Rubens hat, and Stuart, in his best days, was not ashamed of it.' Stuart says, 'on application to West to receive me as a pupil, I was welcomed with true benevolence, encouraged and taken into the family, and nothing could exceed the attentions of the Artist to me—they were paternal.'

Stuart was an inimitable story-teller. "Mr. West," says he, "treated me very cavalierly on one occasion, but I had my revenge. My old master, who was always called on to paint a portrait of his Majesty for every

Governor General sent out to India, received an order for one of Lord ———. He was busily employed upon one of his *ten-acre* pictures, in company with prophets and apostles, and thought he would turn over the King to me. He never could paint a portrait. ‘Stuart,’ said he, ‘it is a pity to make his Majesty sit again for his picture; there is the portrait of him that you painted; let me have it for Lord ———. I will re-touch it, and it will do well enough.’ ‘*Well enough!* very pretty,’ thought I; ‘you might be civil, when you ask a favor.’ So I *thought*, but I *said*, ‘Very well, Sir.’ So the picture was carried down to his room, and at it he went. I saw he was puzzled. He worked at it all that day. The next morning, ‘Stuart,’ says he, ‘have you got your pallet set?’ ‘Yes, Sir.’ Well, you can soon set another; let me have it; I can’t satisfy myself with that head.’ I gave him my pallet, and he worked the greater part of that day. In the afternoon I went into his room, and he was hard at it. I saw that he had got up to the knees in mud. ‘Stuart,’ says he, ‘I don’t know how it is, but you have a way of managing your tints unlike every body else—here,—take the pallet and finish the head.’ ‘I can’t, Sir.’ ‘You can’t?’ ‘I can’t, indeed, Sir, as it is; but let it stand till to-morrow morning and get dry, and I will go over it with all my heart.’ The picture was to go away the day after the morrow, so he made me promise to do it early next morning. He never came down into the painting room until about ten o’clock. I went into his room bright and early, and by half-past nine I had finished the head. That done, *Rafe* (Raphael West, the master’s son), and I began to fence; I with my maul-stick, and he with his father’s. I had just driven *Rafe* up to the wall, with his back to one of his

father's best pictures, when the old gentleman, as neat as a lad of wax, with his hair powdered, his white silk stockings and yellow morocco slippers, popped into the room, looking as if he had stepped out of a band-box. We had made so much noise that we did not hear him come down the gallery, or open the door. 'There, you dog,' says I to Rafe, 'there I have you, and nothing but your back-ground *relieves* you.' The old gentleman could not help smiling at my technical joke, but soon looking very stern, 'Mr. Stuart,' says he, for he always *mistered* me when he was angry, as a man's wife calls him *my dear*, when she wishes him at the devil—'Mr. Stuart, is this the way you use me?' 'Why! what's the matter, Sir? I have neither hurt the boy, nor the back-ground.' 'Sir, when you knew I had promised that the picture of his Majesty should be finished to-day, ready to be sent away to-morrow, thus to be neglecting me and your promise! How can you answer it to me or to yourself?' 'Sir,' said I, 'do not condemn me without examining the easel. I have finished the picture; please to look at it.' He did so; complimented me highly, and I had ample revenge for his 'It will do well enough.'"

There are a hundred fine stories told of this eccentric, witty, improvident, but noble Stuart. He was full of genius, but he would not brook the requisite toil, or he would have made himself one of the first painters of any age. One day the blunt Dr. Johnson came into West's Studio and addressed something to Stuart—'Why! you speak very good English, Sir,' said the Lexicographer—'where did you learn it?' 'Sir,' replied Stuart, 'I can better tell you where I did not learn it—it was not from your dictionary.' Dr. Johnson had too much sense to be offended.

Just before Stuart left West's Studio, he painted a full length of his master, which was exhibited at Somerset House, where it attracted great attention and elicited high praise.

West soon saw that Stuart could paint a better portrait than he, and he recommended him to take rooms and set up for himself. He did so, and visitors flocked to his studio. "He had his full share of the best business in London, and prices equal to any, except Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough." Stuart related an anecdote of himself to Mr. Frazer, worth preserving. "Lord St. Vincent, the Duke of Northumberland, and Colonel Barre, came unexpectedly one morning into my room, locked the door, and then explained the intention of their visit; this was shortly after my setting up an independent easel. They understood that I was under pecuniary embarrassments, and offered me assistance—which I declined. They then said they would sit for their portraits,—of course I was ready to serve them. They then advised that I should make it a rule that half-price must be paid at the first sitting. They insisted on setting the example, and I followed the practice ever after this delicate mode of their showing their friendship.

All who have written about Stuart, speak of his wonderful powers of conversation. 'In this respect,' says Waterhouse, 'he was inferior to no man amongst us. He made it a point to keep those talking who were sitting to him for their portraits, each in their own way, free and easy. This called up all his resources of judgment. To military men he spoke of battles by sea and land; with the statesman on Hume's and Gibbon's History; with the lawyer on jurisprudence or remarkable criminal trials; with the merchant in his way; with the man of

leisure, in his way, and with the ladies in all ways. When putting the rich farmer on the canvas, he would go along with him from seed-time to harvest-time—he would descant on the nice points of the horse, ox, cow, sheep, or pig, and surprise him with his just remarks in the process of making cheese and butter, or astonish him with his profound knowledge of manures or the food of plants. As to national and individual character, few men could say more to the purpose, as far as history and acute personal observation would carry him. He had wit at will—always ample, sometimes redundant.’

Stuart read men’s characters as easily as he read newspapers. Lord Mulgrave employed him to paint his brother, General Phipps, who was going out to India. When the picture was done, and the General had sailed, the Earl came for the piece. ‘This picture looks strange, Sir,’ said the disturbed nobleman! How is it? I see,—I think I see *insanity* in that face.’ ‘It may be so,’ replied Stuart, ‘but I painted your brother as I saw him.’ The first account Lord Mulgrave had from his brother, was that his insanity, unknown and unapprehended by any of his friends, *had driven him into suicide!*

Stuart was now a fashionable and leading artist in London. His pictures occupied the best lights and the most conspicuous places at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. He was every where received with attention, and he might easily have won a fame which few portrait painters have had in any times. But ‘he lived in splendor, and was the gayest of the gay;’ and his indulgences and improvidence wearied out his friends and good fortune itself. With Stuart it was always a feast or a famine. Ordinary luck was no luck to him, and he was poor on money that would have made other men

rich. With a hundred guineas in his pocket, he was a lord while it lasted, and when it was gone he was a devil. One day he was dining with Earls, Dukes, and Princes, the star of a brilliant saloon,—in twenty-four hours he was cracking jokes to his companions in a debtor's prison!

The Duke of Rutland invited him to his house in Dublin. Stuart 'got money enough together somehow,' to pay his passage to Ireland; but when he got there he found the Duke had died the day before. If any body else had gone there, the Duke would have been just as sure to live, for something extraordinary must happen to Stuart, of course. He soon got into the debtor's prison again; but he was a star still. He would not let people give him money. Rich people and nobles *would* be painted by him, and they had to 'go to jail' to find the painter. There he held his court; flashing equipages of Lords and Ladies came dashing up to prison, while their exquisite proprietors waited for their first sitting. 'He began,' says Dunlap, 'the pictures of a great many nobles and men of wealth and fashion, received half-price at the first sitting, accumulated enough to enfranchise himself, and left their Irish lordships and gentry imprisoned in effigy. Having thus liberated *himself*, and there being no law that would justify the jailer in holding half-finished peers in prison, the painter fulfilled his engagement more at his ease in his own house and in the bosom of his own family: and it is probable that the Irish gentlemen laughed heartily at the trick, and willingly paid the remainder of the price.'

Stuart married a daughter of Dr. Coates, in 1786. Miss Stuart says 'he arrived in Dublin in 1788, and,

notwithstanding the loss of his friendly inviter, he met with great success; painted most of the nobility, and lived in a good deal of splendor. The love for his own country and his admiration of General Washington, and the very great desire he had to paint his portrait, was his *only* inducement to turn his back on his good fortune in Europe.'

In 1794 he returned to America, and for some months kept a studio in 'Stone street, near William, in New-York, where all who admired the Art, or wished to avail themselves of the Artist's talents, daily resorted. It appeared to me,' says Dunlap, 'as if I had never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to canvas; and yet Stuart's portraits were incomparably better ten, twenty, and thirty years after.' Some of his best portraits at this period, (for he painted poor ones enough when he painted only for money,) were of Sir John Temple, John Jay, General Matthew Clarkson, John R. Murray, and Colonel Giles.

With a letter to Washington from John Jay, he went on to Philadelphia, where he was courteously and familiarly received by the man whom Botta used to call 'the Father of Freedom.' Stuart had been familiar with the highest society of England, but he was embarrassed when he entered the room where WASHINGTON was,—and he said it was the first time he had ever felt awe in the presence of a fellow man.

Stuart was now gratified in the accomplishment and the hope of years. Washington was standing on the highest eminence of glory any man had yet stood on—the gaze of the world was fixed steadily upon Him. To leave for posterity a faithful portrait of Him, and thus link his name *forever* with that Great Man's, had now

become the most earnest wish of Stuart's life. Washington sat for His portrait—Stuart was not pleased with his first attempt. It may easily be imagined with what feelings the painter was stirred when he gazed with the full clear earnest eye of the Artist upon that face which Guizot has declared more than half divine. It is a matter of little surprise that he failed on the first trial. He destroyed the picture. Washington sat again, and then he painted as good a portrait as ever was or can be painted. There have been more beautiful pictures—brighter lights and darker shades have been thrown in—more gorgeous coloring and ‘tricks of art’ have been thrown around them—but so completely did the Artist transfuse the features, the form, and the very soul of Washington to the canvas, in all the simplicity of nature, that I am not afraid to say, it is the best portrait ever painted in this country, and that it has never been surpassed by any Artist whose works have come down to our times. ‘He offered it,’ says Dunlap, ‘to the State of Massachusetts for one thousand dollars, *which they refused to give!!!!!!!!!!* Those entrusted with our National Government passed by the opportunity of doing honor to themselves during the life of a man they could not honor, and the only portrait of Washington was neglected in the painter's work-shop, until the Boston Athenæum purchased it of his widow. It is now, together with its companion, the portrait of Mrs. Washington, adorning one of the rooms of that Institution.’

When this statement is read by men of coming times, they cannot, they will not believe it. Then let it be forever recorded to the honor of Gilbert Charles Stuart, that to the patriotism or the ambition, (and I care

not which,) of one man, a poor painter, the people of this country owe the portrait of their Hero and Father. Tell me that the fame of every living statesman will grow dim, and that the time will come when men will tear down Bunker Hill Monument, as men tore down the Monument on Beacon Hill, 'to make way for a State House,' and I can believe it. But no man can believe that a generation will ever live in this country who will not feel gratitude to Stuart, and preserve his name.

The head of this great portrait was the only portion finished—but this rather increased its value. All Stuart's Washingtons were copied from it. We have been equally fortunate, too, in the engraver, for Durand's print is worthy both of the Hero and the Painter.

Here I must end Stuart's life, although there are lying before me materials rich enough for an entire volume. After this the Artist lived *thirty-four years*, and his powers of mind and the magic of his pencil were undimmed to the very last. The last head he ever painted was that of John Quincy Adams. He began it as a full-length; but he was now an old man—in his seventy-fifth year—and death laid his hand on the great painter before his work was done. The head he finished. He died in July, 1828, and was buried in the cemetery of the Episcopal Church, which he attended during his long residence in Boston.

He painted a great number of portraits, and they are scattered over the country. They have stirred the first ambition of many an early painter, and they have been visited by our best Artists from a distance, as men go to see the works of Italian Masters.

When an English Ambassador was leaving England

for America, he called on West, and asked him to recommend a portrait painter. 'Where are you going?' 'To the United States.' 'There, Sir,' said West, 'you will find the best portrait painter in the *world*, and his name is Gilbert Stuart.'

When Sully was in Boston, he requested Allston to accompany him to see a portrait of Mr. Gibbs, by Stuart. 'Well,' says Allston, 'what is your opinion?' The reply was, 'I may commit myself and expose my ignorance: but in my opinion, I never saw a Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke or Titian equal to it. What say you?' 'I say,' replied Allston, 'that all combined could not have equalled it.'

Allston wrote Stuart's obituary notice in the Boston Daily Advertiser. We have space for only a few lines of this classic and touching eulogium. Speaking of Stuart's portrait of Washington, he says: 'And well is his ambition justified in the sublime head he has left us; a nobler personification of wisdom and goodness, reposing in the majesty of a serene conscience, is not to be found on canvas. \* \* During the last ten years of his life he had to struggle with many infirmities, yet such was the vigor of his mind, that it seemed to triumph over the decays of nature, and to give to some of his last productions all the truth and splendor of his prime. \* \* He animated his canvas, not with the appearances of mere general life, but with that peculiar distinctive life which separates the humblest individual from his kind. He seemed to dive into the thoughts of men, for they were made to rise and to speak on the surface. \* \* In a word, Gilbert Stuart was, in its widest sense, a *philosopher* in his art; he thoroughly understood its principles, as his works bear witness, whether as to the harmony of col-

ors, or of lines, or of light and shadow, showing that exquisite sense of *a whole*, which only a man of genius can realize and embody. \* \* \* In the world of Art Mr. Stuart has left a void that will not soon be filled. And well may his country say a great man has passed from amongst us. But Gilbert Stuart has bequeathed her what is paramount to power—since no power can command it—the rich inheritance of his fame.’ A higher eulogy never has been pronounced over the grave of an American painter.











TRUMBULL.

PAINTED BY WALDO & JEWETT





FRANCIS

FRANCIS

## JOHN TRUMBULL.

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[LETTER FROM GEN. WASHINGTON TO THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.]

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 21st, 1791.

MY DEAR SIR—Mr. John Trumbull, with whom you are acquainted, is engaged in painting a series of pictures of the most important events of the Revolution in this country, from which he proposes to have plates engraved.

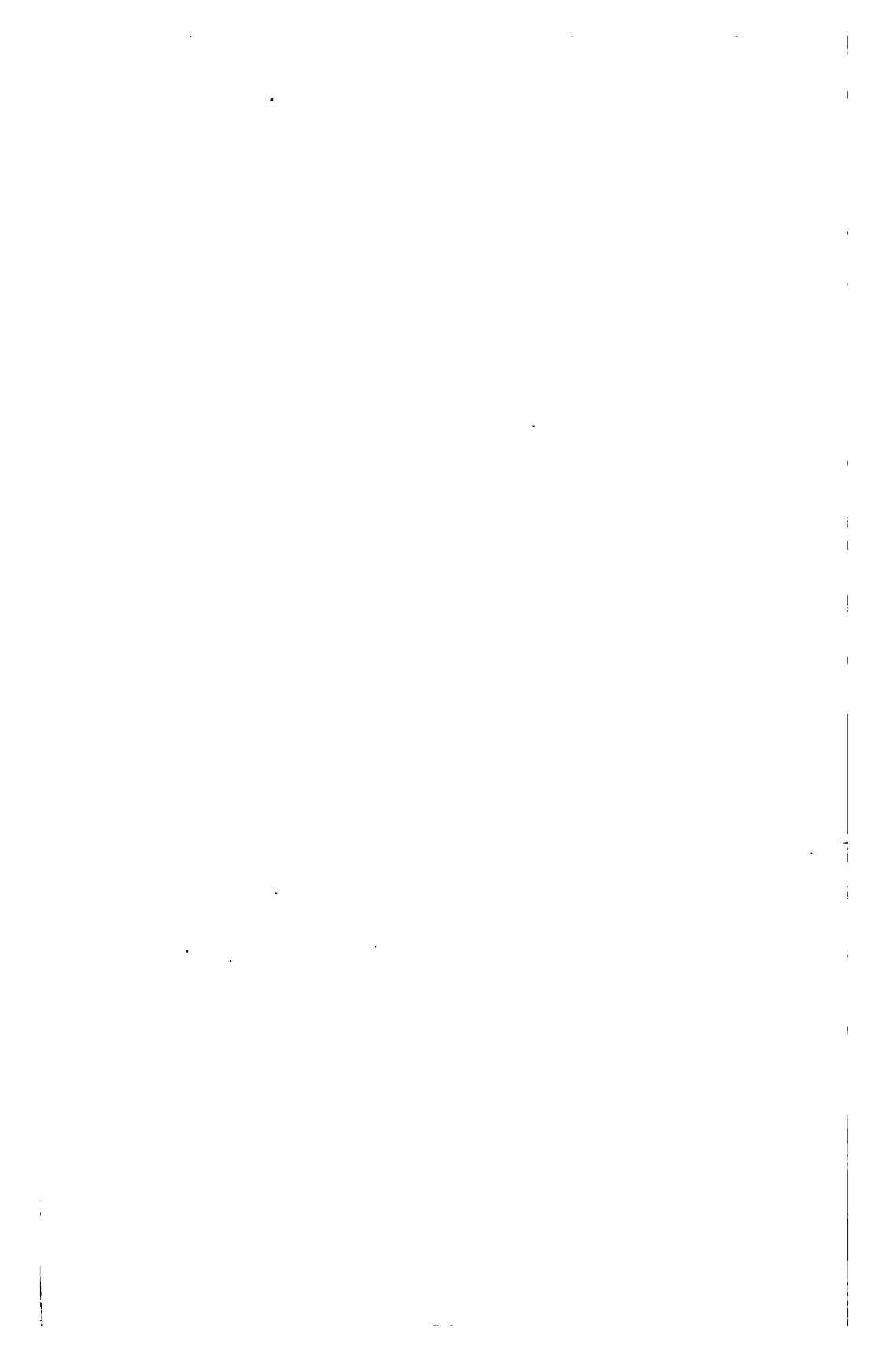
I have taken peculiar satisfaction in giving every proper aid in my power, to a subscription here supporting this work, which likewise has been patronized by the principal people in this country.

In the hope of meeting the patronage of the French nation, to whose honor as well as that of America, this plan is directed, Mr. Trumbull informs me that he has ordered a subscription to be opened in Paris; and the object of this letter is, to engage you to support the subscription in that city, and in other parts of the nation, where it may be offered.

I should not, however, do justice to Mr. Trumbull's talents and merits, were I not to mention his views and wishes on this occasion. His pieces, so far as they are executed, meet the applause of all who have seen them; the greatness of the design, and the masterly execution of the work, equally interest the man of capacious mind, as the approving eye of the connoisseur. He has spared no pains in obtaining from the life, the likenesses of those characters, French as well as American, who bore a conspicuous part in our Revolution; and the success with which his efforts have been crowned, will form no small part of the value of his pieces.

To you, my dear sir, who know Mr. Trumbull as a man and as an artist, it would perhaps have been hardly necessary to say so much as I have done on this occasion; but I could not in justice say less of him, when I believe that in his profession he will do much honor to the liberal art of painting, as well as to this his native country. \* \* \* \* \*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



## JOHN TRUMBULL.

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IN reading the other day the correspondence between Schiller and Gôethe I came to the following passage.—It is Gôethe who writes under date of Stuttgart, 30th August, 1797.

“I found Professor Müeller at the portrait of Graff, which Graff painted himself. He is also busy with the death of a general, and that an American—a young man who fell at Bunker Hill. The picture is by an American, Trumbull, and has merits of the Artist, and faults of the Amateur. The merits are very characteristic and admirably handled portrait faces—the faults, disproportion between the different bodies and between their parts.—It is composed relatively to the subject *right well*, and for a picture in which there must be so many red uniforms, very judiciously colored; yet at first view it makes a glaring impression, until one gets reconciled to it, on account of its merits. The engraving makes a very good whole—and is in its parts excellently done.”

Praise of this kind from the great German Poet, Critic, Philosopher and Connoisseur, will pretty nearly upset all Mr. Dunlap thought proper to say about Trumbull's merit as a painter—the Letter of Washington just given is about as good testimony as we now stand in need of, for Trumbull's patriotism and public services. Since too the Painter has left a very voluminous autobiography, we shall leave Mr. Dunlap's account of him entirely out of the question, and thus be saved the trouble of showing

directly how far he allowed his private passion to 'transport him beyond the limits of honest truth.'

Trumbull was descended from Puritans on his father's and mother's side. His father, Jonathan Trumbull, was born in Lebanon in 1710, "and at a very early age he was placed at Harvard College, where he became a distinguished scholar, acquiring a sound knowledge of the Hebrew, as well as of the Greek and Latin languages, and of all the other studies of that day. He was graduated with honor in 1727. He died in 1785, having been governor of the state of Connecticut, by annual election, during the entire war of the Revolution; and was the only person who, being first magistrate of a colony in America, before the separation from Great Britain, retained the confidence of his countrymen through the Revolution, and was annually reëlected governor to the end of that eventful period.

"My mother, Faith Robinson, daughter of John Robinson, minister of Duxbury in Massachusetts, was understood to be great granddaughter of John Robinson, the father of the Pilgrims, who led our Puritan ancestors (his parishioners) out of England in the reign of James V, and resided with them some years at Leyden in Holland, until in 1620 they emigrated to Plymouth in Massachusetts, and there, among other acts of wisdom and piety, laid the foundations of that system of education in town schools, which has since been extended so widely over the northern and western parts of the United States, forming the glory and the defence, the *decus atque tutamen* of our country."

The Painter was born in Lebanon the 6th of June, 1756, the youngest child. He was attacked with convulsive fits, caused by a compression of the brain, owing to the suture bones being lapped over. He was saved

from idiocy or death, by the timely advice of Dr. Terry of Suffield, and the unremitting attentions of an affectionate mother. His education was cared for most effectually. Opposite his father's house, across a beautiful green, Nathan Tisdale, a graduate of Harvard, kept for thirty years one of the best schools ever kept in this country, and here Trumbull was thoroughly trained. He read Greek (in a certain way) when he was only six years old. He also plunged headlong down the stairs, which so nearly destroyed the sight of his left eye that he could 'never afterward read a single word with the left eye alone.'

He gives the following account of the first development of his taste for art.

"My taste for drawing began to dawn early. It is common to talk of natural genius; but I am disposed to doubt the existence of such a principle in the human mind; at least, in my own case, I can clearly trace it to mere imitation. My two sisters, Faith and Mary, had completed their education at an excellent school in Boston, where they both had been taught embroidery; and the eldest, Faith, had acquired some knowledge of drawing, and had even painted in oil two heads and a landscape. These wonders were hung in my mother's parlor, and were among the first objects that caught my infant eye. I endeavored to imitate them, and for several years the nicely sanded floors (for carpets were then unknown in Lebanon) were constantly scrawled with my rude attempts at drawing."

He speaks also of Music—and in his old age wrote the following passage about Jews-harps, which nobody has any right to criticise but Connecticut Yankees, for it is well known that this wonderful instrument never sounded any where else as in Connecticut.

"About the same time music first caught my attention. I heard a Jews-harp, delicious sound! which no time can drive from my enchanted memory! I have since been present at a commemoration of Handel, in Westminster Abbey, and have often listened with rapture to the celestial warblings of Catalani—I have heard the finest music of the age in London and in Paris—but nothing can obliterate the magic charm of that Jews-harp, and even at this late moment, its sweet vibrations seem to tingle on my ear."

Trumbull painted and studied till his 16th year, when he was entered at Harvard, (1772,) in the Junior class, 'the best educated boy of his age in New England'—said the Greek Professor.

"My fondness for painting had grown with my growth, and in reading of the arts of antiquity I had become familiar with the names of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Zeuxis and Apelles. These names had come down through a series of more than two thousand years, with a celebrity and applause which accompanied few of those who had been devoted to the more noisy and turbulent scenes of politics or war. The tranquillity of the art seemed better suited to me than the more bustling scenes of life."

Trumbull tried to prevail on his father to let him become a pupil of Copley—but in vain.

His superiority of scholarship left him much leisure time, which he wisely improved in learning French, from Père Robichaud, a knowledge of which 'in after life was of eminent utility.'

"In the mean time I searched the library of the college for works relating to the arts, and among a few others of less importance, I found the 'Jesuit's Prospective

made easy, by Brooke Taylor.' This I studied carefully, and still possess a book into which I copied most of the diagrams of the work. I found also, and read with attention, 'Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty.' The library contained further a few fine engravings, and a set of Piranesi's prints of Roman ruins; in the philosophical chamber were several of Mr. Copley's finest portraits, and a view of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, painted in Italy.

\* \* \* \* At the same time I copied the painting of Vesuvius twice; first with water colors on vellum, small; and afterwards in oil, the size of the original. One of these I presented to Professor Winthrop."

In July 1773, he was 'graduated without applause,' for, says he, "I was not a speaker, and returned to Lebanon, where I resumed the pencil, and painted the death of Paulus Emilius at the battle of Cannæ, a passage of Roman history which I had always admired.

'Animæque magnæ,  
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,'—*Horace*.

This was effected by selecting from various engravings such figures as suited my purpose, combining them into groups, and coloring them from my own imagination. One thing I attempted which I should now hardly venture upon—the clouds of dust by which the distant objects are obscured. This picture is in the gallery at New-Haven."

The winter after he left college, he conducted the school of Master Tisdale, who 'had a stroke of paralysis.'

"In the summer and autumn of 1774, the angry discussions between Great Britain and her colonies began to assume a very serious tone. As the low growling of distant thunder announces the approach of the natural

tempest, so did these discussions give evident notice that a moral storm was at hand, and men began to fear that the decision of these angry questions must ere long be referred to the *ultima ratio*.

“ I caught the growing enthusiasm ; the characters of Brutus, of Paulus Emilius, of the Scipios, were fresh in my remembrance, and their devoted patriotism always before my eye ; besides, my father was now governor of the colony, and a patriot,—of course surrounded by patriots, to whose ardent conversations I listened daily—it would have been strange if all this had failed to produce its natural effect. I sought for military information ; acquired what knowledge I could, soon formed a small company from among the young men of the school and the village, taught them, or more properly we taught each other, to use the musket and to march, and military exercises and studies became the favorite occupation of the day.”

On the 19th of April, 1775, the blood of our fathers began to flow on the plains of Lexington. Before the first of May a regiment of troops ‘started into view as by magic,’ and were on their march for Bunker’s Hill. Young Trumbull was adjutant of the regiment. He was the best draughtsman in the army, and his drawings of battle-fields, forts, and fortifications, brought him to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief, who appointed the young painter his second aid-de-camp. He was afterwards detached from Washington’s staff and made a major of brigade at Roxbury. When General Gates took command of the ‘Northern Department,’ he offered Trumbull the appointment of adjutant, and he attended him on his northern expedition, where he distinguished himself in the service of the Colonies.

On the 22nd of Feb. 1777, terminated Trumbull's 'regular military career.' The cause of his resignation he explained in a letter to the President of Congress. His commission as Deputy Adjutant General, was dated the 12th of September, 1776—he had served in that office since the 28th of June, by the appointment of Major General Gates, who was authorized to make the appointment by particular instructions from Congress. Trumbull was right in principle, but the manner of his resignation offended the Congress. He would not yield a point of honor, and his course has been justified by some of the most distinguished officers of the Revolution.

“Thus ended my regular military service, to my deep regret, for my mind was at this time full of lofty military aspirations.

“I returned to Lebanon, resumed my pencil, and after some time went to Boston, where I thought I could pursue my studies to more advantage. There I hired the room which had been built by Mr. Smybert, the patriarch of painting in America, and found in it several copies by him from celebrated pictures in Europe, which were very useful to me, especially a copy from *Vandyck's* celebrated head of *Cardinal Bentivoglio*,—one from the *Contenance of Scipio*, by *Nicolo Poussin*, and one which I afterwards learned to be from the *Madonna della Sedia*, by *Raphael*. Mr. Copley was gone to Europe, and there remained in Boston no artist from whom I could gain oral instruction; but these copies supplied the place, and I made some progress.

“The war was a period little favorable to regular study and deliberate pursuits; mine were often desultory. A deep and settled regret of the military career from which I had been driven, and to which there appeared to be no

possibility of an honorable return, preyed upon my spirits; and the sound of a drum frequently called an involuntary tear to my eye.

"In the year 1778, a plan was formed for the recovery of Rhode Island from the hands of the British, by the coöperation of a French fleet of twelve sail of the line, commanded by the Count D'Estaing, and a body of American troops, commanded by General Sullivan. The fleet arrived off New-York early in July, and in August sailed for Rhode Island. I seized this occasion to gratify my slumbering love of military life, and offered my services to General Sullivan, as a volunteer aid-de-camp. My offer was accepted, and I attended him during the enterprise.

"I soon recovered, and resumed the pencil, pursuing the study of painting with great assiduity during the following year. My friends, however, were not satisfied with my pursuit, and at length succeeded in persuading me to undertake the management of a considerable speculation, which required a voyage to Europe, and promised (upon paper) great results. They were to furnish the funds, I to execute the plan, and share with them expected profits. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1779, I gave up my studies in Boston, and returned to my father's house in Lebanon, to prepare for the voyage."

In the mean time Trumbull had received through Mr. Temple, information that "he had seen Lord George Germaine, the British secretary of state—had represented to him my wish to study painting under Mr. West; had explained my connexions, my past military pursuits, &c., concealing nothing—and had received for answer, 'that if I chose to visit London for the purpose of studying the fine arts, no notice would be taken by the

government of my past life ; but that I must remember that the eye of precaution would be constantly upon me, and I must therefore avoid the smallest indiscretion,—but that so long as I avoided all political intervention, and pursued the study of the arts with assiduity, I might rely upon being unmolested.

“Thus, in the event of failure of my mercantile project, the road was open for pursuing my study of the arts, with increased advantages.”

He gives a list of sixty-eight pictures, executed before his visit abroad, when he had received no instruction except from the books and works of art he had seen. They exhibit a wide range of fancy, and some of them indicate extraordinary genius for art.

In May, 1780, he sailed from New London for France, in *La Negresse*, a French ship of 28 guns—driven on our coast in distress, from *Hispaniola*. In five weeks he landed in Nantes, and journied on to Paris, where he saw Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and the boy J. Q. Adams, who was then busily engaged at school, in stuffing his brain fuller of information than any man's ever was before or since. He soon saw his speculation was likely to fail, and he left for London, with a letter of introduction from Franklin to West, who was then in his glory. The Painter to George III. received Trumbull kindly, and at once offered him his services. His first attempt was a copy of the *Madonna della Sedula*. When West saw it, he said : “Mr. Trumbull, I have now no hesitation to say that nature intended you for a painter. You possess the essential qualities ; nothing more is necessary but careful and assiduous cultivation.” “With this stimulant, I devoted myself assiduously to the

study of the art, allowing little time to make myself acquainted with the curiosities and amusements of the city."

A movement was set on foot against Trumbull by some American Loyalist, and he was arrested for 'high treason,' and taken off at eleven o'clock at night to a *lock-up house* in Drury Lane. Examined the next morning by three police magistrates, who seemed to desire to know something about the traitor, he thus addressed them: "You appear to have been much more habituated to the society of highwaymen and pickpockets, than to that of gentlemen. I will put an end to all this insolent folly, by telling you frankly who and what I am. I am an American—my name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel governor of Connecticut; I have served in the rebel American army; I have had the honor of being an aid-de-camp to him whom you call the rebel General Washington. These two have always in their power a greater number of your friends, prisoners, than you have of theirs. Lord George Germaine knows under what circumstances I came to London, and what has been my conduct here. I am entirely in your power; and, after the hint which I have given you, treat me as you please, always remembering, that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine."

The painter's commitment was made out for a loathsome prison—the only one the Gordon riots had left standing in London—and the first night the son of the governor of Connecticut slept with a *highwayman*. Lord George Germaine was appealed to, and although he could not 'interrupt the course of justice,' he offered the young rebel a lodging in the Tower where Raleigh and some other very distinguished men had lodged centuries before,—or

any prison in England Trumbull had no money to waste and he declined the Tower, and chose Tithill-fields Bridewell, behind Buckingham House. Here the painter had a parlor on the ground floor, a garden to walk in, and other etceteras which made him 'quite comfortable.'

Death was the only probable or apparently possible termination to this affair. The moment West heard what had befallen his pupil, he 'hurried to Buckingham House, asked an audience of the king, and was admitted.' 'I am sorry for the young man,' said the king, 'but he is in the hands of the law, and must abide the result; I cannot interpose. Do you know whether his parents are living?' 'I think I have heard him say that he has very lately received news of the death of his mother; I believe his father is living.'

'I pity him, from my soul!' He mused a few moments, and then added: 'But, West, go to Mr. Trumbull immediately, and pledge to him my royal promise, that, in the worst possible event of the law, his life shall be safe.' With this kind answer, West hurried away to the prison. "I had now," says Trumbull, "nothing more to apprehend than a tedious confinement, and that might be softened by books and my pencil. I therefore begged Mr. West to permit me to have his beautiful little Correggio and my tools; I proceeded with the copy, which was finished in prison during the winter of 1780-81, and is now deposited in the Gallery at New Haven. In the course of the winter, I received kind visits from many distinguished men, among whom were John Lee, lately attorney general, Charles J. Fox, and others. Mr. Fox was very kind; he recommended a direct application to ministers, on the ground of impolicy, and added, 'I would undertake it myself, if I thought I could have any

influence with them ; but such is the hostility between us, that we are not even on speaking terms. Mr. Burke has not lost all influence—has not thrown away the scabbard, as I have ; I will converse with him, and desire him to visit you.’ A few days after, Mr. Burke came to see me, and readily and kindly undertook the negotiation, which, after some unavoidable delay, ended in the order of the king in council to admit me to bail, with the condition that I should leave the kingdom in thirty days, and not return until after peace should be restored. Mr. West and Mr. Copley became my sureties, and I was liberated in the beginning of June, after a close confinement of seven months.

I remained in London a few days, and then determined to return to America by the shortest route, Amsterdam.”

Trumbull had a long and boisterous passage home, where he remained till the peace of ’83, when he sailed for England once more. He was now 28 years old.

He arrived at London in January, 1784, and ‘went immediately to Mr. West.’ His father had written a letter of thanks to Edmund Burke for his ‘kindness to his son when in prison.’ Burke strongly recommended the Painter to study Architecture. “You must be aware,” said he, “that you belong to a young nation, which will soon want public buildings ; these must be erected before the decorations of painting and sculpture will be required. I would therefore strongly advise you to study architecture thoroughly and scientifically, in order to qualify yourself to superintend the erection of these national buildings ; decorate them also, if you will.”

“This,” says Trumbull, “was wise and kind advice, and I had afterwards sufficient evidence of my own

want of wisdom in neglecting to follow it ; a few of the hours of evenings, which, with all my fancied industry, were trifled away, would have sufficed for the acquisition of thorough architectural knowledge."

He studied with West, and spent his evenings in drawing at the Academy, where he ' frequently sat by the side of Lawrence, \* \* whose works were not unfrequently out of drawing,' which may readily be believed, by those who have seen his later performances.

"In the summer of 1785, I finished for Mr. West a copy of his glorious picture of the battle of La Hogue, on cloth, a few inches larger on every side than the original. This work was of inestimable importance to me, and soon after, I composed and painted the picture of ' Priam returning to his family with the dead body of Hector,' which is now in the Athenæum at Boston.

"In the autumn of the same year, I was invited by the Rev. Mr. Preston, of Chevening, in Kent; to pass a week at his house, in company with Mr. West's eldest son. The library of Mr. Preston, (which at his death he bequeathed to the library of Philadelphia, where it now is,) was rich in works relating to the arts, and among others, were the Trajan, Antonine, and other columns, the triumphal arches, bas-reliefs, &c. &c., of Rome ; these I studied attentively. Here, also, I made my first attempt at the composition of a military scene, taken from the war of the Revolution ; it was a small sketch in Indian Ink, on paper, of the death of General Frazer, at Behmus's heights. \* \* \*

"Upon my return to town, I resumed my studies with Mr. West, and at the Academy, with ardor ; and now began to meditate seriously the subjects of national history, of events of the Revolution, which have since

been the great objects of my professional life. The death of General Warren at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and of General Montgomery in the attack on Quebec, were first decided upon. These were the earliest important events in point of time, and I not only regarded them as highly interesting passages of history, but felt, that in painting them, I should be paying a just tribute of gratitude to the memory of eminent men, who had given their lives for their country. These pictures (which are now in the Gallery at New Haven) were both painted in the room of Mr. West.

"Mr. West witnessed the progress of these two pictures with great interest, and strongly encouraged me to persevere in the work of the history of the American Revolution, which I had thus commenced, and recommended to have the series engraved."

This suggestion Trumbull followed up all through life, at a great sacrifice of time, money, and tranquillity. Artists and authors generally regret it when they undertake to publish their own works. With a view to accomplish his object, he visited Paris in 1785, at the invitation of Mr. Jefferson, who was a liberal and enlightened friend of Art. The great statesman received Trumbull 'most kindly at his house,' where he made it his home.

"My two paintings, the first fruits of my national enterprise, met his warm approbation, and during my visit, I began the composition of the Declaration of Independence, with the assistance of his information and advice."

John Barker Church, an opulent and elegant man, treated Trumbull with great confidence and generosity. With that delicacy which always distinguishes the doer of a really generous deed, he said to Trumbull one day

without solicitation—‘My real business, therefore, is to ask that you will consider me as your banker, and that whenever you may have occasion for fifty, one hundred, or five hundred pounds, you will go to no one else, but apply to me, and you shall always have it; on your personal security. I shall ask no guarantee or endorser—your simple receipt only, and five per cent. interest.’—In his Autobiography he mentions the circumstance, and speaks of his friend in the most grateful terms. After a visit of several months at Paris, where he was treated with marked attention, he made a journey through the countries watered by the Rhine, and returned in the fall of 1786 to London, “my brain half turned by the attention which had been paid to my paintings in Paris, and by the multitude of fine things which I had seen.

“I resumed my labors, however, and went on with my studies of other subjects of the history of the Revolution, arranged carefully the composition for the Declaration of Independence, and prepared it for receiving the portraits, as I might meet with the distinguished men, who were present at that illustrious scene. In the course of the summer of 1787, Mr. Adams took leave of the court of St. James, and preparatory to the voyage to America, had the powder combed out of his hair. Its color and natural curl were beautiful, and I took that opportunity to paint his portrait in the small Declaration of Independence. I also made various studies for the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and in this found great difficulty; the scene was altogether one of utter formality—the ground was level—military etiquette was to be scrupulously observed, and yet the portraits of the principal officers of three proud nations must be preserved, without interrupting the general regularity of the scene. I drew it

over and over again, and at last, having resolved upon the present arrangement, I prepared the small picture to receive the portraits. Some progress was also made in the composition of some of the other subjects, especially of the battles of Trenton and Princeton, for which I made many studies upon paper."

"In May of this year, (1787,) M. Poggi told me the story of the sortie from Gibraltar, which had taken place in 1781; we were walking in Oxford street, in early twilight—I went to my lodgings, and before I slept, put upon paper a small sketch of the scene, now in possession of the Athenæum, Boston." An improved copy of this picture was sold to Sir T. Baring for five hundred guineas. A third attempt he also made of the same subject, which attracted a good deal of notice at the Spring Garden exhibition, and was afterward purchased by the Athenæum, Boston. Horace Walpole said he 'regarded as the finest picture he had seen painted on the northern side of the Alps.' "Before the picture was exhibited," says Trumbull, "I was offered twelve hundred guineas (six thousand dollars) for it, which I refused, under the persuasion that the exhibition, the print, and the ultimate sale of the picture, would produce more; the event has proved that I made a mistake.

"In the autumn of 1787, I again visited Paris, where I painted the portrait of Mr. Jefferson in the original small Declaration of Independence, Major General Ross in the small Sortie from Gibraltar, and the French officers in the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, in Virginia. I regard these as the best of my small portraits; they were painted from the life, in Mr. Jefferson's house.

"I was again in Paris in the early autumn of 1789,

and witnessed the commencement of the French Revolution—the destruction of the Bastile, &c.”

Trumbull returned the second time to the United States in November 1789. Congress met in New-York early in December. “All the world was assembled there, and I obtained many portraits for the Declaration of Independence, Surrender of Cornwallis, and also that of General Washington in the battles of Trenton and Princeton.”

The following summer he was commissioned by the Corporation of New-York, to paint a full-length of Washington. The Artist thus speaks of his work :—  
“I represented him in full uniform, standing by a white horse, leaning his arm upon the saddle; in the background, a view of Broadway in ruins, as it then was, the old fort at the termination; British ships and boats leaving the shore, with the last of the officers and troops of the evacuating army, and Staten Island in the distance. The picture is now in the Common Council room of the City Hall. Every part of the detail of the dress, horse, furniture, &c., as well as the scenery, was accurately copied from the real objects.”

He now spent a considerable time in journeying to distant parts of the country, painting portraits of the illustrious men he introduced into his historical pieces—a work which no other man of his time seemed inclined to do.

“The following spring I returned to New-York, where I painted for the Corporation the whole length portrait of General George Clinton, which is now in the Common Council room of the City Hall. The back-ground of this picture represents British troops storming Fort Montgomery in the Highlands, (where the General

commanded,) and the burning of two frigates in the North River; this back-ground is one of my favorite compositions."

"In 1792 I was again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington which is now placed in the gallery at New Haven, the best certainly of those which I painted, and the best, in my estimation, which exists, in his heroic military character. The city of Charleston, S. C., instructed William R. Smith, one of the Representatives of South Carolina, to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the *great man*, and I undertook it *con amore*, (as the commission was unlimited,) meaning to give his military character, in the most sublime moment of its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Princeton; when viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, and the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware, or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had just been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication, and destroying his depot of stores and provisions at Brunswick. I told the President my object; he entered into it warmly, and, as the work advanced, we talked of the scene, its dangers, its almost desperation. He *looked* the scene again, and I happily transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the high resolve to conquer or to perish. The result was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the General was satisfied. But it did not meet the views of Mr. Smith. He admired, he was personally pleased, but he thought the city would be better satisfied with a more matter-of-fact likeness, such as they had recently seen him—calm, tranquil, peaceful." \* \* \*

“Another was painted for Charleston, agreeable to their taste—a view of the city in the back-ground, a horse, with scenery, and plants of the climate; and when the State Society of Cincinnati of Connecticut dissolved themselves, the first picture, at the expense of some of the members, was presented to Yale College.”

In 1794, the 12th day of May, ‘Mr. Jay embarked in New-York, on his mission to Great Britain, amidst the acclamations of his fellow-citizens,’ Trumbull sailing with him as his secretary. On the negotiation of the Treaty with Great Britain, effected by Mr. Jay, Trumbull’s duties ceased, and he went to the continent to see what progress had been made by Müller, who was engraving his Bunker’s Hill at Stuttgart. The French Revolution brought with it the ruin of many ancient and opulent families, and paintings by the old Masters were sold, with all those treasures which could not easily be transported, for what their owners could get. Trumbull, with the advice and assistance of M. Le Brun, ‘the most experienced judge on that subject then in Europe, purchased more than one hundred valuable paintings,’ and sent them on to Guernsey, from whence they were taken to London insured. The pictures were injured, but the celebrated Erskine gave his opinion the underwriters were not responsible, and the claim was not prosecuted.

Trumbull, who seems always to have been fond of large speculations, took an agency for three great commercial houses in London, and in the end “gained nothing, and had thrown away eight months of precious time. I returned to London early in August, 1796, having in little more than two years passed through the

several varieties of a political secretary, a picture dealer, and a brandy merchant."

On his arrival in London, he received from Mr. Pickering, Secretary of State, "a commission and instructions, appointing me agent for the relief and recovery of American seamen impressed by Great Britain; and before I had an opportunity of returning an answer, I received notice from the commissioners who had been appointed by the two nations to carry into execution the seventh article of the late treaty, that they had appointed me the fifth commissioner. \* \* \*

"The board of commissioners adjourned on the last of July, to meet on the 1st of November, 1797. I had received information from Mr. Müller, the engraver, at Stuttgart, that he had finished the engraving of the battle of Bunker's Hill, and waited my final criticism and orders."

France was now rushing through revolutions and battles to empire, and at last to political emancipation, but her progress was every where marked with blood. Trumbull's journey was attended with danger, and he went through scenes which demanded all his military courage and boldness. He reached Stuttgart, and found his plates of 'Bunker's Hill' executed to his satisfaction. He returned by Paris to London to resume his duties with the commissioners. When the commissioners had done their work, he returned to America, landing at New-York on the 27th of June, 1804.

Trumbull was now in his forty-ninth year, full of vigor and enthusiasm and ripe in all sorts of experience. He visited Boston with the intention of opening a studio there, but hearing that Stuart had been invited there by

Mr. Mason and his friends, Trumbull returned to New-York. "Boston was then a small town, compared with its present importance, and did by no means offer an adequate field of success for two rival artists. I therefore immediately returned to New-York, took a furnished house for the winter, and began my course as a portrait painter."

He thus speaks of his success: "I was immediately employed by the government of the city to paint whole length portraits of Mr. Jay and of Gen. Hamilton, (from the bust by Carracchi,) and to put in order those of Gen. Washington and Gov. Clinton, which I had painted in 1791 and '92. The four now hang in the common council room of the city hall. I had also a good share of occupation from private families, and at this period were painted two portraits which are now in the Gallery at New Haven, viz. those of President Dwight and Stephen Van Rensselaer; from which may be seen what was my style of portrait painting at that period. In short, my success was satisfactory."

Trumbull prosecuted his art in New-York till the 15th of December, 1808, when he sailed once more for England. The following January he met a cordial greeting from his old friend West, and again commenced painting. No great success seems to have attended him now as an artist. This he attributes in some measure, and with truth no doubt, to the suspicion the English had that he was sent out as an American spy.— "Large pictures were not, however, the only works which I executed during these four years. I painted also a number of portraits, for which good prices were paid, but not to an amount sufficient to defray my expenses. I was thus placed under the necessity of bor-

rowing, and was constantly drifting upon the fatal lee-shore of debt. Finding this to be unavoidable, I at length gave up the fruitless struggle, and determined to return to America, and had written to Liverpool to engage my passage on board a ship which was about to sail from that port, when we were confounded by the news, that the United States had, on the 18th of May, 1812, declared war against Great Britain, and that all mutual intercourse was at end."

On the restoration of peace, Trumbull lost no time in returning to America. He arrived at New-York in the autumn of 1815, and "took a house in Broadway, now the Globe Hotel, at \$1200 per year, and commenced his labours with good prospect of success." The 1st of February, the executor was offered \$2,200 rent for the same building, and Trumbull was turned adrift. "I removed in May to Hudson Square, to a good house at a reasonable rent and in a beautiful situation; but I soon found myself too far out of town for success in portrait painting, and business languished. Congress was in session, and my friend, Judge Nicholson, advised me to go on to Washington, and there offer my great, but long suspended project of National paintings of subjects from the Revolution. Some of the studies were put up in the Hall of the House, and in one of the debates on the subject, Mr. John Randolph was ardently eloquent in his commendation of the work, and insisted that I should be employed to execute the whole. The result was, that a resolution finally passed both houses, giving authority to the president, 'to employ me to compose and execute *four* paintings, commemorative of the most important events of the American Revolution, to be placed, when finished, in the Capitol of the United States.'"

“The choice of the subjects, and the size of each picture, was left to the President, Mr. Madison. I immediately waited upon the President to receive his orders. The size was first discussed. I proposed that they should be six feet high by nine long, which would give to the figures half the size of life. The President at once overruled me. ‘Consider, sir,’ said he, ‘the vast size of the apartment in which these works are to be placed—the rotunda, one hundred feet in diameter, and the same in height—paintings of the size which you propose, will be lost in such a space; they must be of dimensions to admit the figures to be the size of life.’”

“This was so settled, and when we came to speak of the subjects, the President first mentioned the battle of Bunker’s Hill. Observing me to be silent, Mr. Madison asked if I did not approve that. My reply was, ‘that if the order had been (as I had hoped) for eight paintings, I should have named that first; but as there were only four commanded, I thought otherwise. It appeared to me that there were two military subjects paramount to all others. We had, in the course of the Revolution, made prisoners of two entire armies, a circumstance almost without a parallel, and of course the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, and that of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, seemed to me indispensable.’ ‘True,’ replied he, ‘you are right; and what for the civil subjects?’ ‘The Declaration of Independence, of course.’ ‘What would you have for the fourth?’ ‘Sir,’ I replied, ‘I have thought that one of the highest moral lessons ever given to the world, was that presented by the conduct of the Commander-in-chief, in resigning his power and commission as he did, when the army, perhaps, would have been unanimously with him, and few

of the people disposed to resist his retaining the power which he had used with such happy success, and such irreproachable moderation. I would recommend, then, the resignation of Washington.' After a momentary silent reflection, the President said, 'I believe you are right; it was a glorious action.'"

The price was settled at eight thousand dollars for each painting.

The work went on without interruption, and was finished in 1824. The following is a copy of the final settlement of my account at the treasury of the United States:

Declaration of Independence, . . . . .	\$8,000
Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, . . . . .	8,000
Surrender of General Burgoyne, . . . . .	8,000
Resignation of General Washington of his Com- mission to Congress, . . . . .	8,000
	<hr/>
	\$32,000

"The last picture was scarcely finished in April, 1824, when I had the misfortune to lose my wife, who had been the faithful and beloved companion of all the vicissitudes of twenty-four years. She was the perfect personification of truth and sincerity—wise to counsel, kind to console—by far the more important and better *moral* half of me, and withal, beautiful beyond the usual beauty of women! And as if this calamity was not sufficient, the friend who had kindly advanced money for me during my last unfortunate residence in Europe, found it necessary from the state of his own affairs, to ask a settlement. It was made, and it required all my means to meet the demand. Every thing, however,

which could be converted into money was disposed of, at whatever sacrifice, and among other things, land was placed in the account at ten thousand dollars, which would now sell for one hundred thousand."

These great national pieces, which without reference to their artistic merit, will always be esteemed the most valuable pictures ever executed in this country, were nearly destroyed by neglect, the great opening in the centre of the Rotunda rendered the atmosphere equally damp and cold as the weather in the open square. The painter remonstrated—but he says, "my remonstrances, however, were all in vain; and in this situation the four paintings were placed and remained, until, in 1828, the change on their surfaces became obvious and conspicuous to all who saw them, and occasioned the resolution of the House of Representatives, alluded to in the report following, which I addressed to the Speaker of the House on the 9th of December, 1828. At last the Commissioner of Public Buildings was instructed 'to take proper measures for securing the paintings in the Rotunda from the effect of dampness'—under the direction of the painter. Several things were done. 1. All the paintings were taken down and perfectly dried, for mildew on the backs was rapidly rotting the canvas. 2. Common bees-wax was melted over a fire with an equal quantity (in bulk) of oil of turpentine, and the mixture applied to the back of each canvas, and rubbed in with hot irons until the cloths were perfectly saturated. 3. The niches in the solid wall were carefully plastered with hydraulic cement, to prevent the possible exudation of any moisture from the wall. 4. Communication made for the external air with the vacant spaces, behind the pictures to preserve an

even temperature. 5. The cloths were finally strained upon panels, for the purpose of guarding against injury from careless or intentional blows of sticks, canes, &c. The whole being then restored to their places, were finally cleaned with care, and slightly re-varnished. 6. Curtains were hung before the pictures. 7. The crypt, which admitted the damp air below, was closed, and an alteration made in the sky-light. 8. Self-closing baize doors were hung at the entrances. The Artist regrets that he was not authorized to provide against the danger of damage by violence, whether intended or accidental. "One of the paintings testifies to the possibility of their being approached for the very purpose of doing injury; the right foot of General Morgan, in the picture of Saratoga, was cut off with a sharp instrument, apparently a penknife. I have repaired the wound, but the scar remains visible."

"My contract with the government was thus honorably fulfilled; the paintings were placed in the Capitol, and so far as my skill extended, they were secured from ruin by dampness. My debts were paid, but I had the world before me to begin anew. I had passed the term of three-score years and ten, the allotted period of human life. My best friend was removed from me, and I had no child. A sense of loneliness began to creep over my mind, yet my hand was steady, and my sight good, and I felt the *vis vitæ* strong within me. Why then sink down into premature imbecility?

"I resolved, therefore, to begin a new series of my paintings of revolutionary subjects, of a smaller size than those in the Capitol, and to solace my heavy hours by working on them. I chose the size of six feet by nine, and began. Funds, however, began to diminish,

and I sold scraps of furniture, fragments of plate, &c. My pictures remained on my hands unsold, and to all appearances unsaleable. At length the thought occurred to me, that although the hope of a sale to a nation or to a state became more and more desperate from day to day, yet in an age of speculation, it might be possible that some society might be willing to possess these paintings, on condition of paying me a life annuity. I first thought of Harvard College, my alma mater, but she was rich, and amply endowed. I then thought of Yale—although not my alma, yet she was within my native state, and poor. I hinted this idea to a friend, (Mr. Alfred Smith, of Hartford,)—it took—was followed up, and resulted in a contract.”

A gallery, fire-proof, was erected by the College—his pictures arranged under the direction of the Artist, and an annuity of one thousand dollars settled upon him for the remainder of his life. Trumbull also made one noble condition in this final disposition of his Works—which would alone give immortality to his name. After his death, the entire proceeds of the exhibition of the Gallery were to be ‘perpetually appropriated towards defraying the expense of educating poor scholars in Yale College.’ He says in the close of his autobiography:

“Thus I derive present subsistence principally from this source, and have besides the happy reflection, that when I shall have gone to my rest, these works will remain a source of good to many a poor, perhaps meritorious and excellent man.”

Yes, good old man ! Thou hast gone to thy rest, and the world will not forget thee. Thou hast secured to thyself the power to do good to thousands of brave, noble spirits, that will yet eat the bread earned by thy

pencil. And when the names of all thy detractors have one by one moved silently and sullenly down to oblivion, the unfortunate but lofty-spirited men thou hast cared for, will generation after generation offer incense to thy memory and write their gratitude upon thy monument. I see going forth from that University which has been and shall be a nursery of gifted minds, a long line of men who will be the teachers, the statesmen, the artists, and the writers of their times. They will transmit the name of their common benefactor from age to age, as the poets of the world have the name of the Father of Poets, the blind old man who sang at the gates of cities for his bread !

This was true wisdom, and God has so ordered the course of human affairs, that no means more certain could be resorted to for perpetuating a name. Fortunes accumulated by the toils and savings of a long life, are often scattered in an hour by those who inherit them, and they are the last men to preserve the names of their benefactors. Fortunes are often given away to be expended upon frail, transient enterprises that leave no trace of themselves on the waste of time—a single column may be left standing, only to perpetuate the dishonor of the founder. Girard's name will live while that stately edifice which overlooks his city shall stand—but no future generation will gaze on it without recalling the impious attempt of its founder to shut out from its marble halls the holy image of the Founder of the Christian Religion. He is the wise man, who makes a legacy to posterity which ages only make more valuable as they pass on—and that is above all the most enlightened ambition which educates for itself a line of grateful eulogists..

We give below a catalogue of the Trumbull Gallery, as it was when the artist arranged his pictures :—

- No. 1. The Duke of Wellington.
- No. 2. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1792.
- No. 3. The Battle of Bunker's Hill, June 17, 1777.
- No. 4. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1792.
- No. 5. The Death of General Montgomery, in the attack of Quebec, December 31, 1775.
- No. 6. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1791.
- No. 7. Battle of Princeton.
- No. 8. Five Heads of Ladies, Oil Miniatures, 1792.
- No. 9. Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.
- No. 10. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1792.
- No. 11. Capture of the Hessians at Trenton, December 26, 1776.
- No. 12. Four Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1791.
- No. 13. Copy of the Transfiguration, the celebrated master-piece of Raphael.
- No. 14. Copy of Correggio's celebrated picture, called the St. Jerome at Parma, painted in Tothill-fields prison.
- No. 15. Copy of Raphael's Madonna Della Sédula.
- No. 16. Copy of the Communion of St. Jerome, the master-piece of Dominichino.
- No. 17. Portrait of Col. Trumbull, by Waldo & Jewitt.
- No. 18. Portrait of Mrs. Trumbull.
- No. 19. Preparing the Body of Christ for the Tomb.
- No. 20. Copy of the Madonna au Corset Rouge, by Raphael. London, 1801.
- No. 21. Our Saviour bearing the Cross, and sinking under its weight. New-York, 1826.
- No. 22. Four Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1791.
- No. 23. Death of General Mercer, at the Battle of Princeton, Jan. 3, 1777.
- No. 24. Five Heads of Ladies, Oil Miniatures, 1792.
- No. 25. Surrender of General Burgoyne, Oct. 16, 1777.
- No. 26. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1791.
- No. 27. The Death of Paulus Emilius, at the battle of Cannæ.  
The earliest composition of the Artist.
- No. 28. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1793.
- No. 29. Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Oct. 19, 1781.

- No. 30. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1827.
- No. 31. Resignation of General Washington, Dec. 23, 1783. Washington, 1827.
- No. 32. Five Heads, Oil Miniatures, 1790.
- No. 33. Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer.
- No. 34. The Woman Accused of Adultery, St. John, viii. 2—11. London, 1811.
- No. 35. St. John and Lamb. From Memory of an exquisite picture by Murillo, in possession of the Emperor of Russia. London, 1800.
- No. 36. Portrait of President Washington—head the size of life. Philadelphia, May, 1793.
- No. 37. Earl of Angus Conferring Knighthood on De Wiltot—a scene from Scott's Marmion. London, 1810.
- No. 38. Portrait of Alexander Hamilton, copied in 1832, from Trumbull's original, in the possession of Gov. Wolcott.
- No. 39. Holy Family. London, 1802.
- No. 40. President Dwight.
- No. 41. Portrait of General Washington—whole length, the size of life—painted in Philadelphia in 1792, for the city of Charleston.
- No. 42. Gov. Trumbull, Sen.
- No. 43. Infant Saviour and St. John. London, 1801.
- No. 44. Portrait of Rufus King—London, during his mission, 1800.
- No. 45. Lamderg and Gelchossa. From Ossian's poems. London, 1809.
- No. 46. Portrait of Gov. Gore—London. Both were Commissioners for the execution of 9th article of Jay's Treaty, 1800.
- No. 47. Maternal Tenderness. London, 1809.
- No. 48. Our Saviour with Little Children. London, 1812.
- No. 49. Peter the Great at the Capture of Narva. London, 1811.
- No. 50. The Holy Family.
- No. 51. Joshua at the Battle of Ai, attended by Death.
- No. 52. The Last Family which Perished in the Deluge.
- No. 53. "I was in Prison, and ye visited me." Matt. xxx. 36.
- No. 54. Copy of the Transfiguration.
- No. 55. The Communion of St. Jerome. Copied from Domini-chino.

Here we are obliged to leave Trumbull's autobiography, which has thus far been our guide, and from other sources draw the sketch of his few remaining years.

An Association had been early formed in New-York, for Promoting the Fine Arts, and Chancellor Livingston elected President. For a considerable period the Institution was sustained with some vigor, but it finally lost its vitality, and in 1816 it had nearly ceased to exist. During that year, De Witt Clinton, who was then President of the Association, moved by those lofty motives by which he was always guided, originated and perfected a plan by which the Association was revived under the name of the American Academy of Fine Arts. He felt that delicacy required him to resign the Presidency, and at his nomination, Trumbull was elected President. Dunlap, who seems to have owed this celebrated Painter a very malignant grudge, and who has often gone out of his way to gratify it in his work, would have us believe that the election of Trumbull gave general dissatisfaction to the Artists of the country, and was fatal to the Academy itself. But I cannot find in the history of those times, nor from the testimony of living Artists, any thing to corroborate such an idea. Trumbull was almost universally appreciated, and very generally beloved. He continued to occupy the President's chair, I believe, until the formation of the National Academy of Design, which went into operation in 1825, with Samuel F. B. Morse for President.

During this period probably no artist in this country gave instruction to so many scholars, and certainly no one displayed a warmer zeal in the cause of Art. In a future number we intend to give the History of American Academies for the Promotion of the Fine Arts—since a

knowledge of the history of such Institutions is deemed necessary to a proper appreciation of our living Artists. It will then become necessary to give some passages from the history of Col. Trumbull, which are here omitted.

With the hope of receiving some valuable information about the last days of Col. Trumbull, I addressed a note a few days ago to Prof. Silliman of New Haven, who has courteously forwarded me the following reply:

NEW HAVEN, March 17th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—

I fear I am now too late to do you any good, but absence from home, and some indisposition since my return on Saturday night, have prevented my replying sooner. Col. Trumbull wrote most of his autobiography in my house, to which he was invited by Mrs. Silliman who was his niece, and myself. He came to us in 1837, and remained four years in our family. He then returned to New-York, to be near his favorite physician, Dr. Washington, and there remained until his death, Nov. 10, 1843. By his own request, his remains were brought to my house, whence his funeral proceeded, Saturday, Nov. 13.

His remains were borne to the College Chapel, where an appropriate and feeling historical discourse was delivered by the Rev. Prof. Fitch, from Gen. xxv. 8, 9, 10. Eight of our principal citizens were bearers—the students and citizens formed a procession to the stone tomb, beneath the Trumbull Gallery, where his remains were laid beside those of his wife.

His pictures he called his children, and the Gallery he wished to be his monument. The vault was left open under a proper guard, through the night and the next day, that the citizens might have the opportunity of looking into it. After the massy lid—a single stone eight feet by five—was let down, the following inscription was placed upon it in deeply cut letters:—

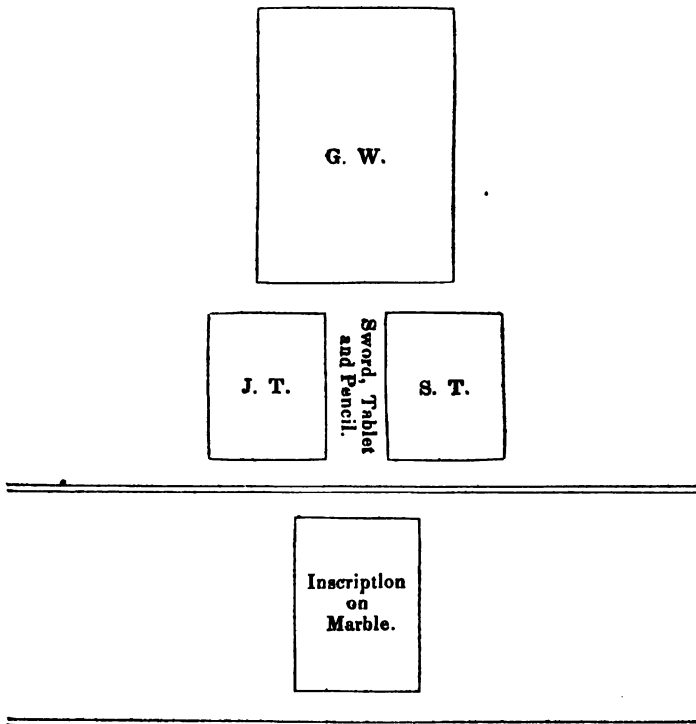
The Tomb of \* JOHN TRUMBULL, and of SARAH, HIS WIFE,  
Closed Nov. 13, 1843.

**The Patriot Artist and the Friend of Washington.**

\* On the coffin-lids: John Trumbull, died Nov. 10, 1843, aged 87 years, 5 months and 4 days. Sarah, the wife of John Trumbull, died April 12, 1824, aged 51 years.

As this stone is four or five feet below the level of the ground, and is covered by the floor of the room, I caused a tablet of black marble to be placed as a pannel beneath the portraits of the Artist and of his wife ; and the full length of Washington, which hangs above them in the Gallery, and a trophy sword taken by Trumbull in the battle of Pike Island with a pallet and pencil are to hang between the two lower portraits.

You will then observe the appropriateness of the following Inscription. He said to me, place me at the foot of my great master.



**COL. JOHN TRUMBULL,**

Painter and Artist, friend and Aid of WASHINGTON, died in New-York,  
Nov. 10, 1843, aged 88.

He reposes in a Sepulchre built by himself, beneath this Monumental Gallery,  
where he deposited the remains of SARAH, his wife, who  
died in New-York, April 12, 1824.

To his Country he gave his Sword and his Pencil.

He retained the love of his art almost to the last. The Gallery contains several very good pictures painted after he was seventy-eight years old, and some after he was eighty. The copies of the Transfiguration, and of the Death of St. Jerome, were the last—the latter the very last—and he found some difficulty in following out the minutiae of the drapery, owing to the decay of his vision, but both these pictures are surprising productions for an artist of eighty-two to eighty-three years of age, with only one useful eye. The social feelings of Col. T. were vivid, and his conversational powers extraordinary. His long and varied life, abounding in changes, and passed among the great men of the age, furnished him with a rich fund of historical anecdote, which he was accustomed to communicate to his friends in his familiar conversations.

With these he could, had he chosen to do so, have enriched his autobiography, and probably many of his readers would have preferred them to the grave details of important events. He used to mention that in the composition of the sortie of Gibraltar, he wanted a subject for his dying Spanish Cavalier, Don Jos. Barboza—who appears fallen in the front of the picture, with the hilt of his broken sword still grasped in his hand, and refusing the succor offered him by Gen. Elliott. At this crisis of the picture, who should come into the painting room, but the afterwards celebrated Sir Thomas Lawrence, then a rising young artist. Trumbull familiarly accosted him, "Come, Lawrence, lie down for my dying Spaniard"—which he promptly did; and this is the origin of that fine figure, not, however, intended for a portrait. He left some very beautiful pictures, not the property of the Gallery. Many of them were sold for the payment of his debts, or for the payment of the two residuary legacies—and not a small number were in the like manner distributed.

Five copies, nine feet by six, of historical pictures were purchased by the Wadsworth Atheneum, at Hartford, and now adorn that fine and growing Institution.

A large number of first rate engravings of some of his principal historical pictures are still unsold, and remain in the hands of his heirs or legatees. The neglect of these prints—executed at a vast expense, and in a very superior style, was a subject of much painful reflection and severe remark from the venerable Artist. A bosom pin, surrounded by pearls, and containing a braided lock of Washington's\*

\* Given to him by Washington's own hand, in consequence of his having painted Mrs. Washington.

hair, is now in the possession of Dr. Washington, of New-York, to whom he presented it, instead of leaving it in his own Picture Gallery, which he had originally intended. His veneration of Washington was very great; he regarded him as the greatest and best of men. Many letters of Washington, some of them long, and all of them parental and affectionate, are among his papers.

I forbear to add other things, supposing that I may already have exceeded your limits of time and space, and remain, dear friend,

Yours, very respectfully and truly,

B. SILLIMAN.

C. EDWARDS LESTER, Esq.

We have had artists perhaps who surpassed Trumbull in genius. West was a greater painter. Stuart and Copely executed better portraits, and Allston moved in a higher field of Art. But to no one of them does the country owe so much as to Trumbull. Congress paid grudgingly \$8000 a piece for his four great Paintings in the Rotunda—but what Representative of the American people would dare now to rise in his place and propose to *sell* the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, I care not what sum were offered for it? It is the only Picture in the world which has preserved the forms and expressions of the great fathers of American Liberty—and it would be sacrilege to ruin it, because it is above all price. As ages roll by, the wonderful events those Pictures commemorate will be graven more deeply in the minds of men, and to each successive generation they will become more invaluable. The early historical Painters of Nations have always ranked among their early Historians—they stand side by side at the fountains of History, to rescue those sacred forms and relics which but for their holy vigilance would have passed away forever.







DE VEAUX.

JOHN & THOMAS ST. HUBERT



A faint, circular portrait of a man with dark hair, wearing a suit and tie, is positioned at the top center of the page. The portrait is somewhat faded and blends into the background.

## JAMES DE VAUX,

James De Vaux has had no equal in goodness, in intelligence, in love of duty, who has never lost his courage, in all times and of honors; and well might one also much be surprised, one of our most fortunate men, but all prematurely at the very dawn of his life, that he lived, would have earned a name in the ranks of the great men of that of Allston; the gifted, generous, but De Vaux!

— James De Vaux



THE PLATE

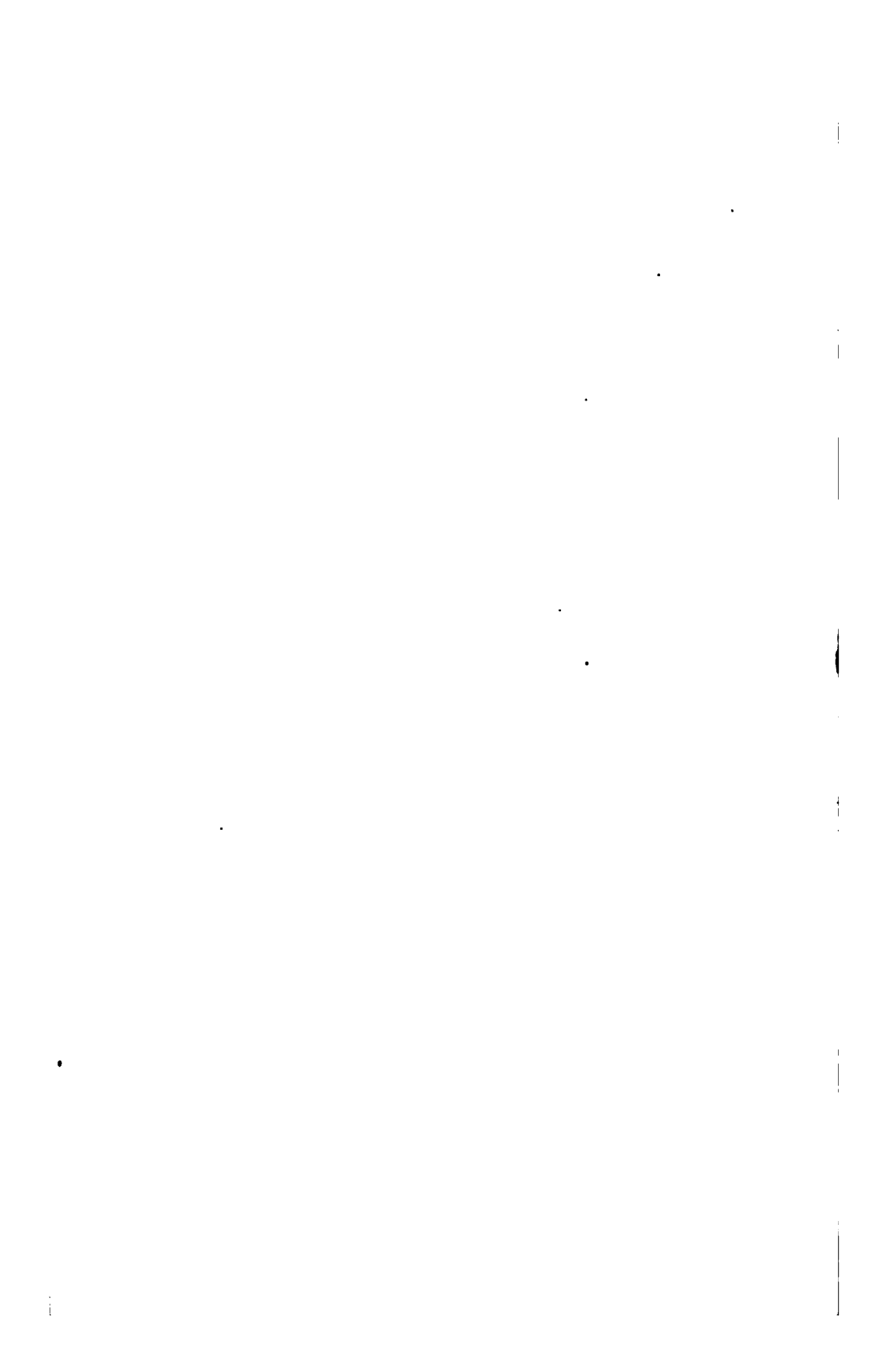
OF THE

## JAMES DE VEAUX.

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SOUTH CAROLINA has had the honor of producing one of our greatest 'lights of fame,' who but recently died at Cambridge, full of years and of honors ; and well might she also mourn the untimely fate of another less fortunate son, cut off prematurely at the very dawning of his fame, who, had he lived, would have earned a name in the annals of his art as proud as that of Allston ; the gifted, generous, lost De Veaux !

DE LEON'S ADDRESS.



## JAMES DE VEAUX.

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OUR sketches of Artists who have 'rested from their labors,' will be closed by a brief account of the gifted, but unfortunate De Veaux, who fell a victim to Tyranny in Rome two years ago.

These records, which must otherwise have been incomplete, will now be enriched from the valuable materials preserved in a beautiful Memoir of the Artist, just published in Columbia, S. C., by the learned Dr. Robert W. Gibbs, who has kindly furnished me an early copy.

Captain De Veaux, the grandfather of the Artist, was a Frenchman, who held a commission in the army of the Revolution. He distinguished himself at the siege of Savannah, and died in the service of the United States, at Fort Johnson, in Charleston Harbor. The Artist's father was a seaman, and died at the hands of pirates, in 1822.

"In childhood," says the Memoir, "James had but few opportunities, and received the rudiments of an English education at a free school, kept on the Lancasterian system. His worthy mother, whose five children were early deprived of their principal support, having them dependent on her personal labor, could not afford that he should remain at school, and at the age of thirteen he was placed as a clerk in the bookstore of Edwin Gibbes. Here he remained several years, discharging the drudgery of a shop-boy, but attracting the notice of visitors by his quickness in attendance and good humor

and propriety of behaviour. He was fond of books, and employed his intervals of business in reading biography and works of fiction. His perception of the ludicrous was acute in a remarkable degree. His imagination was vivid, and his amusing sketches of men and things with his boyish pencil, first attracted the notice of that genius which exhibited itself so prominently in maturer years. The late William Hasell Gibbes observed with a lively feeling the indications of a talent for drawing in the young clerk, and the late Major A. Garden took a similar interest in him, and encouraged him to new efforts by carrying to the store drawings and engravings for his use in copying. Among the earliest of his pencil sketches is a truthful likeness of the venerable Major now in my possession."

"Mr. Gibbes forwarded to his connection and friend, the eminent Washington Allston, a Sketch of '*Joseph and his Brethren*,' for an opinion as to its merits. He expressed much satisfaction with it, and earnestly advised the education of the youth who had given such an indication of genius for Art. Upon this Mr. Gibbes applied to Allston to take him as a pupil; but, as he was not in the habit of receiving students, he advised that he should be placed with Mr. Harding, then in Washington, or sent to Philadelphia."

"The earliest notice I have of him, in the letters of my late father, is one of March, 1829, where he says:

'It will gratify you and your brother to learn that I am using my most strenuous efforts to raise a subscription among my friends for James De Veaux, either to go to Washington, to a particular friend of Washington Allston's, an artist of very high character, for instruction and qualification as such, or to place him under the di-

rection of Mr. Bowman, also a painter of reputation, who is taking portraits next door to us, and has taken a prepossession in favor of the poor boy. I have collected two hundred dollars for him, but must strive to get more. He improves daily, and is delighted and grateful for what we are doing for him.' ”

This appeal seems to have been responded to by a few generous men; and he soon after went to Philadelphia, where “he remained some time under the instruction of John R. Smith, the veteran teacher of drawing. He became a private pupil of Inman, and enjoyed also the kind advice and assistance of Sully. From these distinguished Artists he derived his first knowledge of *color*. While with Mr. Inman he improved very much, and his early pictures show the faithfulness of study of his style—they are much after the manner of his preceptor.”

In the fall of 1832, when he was at the age of twenty, “I induced him,” says his Biographer, “to commence his public career as a portrait painter, in Columbia, S. C., where, at the moderate charge of thirty dollars, he was successful in procuring full employment, and in giving satisfaction to most of his patrons. During the session of the Convention for Nullification, soon after his arrival in November, he had among his sitters the Hon. Geo. McDuffie, Hon. Henry Deas, Dr. Thomas Cooper, F. W. Pickens, Esq., Gen. J. B. Earle, Hon. W. D. Martin, and other distinguished men, whose portraits are still valued as correct likenesses. He painted, during the year following, about thirty portraits, when his increasing reputation enabled him to advance to forty dollars, and the year after he received fifty dollars. With the exception of a short visit to the neighboring town

of Camden, where he was kindly received and liberally patronized, he continued at Columbia until the fall of 1835, when he made a visit to his native city of Charleston. He remained the winter here, and painted a fine portrait of the late Dr. Wm. Read, one of Rev. Wm. Capers, Dr. Philip G. Prioleau, Dr. Thomas G. Prioleau, W. Ogilby, Esq., R. Barnwell Smith, Esq., and a few others; but artists with less merit and no claims on the community, were more successful, and he returned soon after to Columbia. In Charleston he enjoyed the friendship and kind consideration of the gifted and highly accomplished FRAZER. \* \* \* The worthy and distinguished WHITE took much concern for his welfare."

"For a long time subsequently he gave way to feelings of great despondency, became spiritless and gloomy, and could not divest himself of the idea that he was doomed to failure in his profession. In fact he seriously requested me to look about for some other employment, in which he might earn a support for his family. He had an excitable temperament and a morbid sensibility, and while a little encouragement was a strong stimulus to his efforts, the slightest depressing effect instantly prostrated his exertions. It was painful to witness the deep suffering he underwent, when some fancied slight or ill-natured criticism of his works came to his sensitive ear. At times there was strong reason to fear that his fits of abstraction and gloom would end in a permanent darkness of his fine luminous intellect."

He had many generous friends. Col. W. Hampton had the honor of placing at his disposal the "means of visiting the collections of art in England and the Galleries of the Louvre. Overwhelmed with emotion at the unexpected and noble liberality of his friend, De Veaux's

grateful feelings were excessive, and his delight at the prospect of the personal examination and study of the old Masters of his Art excited him to an enthusiasm which gave buoyancy to his spirits and sparkled in his conversation. His earnings he freely contributed to the support of his mother and family, and his whole desire for money seemed to be on their account. His purse was always open to the needy, and while a dollar was left, the applicant for charity was never refused."

"Feeling sensibly the wants of his own condition and that of his family, he had a heart to appreciate the necessities of others. I well remember, that when he received the first fruits of his pencil, and was in possession of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, he forwarded one hundred of it to save from ruin a young engraver in Philadelphia, who had married before he had means of support for a family, and become deeply involved in debt."

Dr. Gibbes gives a touching description of the peculiar traits of feeling De Veaux's sensitive spirit had to pass. He draws a striking parallel between the encouragement extended to art in Europe and America.

"In Europe, Sir Joshua Reynolds died, leaving sixty thousand pounds, and Sir Thomas Lawrence accumulated wealth, though his generous liberality made him squander it. George III. gave Benjamin West an annual allowance of one thousand pounds for the sake of art, and Louis Philippe has another worthy American artist permanently employed in his service. Our country is highly honored in having furnished to England and France her sons of genius, who are more appreciated there than in their own land! In the United States, who of our artists, from Gilbert Stuart to the present

day, has earned more than a bare support? And how many have failed to do that? Too often is want the accompaniment of merit here, where the fine arts are appreciated only on utilitarian principles, and paintings are valued for the beauty of their frames, or as a necessary relief to the monotony of a parlor wall."

"In Charleston an effort was once made to establish an Academy of Fine Arts, and we find in history a complimentary notice of it,

—— 'but e'en the spot  
Where it once stood is now forgot.'"

In the summer of 1836, De Veaux sailed for Europe, in company with Miss Martineau, Lieut. Wilkes, and a brother Artist, who has given a lively description of his friend's history at this time. He says, "He was fond of fun—of the burlesque—and with me familiar enough, but his manner was cold and dignified to strangers. I was highly amused with his account of an interview with a good old Liverpool merchant, Mr. Forde, upon whom he had a letter of credit from Col. H. 'But,' said Mr. F., 'Col. H. does not limit your credit in this letter.' 'I did not expect he would, sir,' or 'Certainly not, sir,' was the calm reply of our dignified friend." They journeyed leisurely up to London, visiting all the charming or memorable spots on their way. Rodgers the Poet had the best collection of Reynolds' pictures in England, and he received De Veaux with great kindness and hospitality. He had every facility for visiting the galleries of England, and received attention from many distinguished men. During his residence in Great Britain, however, he painted nothing. Much of the time he was the prey of melancholy.

"He used to be, while in Europe, depressed in spirits. He sate the picture of gloom—could not be roused—took no interest in objects of curiosity or amusement, with which all Paris abounded, and wished to return at once to America. This was in the winter of '36 and '37." \* \* \*

"He copied chiefly heads from Rubens and Vandyke in the Louvre, and did so with great facility, preserving a general and beautiful resemblance, only perhaps sometimes making the copy more effeminate as well as prettier than the original,—this he inclined always to do in his portraits. He disliked to see a homely portrait of an original. In the evening he drew at the Life-school in crayon, and his drawings were among the most elegant of the number, fifty to seventy in the school. He painted but two or three portraits in Paris,—of myself, his French teacher, and a friend. After the close of the Louvre to prepare for a modern exhibition, De Veaux and I hired an atelier, and painted together, but he seemed to feel the value of drawing the human figure, and often attended the day Academy also."

Says Dr. Gibbes, "While in Paris, De Veaux painted a fine copy of '*Vandyke by himself*,' which he presented to James H. Hammond, Esq.—a copy of '*Titian's Mistress*,' purchased by Doctor Arrott of Philadelphia, and a copy of '*The Marriage of St. Catherine*,' by Correggio. This was sold to the Hon. A. Stevenson, then our Minister to England. He carried it to London, where it was greatly admired, and WILKIE told Mr. Stevenson he considered it the best copy he had ever seen, of a picture frequently copied. It also attracted the notice of LANDSEER, who passed a high encomium on its merits."

The following extracts we make from the Painter's Journal.

"21st May. Arrived in Antwerp.—Cathedral—Citadel—St. Jaques—Rubens' tomb, prepared by himself fifteen years before his death—a picture placed over it by him two years before he died—pictures by Vandyke in the same place—dead Christ—and two profiles on the same canvas. Cathedral five hundred English feet in height—went to the top, the most gorgeous steeple in the world—saw Ireland in the distance."

"*St. Jaques*, the dead figure of Christ by Vandyke I prefer to all the other dead Christs I have ever seen—there is but little in it, but all perfect—the flesh, white drapery, solemn sky, are in most perfect harmony;—two heads by him in the same church in one canvas, profiles—I think two of his best. At Mount Calvary or Church of *St. Luke*, the '*Christ Scourged*,' painted by Rubens, is my favorite—the figure of the Saviour is just as we expect to find it—enduring the whip without a murmur—the figure on the left is a little strained in posture, the right leg rather affectedly disposed; but one on the right with one foot braced against the leg of Christ, is bursting with hatred, and throws his whole force into each blow—the color is glowing. There are several others here by Rubens, very excellent."

With occasional journeys to neighboring capitals, he remained at Paris till the spring of 1838. "Left Havre 9th May, 1838, and after a delightful voyage of twenty-seven days, arrived at New-York. Here is an end to my voyage and absence of twenty-one months, and though delighted to see my native land, yet I confess I am sighing after that I have left behind me. God grant I may go eastward once more before I die."

He spent the summer in New-York, and "painted in the rooms of Mr. Shegogue a fine portrait of his friend Col. John S. Manning, of S. C., and was invited by him

to his residence in Clarendon to take the likenesses of several of his family."

"In Clarendon he remained until the winter of 1839, fully occupied, and turning off from his easel many of his best portraits, enjoying himself in a delightful society, which appreciated him highly, and having every thing to encourage him in the prospects of his profession. Having completed his engagements, he returned to Columbia, and spent the winter and spring in discharging some obligations there. The summer of 1840 was passed chiefly in Abingdon, Va., where he was invited to paint portraits for the family of the late Gen. Preston. He made a short visit to New-York, and returned to Columbia in November."

He continued the practice of his profession at Columbia till the summer of 1841. He now ranked high as a painter, and received \$100 for his portraits, with full occupation. During his visit to America, he executed forty-three portraits—he had before this time painted two hundred. But he was anxious to return to Europe and prosecute his studies in Italy. "Mrs. Gen. Hampton, Col. Wade Hampton, John L. Manning, and John S. Preston, Esquires, made arrangements with him to proceed to Italy."

He left Columbia the last time in August, 1841, and sailed in September from New-York for Liverpool. In a letter he says: "I'll not treat of my 'various accidents by flood and field;' that is a treat in reserve for a future occasion. Let this suffice, that leaving New-York the 1st Sept., I landed at Liverpool on the 28th, and pursued 'the even tenor of my way' thence to London, Dover, Boulogne and Paris,—halting of course at *each world* to draw—breath—not pictures. At Paris I remained six or seven weeks, sketching at the Louvre, and

studying Italian. At the end of that time I flung myself into a French 'diligence,' gave the word 'go,' and during ten days and nights was continually *en route*; and here have I been in old Florence nearly a month, painting at the Gallery *the* six hours, drawing at night from the living model, and the rest of the time rambling about among the old churches, palaces, prisons, gardens, etc., etc. Oh! pack your trunk, and leave the sand-hills for a season—a walk along the Arno, or a peep at the frescoes in old Santa Croce, is worth the jaunt;—besides—fruit season is *in*, and always is, and how you would enjoy the juice of the grape! Though I am among the marvels (marbles?) of the earth, and in the 'world's garden, let me not refuse to France its praise. I love its smiling enthusiastic populace, its good and wise citizen king, its gorgeous *restaurants* and splendid *café*. \* \* \* At any rate I left it, Paris,—the world—with a heavy heart and moistened lids, and trusting to the tender mercies of a French coach, was *drawn* and *quartered* in Italy. \* \* \*——. Inman has more natural talent perhaps, but Sully has the learning,—all that application, enthusiasm, experiment and experience could do, aided too by good natural taste, and a nice-perception of grace and elegance, almost of beauty, Mr. S. has accomplished. Mr. I. has natural ability, a quick eye and ready hand,—hard study has always been irksome to him from ill health, but he does wonders for all that. SULLY is our REYNOLDS, and ALLSTON our *wonder*,—I would not give him for less than Michael Angelo! He is as fine as all the old masters together!"

He now began in Florence his first original Historical piece—'Christ administered to by Angels.' He says: "Models for pictures are the heaviest items of expense here,—since I have been engaged on my angels,

I have had models enough for inspection to people a small village,—angels,—Italian angels! from three years up to thirty; women and children, male and female. I wish you could see me hauling up one little fellow with a belly-band and rope and tackle, and when I get him in the air and say ‘fly, sir,’ he curls all his limbs into a heap and falls to crying!”

He speaks with enthusiasm of Italy. “Think of making a man forget his home, and desiring to nestle with strangers! But the people enter not into my calculations—the climate, the scenery and the arts make the chief of its charms. Oh! leave cob-webs and dust and politics and pines and scrub oaks, and all other dirty things, and come here and *breathe* in Italy,—quit the damp, dank, suffocating air of sand-hills, and the leaden exhalations of those eternal swamps, and come stand at my side at sunrise or sunset, and let me hear you say, ‘this is life,’—one day in the city of the Medici, is better than a thousand within the walls of Gotham,—it is better to be a doorkeeper in the palace of the Grand Duke, than dwell in the White House forever. Throw a few things into an old trunk—borrow a few dollars, and come and let me ‘cicerone’ you about \* \* \*

\* \* \*—no description, written or pictured, can give more than a glimmer of the landscape, or the faintest idea of the climate, the atmosphere, the sunsets, olive groves, vineyards, chateaux, towers, mountains, all at one glance;—and each cloud that intervenes throws a huge shadow over some object and changes the whole character of the picture. From minute to minute thus there are constant changes, and the rapt spectator becomes ‘drunk with beauty.’ Oh! come and let me teach you to enjoy nature and art in their magnificence!

“I am studying hard—but with what success you shall shortly judge. The subject I have chosen for my *debut* in history-painting is ‘*Christ administered to by the Angels.*’ Painting it under the *eye* of the best works of *dead* masters, and having now and then the scrutinizing eyes of living judges to contend against, I have been floundering about in true whale fashion for several months. It has been a good study for me,—it has kept me always busily thinking and fretting, and they are apt to leave impressions firmly graven. Tell me what you think of it candidly for an original. Before my funds give out, I shall have one such, at least, for each of my good friends. There are American painters and sculptors here of all sorts. I find nothing in their society to please me, and so keep to myself. Strange that so much venom should exist among professors of a liberal art,—but the truth is, that envy and jealousy are our (painters’) besetting sins, and the first thing I heard of here was a flare up at Rome amongst the American artists, and now they are all in Florence for the summer, so I keep housed. Except religious sects, I think *we* are the warmest and best haters, and the most malignant devils the sun ever deigned to shine upon. Except the French, I find artists the most disagreeable associates, so can’t expect to make many friends among them, though I make some small sacrifices to avoid making them enemies. The few friends I have among them are exceptions to the general rule.

“I have been on a foot excursion of ten days, in the most picturesque part of this lower world,—visited Siena, and the two celebrated Convents of ‘La Verna’ and ‘Vallombrosa,’ where the Etruscan shade high over arch embowers,—lived two days with the old fathers of Vallombrosa, and as many at the other. We ate, we drank,

we snuffed, and made merry with these cloistered men, and never have I seen more hospitality and kindness bestowed. They chatted with us about Columbus, their countryman—America—the Indians—and wondered and gaped at the cannibal stories we told them. These good men feed and lodge all visitors, and receive in recompense only what your charity suggests;—no charge is made, but, of course, each traveller, after being feasted and caressed, and hugged in the arms of these old anchorites, feels a bigness of soul that tempts him into a ruinous liberality, and thus the sweet placid mildness of the old coveys procures them ample means to support their institution. If I were not Devo, I would be the prior of a convent! How I love the quiet holy seclusion of their dwellings!

“I have many sketches made from Nature as I journeyed—we were four in number, Virginia, Boston, New-Haven and myself, and a jolly time we had with all the loafers of each small town we strolled through, (armed with knapsacks, etc.,) following at our heels and uttering witticisms (an Italian privilege) at the expense of *forestieri*—strangers. ‘May I ask the way to Poppi,’ said I. ‘Yes,’ said a smart sharp-eyed beauty—(just for fun I did it,)—‘Yes, you may.’ ‘Then where is it?’ I asked. ‘I don’t know,’ she laughing replied.”

It is said De Vaux was sensitive about his early education. One can scarcely tell why, in reading so charming a sketch of Florence, as seen from the neighbouring hills:—“A run up to the top of one of the hundreds of villa-capped hills (that actually encircle this old walled city of eighty thousand inhabitants), at sunset, is a perfect view of Paradise before the fall. Oh! what *chiaroscuro*—the city at your feet, with towers and steeples

*toned* by time, and fresh varnished by the rays of an Italian sun!—the Arno, one sheet of silver valley, stretching far and wide—the immense spreading of plains shadowed by a mountain cloud, and cut into by a broad sheet of sunlight! such things I have never seen, and will never tire of—each second brings a change and a new picture. In all this lavish sport of hot and cold, light and shade, the eye rests soothingly upon the old white-headed Apennines, that seem to be stretching their necks to get a look at the old Cathedral's huge comfortable looking knob, and so warm themselves in imagination."

Speaking of the old churches, he says: "The dim religious light that is so studiously prepared in these churches, adds, of course to the well painted illusions, and one loves to sit in the solemn silence and gaze himself into a state of joyous entrancement that nothing earthly equals. Shall I become a Catholic? No,—I can have these sweet dreams and be a Protestant 'for a' that'—the heretics are not shut out from heaven—on earth at least."

We remember nowhere to have seen a more satisfactory account given for the decline of the arts in Italy, than in the following passage:

"Of the present Italian school, it requires not that I should tell you aught;—that it has been declining rapidly for nearly two centuries, and has ceased to be named with the French or English, you are well aware. This is not surprising,—many causes have aided to hasten its decay, but chief among them, the fall of the Republic and the pride and independence of the States,—the commercial wealth transplanted to more favored situations,—the churches (the chief supporters of the Artist) overstocked with pictures, and the constant demand for

copies by foreigners travelling in this country, which has made (and kept) copyists of men, who, with the patronage that Raphael and others received, might have been their equals. If other causes exist, it must be in the general degeneracy of the race,—the climate is I suppose the same as then—the models the same,—the pictures finer than they had to study—but the incentives are wanting—‘money, money, and again money.’ The adoration of the old masters has done its share of harm, for persons who for the last century have travelled here have been unwilling to pay for aught but copies *from them*, and the government and church are too poor, or have more pictures than they need, so modern artists of course dwindle into mere copyists—and poor miserable devils they are—cramped and disappointed in their first aspirings, who can wonder at their failures?”

During his residence in Florence, he executed his ‘Christ fed by Angels,’ which he thus describes to the friend in South Carolina, in whose house he wished it to hang ‘till he should paint something better.’

“The moment I have chosen is the arrival of the angels with food and drink, and of the SAVIOUR’S thanksgiving. The angels are disposed in acts and postures that chanced to strike most pleasingly on my fancy,—all blemishes and beauties (are there such?) are my own—it is strictly original.

“Beginning on the right of the picture, (the left of the observer,) is a figure partly obscured by the shadows that fall from a cluster of foliage—this is the wine-bearer, the Hebe of the company,—next a small figure adjoining, is one presenting a cup of wine, but waiting religiously the cessation of grace,—behind the kneeling figure, and some distance back in the picture, is one coming forward, with

hands clasped and eyes heavenward, as if in gratefulness for the relief sent to the Christ,—then comes the person of JESUS ;—immediately on his left an angel is anxiously directing his attention to another just alighted, bearing bread and fruit, whilst a third is seen eagerly urging the food-bearer forward ; an angel has taken the hand of the Lord, and is reverently embracing it,—the foreground occupant kneels in silent worship.

“ Action in some of the figures became necessary, to give life and animation to the picture, which might otherwise have appeared tame, spiritless and monotonous. This movement I have affected by the supposed inquietude of two or three of the younger urchins. I think I have avoided any thing like too much bustle and confusion in the group, by the sacredness of air, bent heads, and prayerful aspects of the majority, particularly the elder forms, and have left all infringement of etiquette to the younger branches of the family.”

This work has been spoken of in exalted terms, by some of the best artists—it established the reputation of the Painter. He passed on to Rome where he began his artistic life in earnest. He made several beautiful copies, and executed ‘The Bandit at Home’—‘The Beggar Girl,’ and ‘A Pilgrim asleep, in sight of St. Peter’s Dome.’ Says Dr. Gibbes,

“ ‘*The Bandit at Home*,’ in the possession of J. S. Preston, Esq., is a noble work. The conception is fine,—a sweet and lovely child is brought by the fond mother, to win from his rugged life the fierce Brigand,—his innocent gambols have touched the heart of the bold outlaw, and a gentle and mournful interest exhibits itself in his countenance as he sports with his boy. The calm and softening influence of an Italian sky on the hard features of

the rocky landscape, and the soothing effect of twilight like the mother's anxious love, are admirably arranged in keeping with the character of the scene. The gentler feelings of the father have displaced for the time the influence of 'hatred and malice and all uncharitableness,' and the parent feels the power of innocence over his heart, and of conscious guilt on his mind. The figures are all the size of life, and considering the difficulty of drawing the large figure correctly, this will be considered his greatest work. The drawing is admirably correct,—the coloring elaborately rich, and the general effect very striking; the story is well and pleasingly told, and as a work of art, this picture will bear comparison with any that we know as the offspring of American genius. The finish in detail of '*Christ and the Angels*,' is only here surpassed by the boldness in composition and completeness of effect of the full sized figures. These two originals are all the memorials of any size, of that gifted spirit, which has gained, we hope, instead of the immortality of earth, that which is eternal in the heavens!"

'*The Roman Beggar Girl*' is rich and sunny as her own native clime; he found the original of this picture in a state of great destitution on the steps of a church; from his own scanty store he clothed and placed her above immediate want."

He now prepared to leave for Venice. Of his object he thus speaks. For this season my labors are closed at Rome. I hope nothing will prevent my return here,—all my future hopes are pending upon the use I make of next winter,—to draw incessantly is my fixed, firmly-rooted determination, which nothing ought to dislodge. May I be firm in obeying the dictates of reason and pure conviction!

He went to Bologna, and then on to Venice—Dr. Gibbes has published his Journal during the entire journey. We regret that we have no space for it—it is full of genius, bright with hope for the future which was so soon to be clouded. He has himself given the history of the tyrannical treatment which cost him his life. He was now on his way back to Rome full of hope, enthusiasm and ambition. For several years he had been communing with the masters of his art, and he had drank in their spirit. Unlike most scholars who visit Italy, he had made few copies. He spent most of his time in studying those wonderful creations which have stirred or crushed the ambition of every man who ever gazed on them. With him art was a spiritual idea—his soul yearned to commune with the great teachers who were dead, and it is said that he passed many hours before each of those works which attracted his attention, in rapt silence which could not be broken. He had now nearly finished his journeyings, and with a mind stored with the richest associations, an improved eye and practised hand, and above all a wakeful and a creative genius, with the vision of fame in the future, and those who loved him to beckon him on—he would have won a name few men have borne in our times. Let us see to whom we owe it that our country and the world have lost such a man.

“I left Parma for Bologna, where I had previously spent some time,—and now comes an epoch in my life. Arrived within fifteen miles of Bologna, my passport was carefully examined and found to be wanting the signature of the Pope’s representative at Venice, to pass through this part of his dominions (at present in a state of insurrection). I was suspected of being some wild republican spirit, hastening to join the revolutionists, and was not

only not allowed to proceed, but not permitted to remain at the point I had already reached ; *the police ordered me immediately out of town* ; there was nothing left for me but obedience. I was then but one day's journey from my destination, Florence ; by this sad misfortune, I was obliged to take a one-horse conveyance, and to avoid the Pope's possessions, was forced to cross one of the worst ranges of the Apennines, at this season a terrible undertaking, and for four days amidst rain, wind, snow and hail I plied my way ; it lost me so many precious days, and the exposure has fixed a cold on my lungs, which I fear will cost me more. This is a small inkling of the sweets of this form of government, and the Poetry of Italy."

The unfortunate De Veaux reached Rome a dying man—and in a short time he was carried to the grave. Many kind familiar faces were around his bedside in that far off land of strangers—and for two months the sufferer calmly and cheerfully waited for his release.—His death was worthy of the Huguenots whose blood flowed in his veins. "The last week of his illness he sent for two of his American friends who were about returning home,—they feared agitating him, but he said he must see them,—they came,—he talked long and earnestly to them on the subject of religion—they were both overcome. One threw himself on the bed, and kissing and bathing poor De Veaux's hands with his tears, assured him that he should never forget his counsels. \* \* \*

\* \* Of his kind friends here, I must not forget to mention particularly Mr. Huntingdon, from New-York, to whom De Veaux was very much attached ;—sometimes he would send for Mr. H.'s pictures, admiring his talents very much,—a few days before his death he sent for one,

—after looking at it some time, and expressing his pleasure at seeing it, he said, ‘take it away, I wish to see no more paintings, I am going to a better place,’ pointing to the blue sky, ‘my home will soon be beyond that.’”

A few days before his death he wrote two letters—to his mother and his friend who became his biographer. In the latter he says:—

“I have resigned myself to God, who in His goodness has given me three months for prayer and repentance, and I feel a strong hope that when life is past I shall go to dwell with Christ forever.

“And to you, my dear friend, I must now bid adieu. God’s will be done. May God bless you for your brotherly conduct always towards me, enabling me to do much for my poor family. I always hoped to be able to make some small return, but who can say what a day may bring forth? Let me beseech you, my dear friend, with wife and children, to devote yourselves to the service of God, taking no peace, night or day, until your sins are all washed, and you are sure that God has blessed you,—live for heaven only; and after a few years of toil and pain, I trust you and I and all of us may meet around God’s throne, never to part again;—shut in with Christ together, we will spend together the long ages of eternity—farewell.—Farewell till heaven unites us, which God in his mercy grant.”

The following touching account of poor De Veaux’s funeral, is from the pen of a kindred spirit—his friend Rossiter, the Artist:

“It was on Monday, April the 29th, that his friends and all the Americans at Rome, assembled to pay the last tribute of regard to all that this world claimed of poor De Veaux. Towards the close of the afternoon the

hearse, followed by a line of carriages, took its mournful course through the crowded streets to the Protestant burial ground. The genial temperature of early spring was awakening in the trees, herbage and flowers a renewed existence, reminding us of the new state of being into which our friend had passed,—and after the solemn service of the church had been read over his remains, we consigned them to their narrow house, as the sun was sinking below the Mediterranean horizon. The hour was impressive, and the place where we laid him is fitting for the long sleep of death. About him are the clustering mounds of others of his countrymen, cut off like himself in the pride of their youth or manhood,—fresh flowers were blooming over their graves,—above, the tall cypress and pines moan in the evening wind, and the venerable walls of Rome and the lofty pyramidal mausoleums of Caius Sextus throw their deep shadows over the sacred enclosure. Shelley, Keats, and many a gifted mind from other nations slumber here ;—the multitude of the dead, the crumbling mould of centuries, the decaying particles of the earliest ages of the world, mingle alone with his dust, and are the only spirits that pervade the spot. Rome with its living pulsations is far removed. And here let him repose,—like the spring and summer flowers that wave over his grave, his memory will ever bloom in the hearts of those who knew him,—who, cut off in the youth of a promising career, left a name for nobleness of character, gentleness of heart, and strength of feeling, more to be envied than the renown of gifted talents alone,—or the proud blazonry of professional elevation.”

His brother Artists erected a plain marble stone over his dust—under his profile in *basso relievo*, are these words :—

**JAMES DE VEAUX.**

**SACRED**

To the memory of

**JAMES DE VEAUX,**

**PAINTER:**

Who was born in Charleston, S. C., America,

**AND**

Died in Rome, April 28, 1844,

Aged 31 years, and 6 months.

This Monument has been erected to the Deceased

by his friends, as a token of their  
high regard and esteem  
for him.

Over the resting-place of this gifted and early lost painter, Americans will stand and weep.

Nor can I forbear to say, that if De Veaux had been a citizen of any other great nation, the Court of Rome would long ago have been summoned before a tribunal which even Infallibility itself must respect, to tell why it was that a young Artist from a distant country, must be treated like an Italian bandit, when he is on his way to the shrines of Art.





PEALE.

From a Painting by himself

REMBRANDT PEALE.



**REMBRANDT PEALE.**



## REMBRANDT PEALE.

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I HAVE thought of no name that has graced the annals of American Art, with which I could with more propriety introduce the line of our living Artists, than that of the veteran Peale, who is the oldest American Painter.

In reply to a letter of mine, requesting this Artist to furnish the materials for writing his life, I received with a masterly portrait, executed by his own hand, the following beautiful note, a part of which I cannot deny the reader the pleasure of perusing:—

PHILADELPHIA, March 8th, 1846.

It is equally difficult for an Artist to paint his own portrait, or to write his own memoirs—to avoid the seduction of self-approbation, and yet to exhibit the true formation and course of character. If, however, he will not assist in doing this, some one else may falsify and exaggerate it, as was the case with Mr. West, whose neglect of writing was unfortunately supplied by Mr. Galt, with tales of error and romance—this I know from my recollection of facts. Even of myself I have heard the most ridiculous stories, which are so readily metamorphosed by the tongues of gossips, who deal in the wonderful. It requires much vanity to spin out a volume of one's-self—and yet there is some vanity and indolence in forbearing. There are few Franklins in Autobiography, and it requires the sacred veil of death to be interposed against the criticisms of those who betray their own vanity by censuring that of others.

In the sketches which I send you, I have, according to your recommendation, concentrated them in reference to my pictorial career—and have avoided making any effort to interest the reader by narratives of the perils I have encountered by sea and land, and amus-

ing incidents of travel—notwithstanding the mental epidemic of romance which prevails, to the injury of simplicity and truth.

I have lived long enough to witness the entire growth of the Fine Arts in our country, and I cannot help thinking, with you, that the time has now arrived, when the expansion of knowledge, and the refinements of society are rapidly developing a corresponding taste and patronage of the Fine Arts, whose cause you have boldly and zealously undertaken to advocate.

I remain respectfully yours,

REMBRANDT PEALE.

The difficulties to which the Artist alludes in the first paragraph of his letter, have been so entirely overcome, in the Autobiographical sketch he sent me, that I could not prevail upon myself to substitute for it one entirely my own. It has been esteemed an uncommonly chaste and beautiful account, by those who have read it in MS., and they have, without exception, recommended me to publish it as it is :—

It was intended that I should be born in Philadelphia, but my father had raised a volunteer company, of which he was made captain, and being under Washington's command with the army, my mother, alarmed by the approach of the British troops, sought refuge at a farm-house twenty miles from the city, where I was born on the 22d of February, 1778.

From my father's mechanical propensities, an indispensable part of his domicile was the carpenter's shop; in which, after many cut fingers, I early learned the use of the saw, plane, and chisel, and made myself a writing-desk, easel and paint-box, into which I stored up, though useless, all the old brushes and bladders of paint my father threw away. This same paint-box, made of common pine, served me during many years of my professional life, with an occasional fresh coat of paint.

At this time it was my great delight to arrange and examine a curious collection of old engravings, which my father had bought of itinerant Italians, at that early day in the history of our art, the only venders of such articles. Extended on the floor, winter and summer, I pored over them for hours, smoothed and mended them, and read the lives of their authors in the Painter's Dictionary. It was a fortunate accident that my first attempt to draw was from the letters of the Roman capitals, enlarging them from title-pages and handbills. This proved the best exercise that could be given for the education of my eye, and, at a more mature age, led to the development of the system of graphies.

A sister, older than myself, was regularly advancing in a course of drawing that excited my admiration. Daily, as I was liberated from school, I rushed to her room and watched every movement of her pencil, which I comprehended as preliminary to drawing with the brush. When she chanced to be otherwise engaged, I sedulously, but unseen, copied the drawings she had made. It was the work of many days. But when she saw them, nothing could induce her to continue, erroneously supposing that I had drawn, without any effort, what had cost her so much pains. In my subsequent studies, from an impression it was best to leave me to my own impulses, my father only gave me a passing remark, or some general direction, but with this special advice—to acquire correctness in drawing before I should attempt the use of the brush. This I endeavored to accomplish by the aid of anatomical engravings and plaster casts.

The first collection of Italian Pictures sent to this country was consigned to John Swanwick, then our most distinguished merchant, who deposited them for sale in

my father's Gallery, where they remained for two year's unsold, until they were sacrificed and scattered under the hammer of the auctioneer. It was this collection of old heads, Scripture histories and landscapes, that confirmed my desire to become a Painter, which was further strengthened by a visit, with my father, to the painting-rooms of Mr. Pine. He was a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and coming from England highly recommended, Robert Morris built him a dwelling-house, with a large exhibition-room and a suitable painting-room. In this mysterious sky-lighted hall, the walls of which were covered with large paintings—his own works in history and portrait and many copies from Reynolds, especially the noble whole length of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse—my imagination pictured a giant of art, but when we entered his private study, I was astonished to find that so small a man could produce such mighty works! He seemed a little conjurer, with his maul-stick for a wand, and palette of colored incantations.

My first attempt to paint in oil was, as usual, a portrait of myself, in which I could blunder unseen, and not fatigue the sitter sooner than the painter. This I thought a good beginning, as every body knew the likeness of the little boy only thirteen years old. I have often shown this portrait to young beginners, to encourage them to go on from *bad* to better. My next attempt was a candle-light portrait of myself, painted at night—the candle partially hidden behind a letter in my hand. The novelty of this effort gave me praise and confidence, and I hastened to represent the conflagration of the German Lutheran Church, which had just occurred; and then from a print, a blacksmith's shop, colored according to my ocular experience in a blacksmith's shop in the neigh-

hood, where I loved to study the glowing lights and midnight shades. But such pictures were not in demand, though they attracted the attention of a shoe-maker and flute-maker, whose wives I painted, to be paid in kind ; but, being even less of a merchant than an artist, I was a little mortified to receive only one pair of shoes for the first portrait; although better pleased with a flute for the second. The study to play on this flute, and soon after, the guitar, served to occupy every moment that I could spare from painting, and often reminds me of the moral benefits that result from an early attention to some musical attainment.

When I was about fifteen years old, recollecting how rapidly I had learned to write after being somewhat proficient in drawing, I was desirous of trying with another person, whether writing could not be better acquired after a short course of drawing ; and made my first experiment with Thomas, now Judge Sergeant, then eleven years old, who was totally deficient in writing and knew nothing of drawing. A few minutes' instruction every other day, made him in six weeks a good writer and draughtsman.

After those fire-light attempts, I studied the effects of day-light by copying my father's Portraits, Historical Prints and Landscapes ; and at seventeen years was flattered by having to paint a portrait of the Senator Sedgwick, and a rich West-India lady, bedizened with rings and jewels. I had painted the back of her watch, as it hung at her side, but to gratify her, I painted a *duplicate* of it lying on the table, with its face richly studded with diamonds. This gave me a surfeit of ornaments, which I never afterwards introduced into any portraits.

About the year 1794 my father and I attempted to get up a School of Design, which was commenced at our dwelling, and finding it difficult to procure a model, as an Academy figure, my father volunteered himself to begin with. Efforts were then made to collect Pictures, and the first Exhibition in America was opened in the HALL OF INDEPENDENCE. The harmony of the Society, however, was disturbed by the turbulent spirit of the Italian Carachi, known by his Bust of Washington, and as a conspirator against Buonaparte, Barralet, Groombridge and other Artists, and it soon ceased to exist.

When I was but a school-boy I knew no other who was born on the birthday of Washington, and it was this childish motive which impelled me to seek every occasion of seeing him. This was necessarily followed by the greatest veneration for his character as well as his sublime aspect. My post had been behind my father's chair when he painted him in 1786—I was the bearer of every message from my father to him—I met him every Sunday, as he went to church—crossed the street, returned, and met him again, to glance at his countenance ; and when he, sometimes, putting his hand on my head, asked me “How is your *good* father?” I loved him the more. At public parades, I studied him in military guise ; and *afterwards*, saw him when he resigned his seat to Adams. It will not be difficult, therefore, to believe that I longed for no greater honor than to paint his portrait. This privilege he kindly granted me in September, 1795, by giving three sittings, of three hours each.

Young in the world, and inexperienced in conversation, I induced my father also to begin a portrait, alongside of me, keeping him in familiar conversation. From this study I executed ten copies in Charleston, S. C.,

where I spent the winter in professional business—among other portraits painting Gen. Gadsden, Gen. Sumpter, and Dr. Ramsay, for my father's gallery.

On my return to Philadelphia in the spring, in company with my father and uncle, I saw Stuart's portrait of Washington. We were of one opinion, that it was most beautifully painted. I subsequently made many studies in efforts to combine my own and my father's portraits, but never satisfied myself, nor my father, (than whom no man knew Washington better,) till many years after, in the seventeenth attempt, which is in the Senate Chamber at Washington.

In the habits of domestic life, contrary to Dufresnoy's precept to the painter, only to marry his Art, I married before I was twenty-one, and resided some time in Baltimore. In the autumn of 1801, I joined my father in his laborious enterprise of disinterring two skeletons of the Mastodon, in Ulster and Orange counties, N. Y. I made a drawing of the scene of our operations, which especially astonished one of our young visitors, of unusual taste in the fine arts, who reported that he had seen "a great hemlock, (meaning a Limner,) that took off every thing on the ground." I have often smiled at the recollection, thinking that many a young Limner in America might as well be a hemlock. In Philadelphia I assisted my father in the task of putting these skeletons together, which required some of the deficient members to be carved in counterpart imitation—in which operation I became expert.

As a preparatory step to my artistic studies, I went through a course of chemistry, under Dr. Woodhouse, to become acquainted with the chemical qualities of pigments—for it was determined that the second skeleton

should go to London—a younger brother having charge of it, and I to have charge of him, whilst my studies should be pursued in the Royal Academy. My father had been a favorite pupil, and was a correspondent of Mr. West, who received me affectionately, and kindly directed my studies in his gallery—introducing me to Lawrence and Allston. I exhibited two portraits in the Royal Academy, which brought me an applicant, the Bishop of Lambeth ; but I foolishly declined the honor of painting his portrait, considering myself in London only as a student. I painted for my father's gallery, portraits of the Poet Bloomfield, whom I taught to draw, and Sir Joseph Banks, to whom I dedicated my first publication on the Mammoth.\* Sir Joseph introduced me to many scientific characters, who were wont to assemble at his library breakfasts, assisted by the learned Dr. Solander, who had accompanied him with Captain Cook round the world.

When Mr. West consulted me on his purpose of returning with me to America, I did not suppress my conviction that he could not find encouragement for the employment of his pencil in History, except by the exhibition of his works, and recommended him to enlarge his spirited composition of Death on the Pale Horse. It is worth recording that he expressed himself mortified with the idea of descending to such means of getting money, which had not then been the practice of any distinguished Artists ; and, with a flushed countenance, begged that I would never mention the subject to him again. Mrs. West's illness prevented his intended voyage—and a few years afterwards, the extraordinary attraction at

\* Cuvier speaks with approbation of this little brochure in his *Système de la Nature*.

the British Institution, of his "Christ Healing the Sick and the Lame," for which they paid him three thousand guineas, nearly fifteen thousand dollars, induced him to produce *expressly for popular exhibition*, his great picture of "Christ before Pilate;" and afterwards, "Death on the Pale Horse," though disadvantageously altered from the original study, which was much admired in Paris.

Returning to America in 1803, I found sufficient occupation in Savannah, Charleston, New-York, and Philadelphia—there being no capital city in America, as New-York is now becoming; but Philadelphia was the city of promise, and I was zealous in the establishment of an Academy of Fine Arts. A Holland merchant, Mr. Lichleightner, arrived with a choice little collection of pictures for sale. I purchased some of him, and we became intimate. He offered to build a Gallery, send me pictures to keep it always full, and to share with him equally in the profits. This I agreed to do, if I could not induce Mr. Joseph Hopkinson to co-operate with me in the plan of an Academy. He repeatedly refused, until I assured him that otherwise I should confine my efforts to my individual interest. His influence raised the money, a building was erected, plaster casts imported, which I mended and mounted: Fulton's and other pictures procured, and the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts successfully opened.

But my spirit was with the Galleries of Europe, and in 1807, and again in 1809, I visited France to enjoy the magnificent assemblage of the works of art, which formed a part of Napoleon's ambition. On the second visit I took my family and lived two years in Paris, near the National Gallery of the Louvre, in which I studied daily, and was assiduous in procuring the portraits of

distinguished characters for my father's gallery. Nothing could be more interesting than this intercourse with the minds and talents of great men—Humboldt, Cuvier, Bertholet, Chaptal, Saint Pierre, &c. Among the Artists I also painted Houdon, Gerard, and David.\* Mr. Denon was especially kind and serviceable to me, allowing me privileges in the Louvre that he extended to no one else; and when I was preparing to return to America, pressed me to remain, saying that as Gerard had commenced history, and could paint no more portraits, he would give me all the Imperial portraits to paint; candidly adding, "I prefer Gerard to you, but I prefer your portraits to any others here." Domestic considerations induced me to decline this offer. On my return to Paris in 1830, Denon being dead, his nephew presented me with a little gold medal, as a memorial of his uncle's regard for me.

On my return to America, with improved knowledge and facilities in my art, I was abundantly patronized in portrait painting, but could not suppress an increasing desire to engage in greater works; I therefore built a Gallery, and painted a large picture of Napoleon on Horseback, the Ascent of Elijah, the Roman Daughter, the Death of Virginia, and Lysippa on the Rock—with landscapes, and other pictures. I was tempted to transfer this Gallery to Baltimore, in connection with a Museum which I bought. Here I formed a company to light the city with gas—devoted a year of my time to the enterprise, to the injury of my private business; and though I have the honor of being the *first* to light a city in America, I was defrauded of my just pecuniary

\* The latter had refused to sit to any other painter.

reward, and obliged by consequent ill health, to abandon my establishment there.

I had previously painted the "Court of Death." This was a picture twenty-four feet long, consisting of twenty-three figures—a pictorial discourse on life and death, being an attempt by *personification* to show the reality and necessity of death, and the charms of virtue, contrasted with vice and intemperance, and the horrors of war. It was the first attempt, in modern times, to produce moral impressions on the ancient Greek plan, without the aid of mythology, or conventional allegory, being as readily understood by the ignorant as the learned; and was the first public appeal in favor of temperance, before the establishment of societies for its promotion. It was exhibited with extraordinary success in our principal cities, and was recommended from several pulpits, and by the Corporation of New-York. Among the poetic effusions it has elicited the first stanza of one by Dr. Godman, is thus complimentary to the Artist. Shall I quote it?

•  
THE COURT OF DEATH.

" Though the unsparing hand of time  
 Flings o'er earth his mantle gray ;  
 Though towns and towers—though rocks sublime  
 Perish beneath his all-consuming sway ;—  
 Man ! glorious in his strength ! man, creature of a day,  
 Imparts to perishable things a charm  
 That doth the desolating power disarm,  
 And snatch from Glory's sun a never dying ray !

I had begun another composition of the same dimensions, "Christ's Sermon on the Mount," but the difficulties attending their exhibition at that time from the want of suitable rooms induced me to give it up.

When Col. Trumbull, who was long President of the old American Academy at New-York, retired, at his nomination I was chosen to succeed him. On taking the chair, I could not forbear saying, that I could not heartily thank them for the honor they did me, unless they would co-operate with me to produce a friendly amalgamation with the Artists' National Academy, of which I was also a member. This could not then be, but was subsequently effected, greatly to the satisfaction of the friends of the Arts.

Again my thoughts reverted to Europe, among the Galleries of which I flattered myself I should forget all disappointment, with recruited health—and meditated a final residence in London; the image of Washington once more rose to engross my mind. I determined on another attempt, not to seek approbation here, but to gratify my own heart. I knew that in Europe his character was justly appreciated, and I wished to take with me, if possible, a good likeness. I therefore assembled in my painting room every Portrait, Bust, Medallion and Print of Washington that I could find—thus to excite and resuscitate my memory. My wife, who had always objected to these absorbing studies, now entreated that I would disturb my spirit no more with Washington, saying that she thought him my evil genius, and, with tears on her cheeks, wished that he never had been born! I promised her to make but this one trial, but it was an illusive promise, for it lasted three months, to the exclusion of all other thoughts. My father, too, was grieved at my infatuation and waste of time—saying that I ought to be satisfied with what had already been done. That could not be—and I wrought at my task with unceasing assiduity, till one day my father entered, and clapping me on the shoulder,

exclaimed; "You have it now—this is indeed Washington." His approbation increased my excitement, and I consumed the day in retouches from my own Original, as if Washington had just left me—it was the fever, and I feared the fatal madness of memory; but the next day, with a tranquil pulse and cool forehead, I looked on my work and was satisfied I had not destroyed it. My father brought Judges Tilghman and Peters to see it, and they sent others, so that during five days my room was crowded with persons that knew Washington.

Instead of going to England, I hastened with my picture to Washington City, Congress being then in session, hoping that Chief Justice Marshall, the friend and biographer of Washington, might also be satisfied with it.\* It was put up in the Vice President's chamber. Judge Marshall recommended me to procure the written testimonials of the friends of Washington, as a duty they owed to their country, and himself gave the example. I therefore obtained from Judges Washington, Tilghman, and Peters, Bishop White, and other coteremporaries, LETTERS† repeating such expressions of their approbation as they had *previously* made public. These letters I shall deposit in the Library of Congress.

The sittings which Washington gave me were from 7 till 10 in the morning. He shaved himself, but at or after 10 the barber dressed his hair in the formal wig-like fashion usual in his other portraits of that period; mine, therefore, represents him with his hair somewhat in disha-

\* When Judge Marshall saw it he exclaimed—"It seems as if I were looking on the living man! It is more like him than any thing I have ever seen."

† Letters of their own dictation—not a *certificate*, as erroneously stated in Dunlap's History of the Arts.

bille, and shows, by the whisker on his cheek, the dark brown color of his hair.

This portrait I afterwards took to Europe, and it afforded me the privilege of inviting to my painting room the most distinguished persons. In Florence it was exhibited in the Royal Academy.\* At a later period a special Committee of the U. S. Senate recommended the purchase of this picture, which I parted with for \$2000—and the Senate, subsequently, voted 4,500 dollars for my large Equestrian Portrait of Washington. It was the last bill sent to the House, and, for want of time, not acted on. It remains in my possession.

I was the first to experiment in Lithography in this country, and in Boston executed a number of portraits, especially a large one of Washington, for which I received the silver medal of the Franklin Institute.

As previously intimated, I prepared for a long desired visit to Italy, engaging to make copies of celebrated pictures for some gentlemen of taste in New-York. Besides the enjoyment of such a visit to the seat of the Arts, at the mature age of 51, I was influenced by a desire to superintend the education of my son Angelo, who manifested a talent for painting. In Paris we especially visited the Galleries of Art. By the way of Lyons we passed to Marseilles, where we waited the sailing of a ship to Naples. Accustomed to early hours, my son and

\* It elicited from the Editor of the *Gazetta di Firenze* the following commendation: "Il signor Rembrandt Peale, Americano, si distinse in due Ritratti: in quello del Liberatore dell' America, non sapremo bastamente ammirare la naturalezze, la verita, che è nella testa, e la bellezza del colorito." "Mr. Rembrandt Peale, American, is distinguished by two Portraits." (One, of these our sculptor Grenough.) "In that of the Liberator of America, we cannot sufficiently admire the naturalness and truth of his head, and the beauty of the colouring."

I anticipated the time of dining at the *table d'hôte*, and therefore were alone, with the exception of one gentleman, who at a table near us, also eat before his hour, and heard our discourse. This continued for a week, but as we talked no treason, it did not annoy me. At last the gentleman spoke, apologizing for his rudeness in his admiration of the English language—acknowledged that he knew my father, and finding that we were going to Naples and Rome gave me his name, and offered, as an atonement for his intrusion, to give me letters of introduction. Perceiving that my thanks were somewhat cool and ceremonious, he ventured to inform me that he was in the confidence of, and corresponded with Joseph Bonaparte; and begged that I would receive and deliver two letters which he gave me—one to a pleasant young artist, and the other to Captain Robalia, *a son of Napoleon*, who resided with the mother of Napoleon at Rome. I found Robalia all that was promised—he was indeed most kindly attentive to me, and wished to introduce me to the Empress Mother, which I deferred too long, as her sickness afterwards prevented it.

At Naples, with the Museums of Painting and Sculpture, and the antiquities of Pompeii, there was much to interest us, but I was chiefly gratified in some opportunities of seeing the best specimens of *Fresco* painting; especially those in a chapel, under the Castle of St. Elmo, uninjured, unsmoked, and *fresh* as from the hand of yesterday. Here we lingered till the melting of the snow permitted us to look into the crater of Vesuvius—then hastened to Rome to realize my dreams by the glorious realities of the Vatican and St. Peters—and in the Borghese Palace to execute some copies from Corregio and Domenichino. I could feel no ex-

travagant emotions in front of the mighty ruin of Michael Angelo's last Judgment ; but in presence of his noble statue of Moses, and his beautiful dead Christ in St. Peters, my nerves thrilled with wonder and delight, and the marbles still live in my imagination.

Here I painted portraits of the great historical painter Camucini, and of the sculptor Thorvaldsen, who informed me that he came to Rome to study painting, the difficulties in which discouraged him, and he applied himself to sculpture as the *easier* art. This was also the sentiment of Camucini, who remarked that whilst *he* was obliged to finish all his works with his own hand, his friend Thorvaldsen could walk the streets, satisfied that two hundred sculptors were working for him.

At Tivoli, under an umbrella, held by a peasant boy, to protect me from the sun and the spray, I painted two views in oil from the Cascade, and the beautiful Cascatelles.

In Florence I resided nine months, making copies in the National Gallery and Ducal Palace, from Raphael, Titian, Rubens, &c., and passing thence through many of the cities of Italy, feasted on the treasures of ancient art, and chiefly in glorious Venice, where the choicest productions of Titian and Veronese, filled the measure of my happiness.

It is the custom of the Artists in the Galleries of Italy, when one is overlooking the work of another, to say, "ditemi qualche cosa"—meaning, make some remark that I may be compensated for the interruption. The studies of each are thus successively examined. Being a stranger in the Palace Pitti, where I copied from Rubens, Raphael, Bronzino, etc., when I was about finishing a copy of Guido's Cleopatra, one of the regu-

lar copyists of the Palace asked me if I wished to know the judgment they had pronounced on me? This was, that my own style must be the style of Guido. When I inquired *how* they had come to that conclusion, he remarked that in making all the other copies, I studied, as others did, with my palette knife to match the tints; but in making what they are pleased to term my best copy of Guido, I mixed no tints, but with my brush rapidly compounded them from the original colors. I could not but smile, and informed him that this mode of proceeding rather arose from my *ignorance* of Guido's method, which I sought to ascertain with the materials he necessarily used to produce his beautiful penumbral effects.

I returned by the way of Paris and London. I had the satisfaction of forming the acquaintance of the Marquis of Stafford, who owns six valuable pictures by Raphael. With the exception of the Madonna della Seggiola, the copies I made in Italy were mostly disposed of in Boston.

This collection should have been kept entire, to serve as a nucleus to form a NATIONAL GALLERY, or Library of the Fine Arts. In forming other Libraries, it is not the ambition of our projectors to acquire rare and unpublished manuscripts; but rather to possess the best editions of those works which have been multiplied by printing; and this for the improvement and extension of human knowledge—not for the gratification of a selfish and exclusive antiquarian taste. The Galleries of Painting in Europe have been progressive with the works of painters as they were produced, and enriched, from time to time, with some choice specimens of art, purchased at great prices, and valued as authentic docu-

ments. At present it is rare in Europe to find any of these on sale, but as common to see bad copies of them. It is, therefore, most desirable, even there, to possess a good copy of a celebrated original, which is not to be bought at any price—to be seen only in one spot—and liable to be destroyed by fire. Copies being generally made by young students before they are able to paint from nature, are often bad and discredit their authority, yet are essential to the student who would learn the process of art, and the styles of different masters—for nature presents an equal variety. But when copies are made by able Artists, either from their own works, or those of others, their merit may be nearly equal, sometimes superior to the originals: such were the copies by Stella, from the paintings of Raphael. Every opportunity should be taken to procure authenticated *fac similes* of pictures of established reputation—and a hundred of these can be obtained for the cost of one original. To show how much we are influenced by prejudice, we attach great consequence to what we term an *original* statue, which, as sculpture is now practised, is only to be seen in the first studies in clay and plaster, the marble being only a copy from these, and frequently never touched by the inventor, who may order a score of them to be made equally good. The marble statues of Christ and the Apostles, which I saw at Carara, wrought from the plaster studies of Thorwaldsen, he never saw till they were put up in the Cathedral at Copenhagen.

But little satisfied with the usual extravagances of Italian tourists, I published a volume of "Notes on Italy." On this a learned friend remarked that I was not so poet-

ical and enthusiastic as he expected—the fact was I exaggerated nothing, and pretended to no excitement that I did not feel. Mr. Allston's entire approbation was more to my taste, as a lover of truth.

I used to say that I never could die till I should see Rome, but the support and education of nine children delayed that purpose till a late period; and then some friends advised me instead of going, to give up Painting and retire into the country. The following lines, whatever be their poetic demerit, at least express my feelings and love of the Arts.

#### LOVE OF AN ARTIST.

In early youth, with fancy bright and warm,  
I learned to love—but 'twas a mystic form  
That only at a distance could be seen,  
The Ocean wide and foreign lands between,—  
A maid of noble mien and moving grace,  
All truth resplendent in her winning face!  
A stranger on our soil, she could not dwell  
So near the woodman's axe or savage yell;  
But just appeared to kindle an emotion,  
Then sought her glorious home beyond the ocean.  
At times majestic, as in Rome, she caught  
Historic grandeur and impassioned thought;  
Or, gaily sporting 'mid Venetian wealth,  
Luxurious shone in all the bloom of health;  
And every form her varying aspect bore,  
A mystic charm and fascination wore;  
Whether in chaste simplicity arrayed,  
Or gorgeous in magnificent parade.

I gazed—how fondly gazed!—nor ever tired;  
My heart and temples throbbed,—my brain was fired;  
And naught but hope to win her gave a zest  
To life and toil, that else had been unblest.  
This early passion no one e'er reproved,  
For all admired what I so deeply loved.

In riper age, in distant climes, I sought  
The cherished object of my constant thought,

More lovely still as still more closely viewed ;  
 And, once possessed, life knew no other good.  
 I wooed the maid,—she smiled,—and in her smile  
 I revelled with delight ; but saw the while  
 That others shared her smiles more blest than I ;  
 They knew her long beneath a favoring sky ;  
 But I had not, as they, bestowed entire  
 My heart, while social ties allayed its fire.  
 Three times returning to my native land,  
 I strove th' enduring passion to command.  
 And thrice I called oblivion to my aid ;  
 But still the alluring vision of the maid  
 Returned, with heightened charms, to mock my pride,  
 That would renounce the wealth of such a bride ;  
 For through all nature—mountain, valley, plain,  
 In air, on ocean—lies her vast domain.  
 It could not be ; nor could I bear to die  
 Till her own Italy should bless my eye :  
 With renovated health, despondence fled,  
 And Rome bore witness that my soul was wed.

Forsake the object of my choice ? Forsake  
 The genial spirit that sustained me ? Break  
 The bond which bound me unto life ? O, never  
 May aught on earth the fated union sever !  
 But, cherished to the latest breath, my heart  
 Shall glow—still glow for PAINTING, peerless art !

A fifth time I was induced to return to Europe, having engaged to paint the Portraits of a wealthy and kind family in Sheffield, and commenced a good business in London, where I was joined by my family from New-York ; but the death of my Son, for whose sake I chiefly desired to settle in London, where he might take the course of Wilkie, induced me to relinquish every advantage and return to America. There, in the leisure hours afforded in my profession, I labored to improve my system of Graphics ; and at the request of Professor BACHE, joined in the reorganization of the Philadelphia High School, by the introduction of Drawing as a necessary

part in the education of every scholar. As Professor of **GRAPHICS**, with a new class of raw Students every six months, I myself became a Student in the application of my system, profiting by every dull learner, until the process of tuition was rendered easy and certain, as it is now made public in the improved form of the last Edition for the use of Schools; by means of which Drawing and Writing may be taught to large as well as small classes, even by those teachers or superintendents who know not how to draw or write. To accomplish this great object I necessarily sacrificed much of the pleasure and profit of my Painting Room, during four years; and, when I could make no more improvements, I resigned my office to other hands—glad once more to resume the uninterrupted use of the brush.

A few years ago Drawing was taught, very superficially, only in Boarding Schools; but in consequence of my publications and Lectures, it is getting to be considered as essential in almost every School. The controllers of the Public Schools of the City and County of Philadelphia in 1843 passed these Resolutions—

“1st. That the Board approves of the system of Graphics, as containing a series of progressive exercises in Drawing, well adapted as an introduction to Writing.

“2nd. The Board recommend a continuance of the course of instruction in Drawing, as taught in the High School by Professor Peale.

“3rd. The thanks of this Board, and of the community, are due to Mr. Peale for his zealous efforts tending to the introduction of Drawing as a branch of General Education.”

The system is gradually finding its way into public and private Schools throughout the country.

When I was but a young Student of art in my father's house, I knew of only one other in the City, and heard of none besides—this was Jeremiah Paul, son of a School-master among the Quakers, who perversely preferred painting to school-keeping. He had great talents, was flattered, feasted and destroyed. At that time there was not a Print Shop in any of our cities. Boydell had sent over, as a venture, a choice collection of Engravings for sale ; some were sacrificed at auction, and the residue sent back to London ; as few persons were disposed to give dollars for a sheet of paper, no matter how much art was displayed upon it. At that time, too, we were obliged to procure our painting materials from the Apothecary's Shop, and levigate and refine them ourselves. There was but one Gilder, a poor Frenchman, who could scarcely get a living.

Now who can count the Gilders, Print Shops, Artists' repositories, Painters in every village, Exhibitions of Paintings, and even competitors in Europe from the American shores ? It is my conviction that the words of Mr. West, spoken to me in 1802, are being realized—that the Arts, which have been travelling westward, were about to leave the old continent to flourish in the new.

Although we have preferred publishing the chaste and modest account Mr. Peale has here given of himself, rather than use one entirely our own, yet it would be an act of injustice to the cause of Art to close this sketch without a more particular description of the Painter's great work, *THE COURT OF DEATH*. There are many reasons why this celebrated production merits a special review.

The Court of Death, was the first large picture executed in this country, and we believe no other painter in modern times has attempted to compose a work on the model recommended by the Ancient Greek Writers. Perhaps no work of art has ever been executed by an American which has been the subject of so much dispute.

This we imagine can only be accounted for by supposing that the community generally have no standard by which to judge of such a work, it being the only one in this country of the ancient Greek style, and are not therefore prepared to recognize so immediately its beauties.

Artists in America are surrounded by many inauspicious circumstances ; not the least unfavorable of which is the standard by which their merits are to be decided. Here questions of art and taste are settled by the same Tribunal which decides political discussions, while in Europe such pretensions even from political journals of the highest reputation, would only excite ridicule. There questions of this kind are left to the ripe judgment of men who have devoted themselves to congenial studies.

An illustration occurs to me which I will allude to. When Power's 'Greek Slave' was exhibited in London, although almost every English journal noticed it, yet very few presumed to speak critically of its merits. This was the province of journals devoted exclusively to the Fine Arts and to Literature. But there are few newspapers in the United States which would not esteem themselves thoroughly competent to dispatch the 'Greek Slave' or even Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment' in a single paragraph, after a glance of five minutes. In such a state of things there are few journals from which Artists and writers on the Fine Arts do not expect either flattery, or condemnation. They are aware that their reputation will not be finally decided by such tribunals, but for the time, they suffer from the ignorance, and prejudices of those who presume to attempt to form public opinion on matters they know very little about. It is not strange then that Mr. Peale has suffered with other Artists of the times. The opinions of a man like John Neal, which ought to outweigh in such a matter the criticisms of a regiment of politicians, are unheeded. John Neal is a gentleman of exquisite taste and analytical genius—but his opinion about art would be treated by many persons as worth just exactly as much as John Smith's. Artists feel the truth of all this—but they know they cannot express their feelings with impunity, and they are waiting quietly for better days to come.

No just or intelligent opinion can be given on any work of Art; unless the *design* of the Artist is perfectly understood. It is also important to know the *history* of such works. We shall first make some extracts from a letter of Mr. Peale, in which he gives

## I. A HISTORY OF THE COURT OF DEATH.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 1, 1845.

DEAR SIR:

In answer to your inquiry concerning the Origin of my Picture of the COURT OF DEATH, I shall briefly and simply narrate the process of its invention. Accidentally taking up Bishop Porteus' Poem on Death, poetical as may be deemed his description of the Cavern of Death, and familiar as his personifications may have been to the minds of literary men, it struck me that a Picture thus representing Death as a Monarch with his Ebon sceptre, seated on a Throne, and having on either side, as Prime Ministers, War and Old Age, and sending forth Intemperance and Disease as Agents to execute his will,—would unquestionably present an appalling Scene, better in the description than on the Canvas. I had seen, in Westminster Abbey, ROUBILLIAC's beautiful Monumental Sculpture, representing a Noble Lady lying on her couch at the close of life, and a Skeleton, wonderfully wrought out of the solid marble, issuing from the Tomb, in an attitude of vigor, but without Muscle, directing his lance towards the heart of the Lady as his victim, and, with others, felt the absurdity of it. An Angel to receive the parting soul would be better. I had seen WEST's Death on the pale Horse, a most impressive Picture, now in the Academy in this City, but my veneration of the Artist could not reconcile me to his personifications; for though he has given the figure Muscles, they are dried up—to say nothing of the fire from his mouth and the lightning from his hand; yet I had an idea that the case might be more fairly stated on the canvas. I imagined how I should attempt to paint a Subject founded on Porteus' Poem, and immediately began to sketch with my pencil on a piece of shingle which chanced to be in my hand, a figure enveloped in Drapery, which indicated form and power, with a shadowy but fixed Countenance, and with extended Arms, as a Judge issuing a decree. At his feet I drew a prostrate Corpse, and on one side the figure of an Old Man, submissively approaching. I had a faint Conception of War going forth, impelled by his own passions, and of Intemperance, Luxury and Disease; but having no intention to paint such a Scene, I threw my board away and thought no more of it.

A month afterwards one of my little daughters produced the board, with my sketch upon it. I was flattered by imagining there was some merit in it, and I added a few more figures, thus fixing the subject in my mind, which I immediately transferred to a small piece

of canvas, and consulted my father, without sending him my design, whether I should paint the Picture in large. His prudent advice was "No." But some months after, being on a visit to me in Baltimore, I showed him my design, when he enthusiastically said, "Begin it immediately!" My Painting-Room was too small, and I had to build a larger one expressly for it, during which I prepared a large canvas, and executed many studies from the life, of figures, heads, hands, &c. My good and venerable Father stood as the representative of Old Age, modified by the Antique Bust of Homer; one of my Daughters stood in the place of Virtue, Religion, Hope; and another knelt to the Attitude of Pleasure, I borrowing a Countenance from my imagination. My friend and critic, John Neal, of Portland, impersonated the Warrior, beneath whom a friend consented to sink to the earth in distress, and thus appeared as the Mother of a Naked Child, which I painted from my then youngest daughter. The Corpse was the joint result of a study from a subject in the Medical College and the assistance of my brother Franklin, lying prostrate, with inverted head, which was made a likeness of Mr. Smith, founder of the Baltimore Hospital; my brother, also, though of irreproachable temperance, stood for the inebriated Youth; my wife and others served to fill up the background. It may be worth while to mention, that for the figure of Famine, following in the train of War, I could find no model, though I sought her in many a haunt of Misery, and therefore drew her from my brain; but strange to say, two weeks after the picture was finished, a woman passed my window, who might have been sworn to as the Original.

I had not employed the Mythology of the Ancients nor the symbols of other Artists. It was not an Allegorical Picture, composed after the examples of *LEBRUN*, or of any School. I had read some remarks by Pliny on a style of painting which he recommended as capable of embodying thought, principle and character, without the aid of Conventional Allegory, and described one on these principles painted by *Apelles*, and approved by the Multitude. This picture of the Court of Death is an approach to that style—at any rate, it was the first large Picture, whatever may be its merits or its faults, that has been attempted in modern times, upon the same broad and universal principles. I would lay claim to some little credit for the stand I took in reprobation of Intemperance, before that subject was introduced to popular notice; and the Society of Friends, at least, will give me credit for my views of the Glory and Magnanimity of War; whilst

the philosophic Christian must agree with the picture that Death has no terror in the eyes of Virtuous Old Age, and of Innocence, Faith and Hope.

## II. THE DESIGN OF THE ARTIST.

A complete conception of the design of the painter is necessary to understand any historical painting, more particularly one of this style. Mr. Peale was therefore wise in writing a description of his Court of Death, himself. We extract enough of it to answer our purpose :—

“ ——— Deep in a murky cave's recess,  
Laved by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenced  
By shelving rocks and intermingled horrors,  
Of yew and cypress shade, from all obtrusion  
Of busy noon-tide beam, the Monarch sits  
In unsubstantial majesty.” PORTEUS.

The Picture of the COURT OF DEATH is an attempt to introduce pure *figurative* painting, in the place of obscure personifications and obsolete symbols, as hitherto employed in allegory. It is a discourse on life and death, equally interesting to all ages and classes; delivered in the universal language of nature, the silent eloquence of the painter's art, which speaks not by the slow progression of words, but strikes the heart at once as with an electric glance. Such an exhibition is calculated to lessen the misconceptions of prejudice and terror, and to render useful the rational contemplation of death.

The power of DEATH, personified as a DECREE of the Deity, is indicated by an antique form, coeval with man. The head, therefore, reminds us of the first inhabitants of Egypt, the original residence of the human race. It is not a skeleton of the graveyard, as hitherto painted, exhibiting action without muscle, or muscles dried up and useless. It is not represented as a bugbear of the nursery, nor as the king of terrors; but as an inflexible Judge, silently superintending the progress of time and the inroads of disorder upon the life of man. The dark curtain of obscurity is raised to impress the sentiment of awful sublimity, by a mysterious form of strength and irresistible power, perceived beneath the folds of massive drapery, and seated on a shroud. It is a countenance of intelligence, yet its

knowledge lies within lips that speak not. The glance of his eye, and the frown of his brow, are sufficient to arrest the proudest career ; and his outstretched arm seems to limit the duration of *erring* mortal life.

The most impressive idea of Death is excited by the appearance of a DEAD BODY, which receives the strongest ray of light in the picture.—It is the body of a man in the prime of life, by some casualty, to which all are liable, rendered lifeless, prostrate as a footstool to the mysterious power. His head and feet reach the waters of oblivion—so are his beginning and his end unknown.

On the right hand, the whole group is expressive of WAR, by which the passions of man produce premature and violent death. The WARRIOR is depicted with a countenance agitated by ambition and revenge.

His shield is held up for his own defence, but his determined arm threatens the life of his fellow-man. His sword is already stained—its VICTIM expires behind him, no longer deceived by visionary glory. A naked and helpless INFANT reaches for protection to its weak, and desolate, and widowed MOTHER ; who, sinking to the earth, repels from her downcast eye the unnatural horror. The Warrior heeds them not. His humanity seems to spare them—he disdains to crush them—but their misery remains to reproach his cruelty. WANT, with supplicating hands, follows close behind. Her famished form serves to increase the unrelenting sternness of his countenance. DREAD presses onward in the train, and seems to apprehend the air as charged with pestilence. The Warrior's darkening path is lighted by the TORCH of DESOLATION, advancing from the cavern's gloomy recesses.

Beneath the outstretched arm of DEATH, stoops the alluring semblance of PLEASURE. The smoke of her incense rises to soften and obscure the countenance of Death. Her hand prepares another intoxicating draught ; and her animated features entice only to betray. A YOUTH, whose interesting form might promise a more honorable destiny, stands relaxed, the stupid and disappointed slave, rather than the participator, of pleasure.

A companion of Intemperance lies at his feet, clasping his throbbing brain—another, at his left shoulder, hiding his guilty face, expresses the anguish of REMORSE—and another, behind him, is plunging the dagger into his heart. Like them, he must suffer the pangs of FRENZY, and the burnings of REMORSE ; and were he to look back

on his own shadow, he would perceive the form of **SUICIDE**. The hand of **Intemperance** is equally raised to take his own life.

A darkened group of disease and misery, the victims of luxury and intemperate pleasure, fills up the left hand portion of the Grotto : **GOUT — DROPSY — APOPLEXY — HYPOCHONDRIA — FEVER — CONSUMPTION.**

“ Torn immature from life’s meridian joys,  
A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease ! ”

Returning to the centre of the Picture, one of the most prominent objects is the figure of venerable **OLD AGE**, supported by **VIR-TUE**.

“ Peace, O **VIR-TUE** ! peace is all thy own.” With eyes of hope upraised to heaven, she breathes the prayer of holiest resignation—“ Father, thy will be done.” **OLD AGE**, bending at the close of Life—the faded purple of his worldly power falling from his shoulders—his foot on the verge of oblivion,—beholds the prospect without alarm, and submits with cheerfulness to the divine law. **VIR-TUE** still supports him, and *looks* the sentiments *he feels*.

With locks of silver, there  
Age gently presses near the throne :  
’Tis not for him to feel a fear ;  
Nor comes he tremblingly alone :  
His foot is in oblivion’s water ;  
But see, his loveliest, holiest daughter,  
**VIR-TUE**, aids him ; while upraising  
Eyes oft turned toward heaven in praising,  
Saying, Almighty ! may thy will be done.

DR. GODMAN.

### III. HOW HAS THE ARTIST EXECUTED HIS DESIGN ?

Criticism begins by making this inquiry, for the Painter may consult his own taste in the choice of his subject. I have visited the Court of Death repeatedly this winter and endeavored to study it carefully. As every spectator should do, I first read the Artist’s description and became familiar with his design. While I was deeply impressed with the painting, during my first visit, I did

not leave with that feeling of satisfaction I had anticipated, for I had heard some individuals of great taste and wide observation speak of it with enthusiastic admiration.

On my second visit I experienced much greater pleasure than at first, and a third visit explained the mystery. The work differed so materially from any I had ever seen, I could not at once become familiar with it, and I am persuaded that we can never feel very high admiration for any object until the mind has become in some measure familiar with it. It is as true with great works of art as it is with great authors, the more we know them the better we love them. Homer delights the scholar most the last time he reads him, and no degree of familiarity with the creations of Raphael lessens our enthusiasm. I found that every repeated visit to this extraordinary picture, gave me greater satisfaction, although what I esteem to be its faults appeared still more evident. The form of Death, which at first seemed too dark and obscure, gradually moved forth from the Canvas into bold relief, and I was particularly impressed with the countenance, the drapery, and the form itself. The Egyptian type of countenance carried my fancy back far into antiquity, and I seemed to see the living form of that stern power which has from the earliest ages sat in judgment upon the race, and held a steady and unquailing gaze upon all the sorrows and desolations of man. He was obscure only from distance and time. It was to me the most appropriate and impressive portraiture of Death I had ever seen; next to the form of Death, nothing struck me so forcibly as the *murky* atmosphere of the cave, it is an atmosphere unlike that of a common cave, it is not dark, it is murky; it is not cold, although it chills one to gaze on it; it is not damp, although the waters

of oblivion are flowing by the feet of the living and the dead. In this respect Peale has surpassed West, who painted every thing in detail leaving nothing for the imagination. I have never seen any mystery about West's pictures; this quality he did not possess, and yet no play can be given to the imagination of the reader or spectator, unless the author or artist conducts up to the line that divides the visible from the invisible. There have been few things painted more beautifully than the figures of Old Age and Virtue. One would suppose they were painted long after the rest of the picture; the colouring seems to belong to quite another school; it is worthy of any artist's pencil, of any school. I have never seen a countenance where all that is beautiful in "the earthly and the heavenly" was portrayed together with more effect. Critics should consider the difficulties the painter had to contend with in many of his figures, for they are almost insurmountable. But in the three figures we have mentioned, they seem to have been successfully overcome.

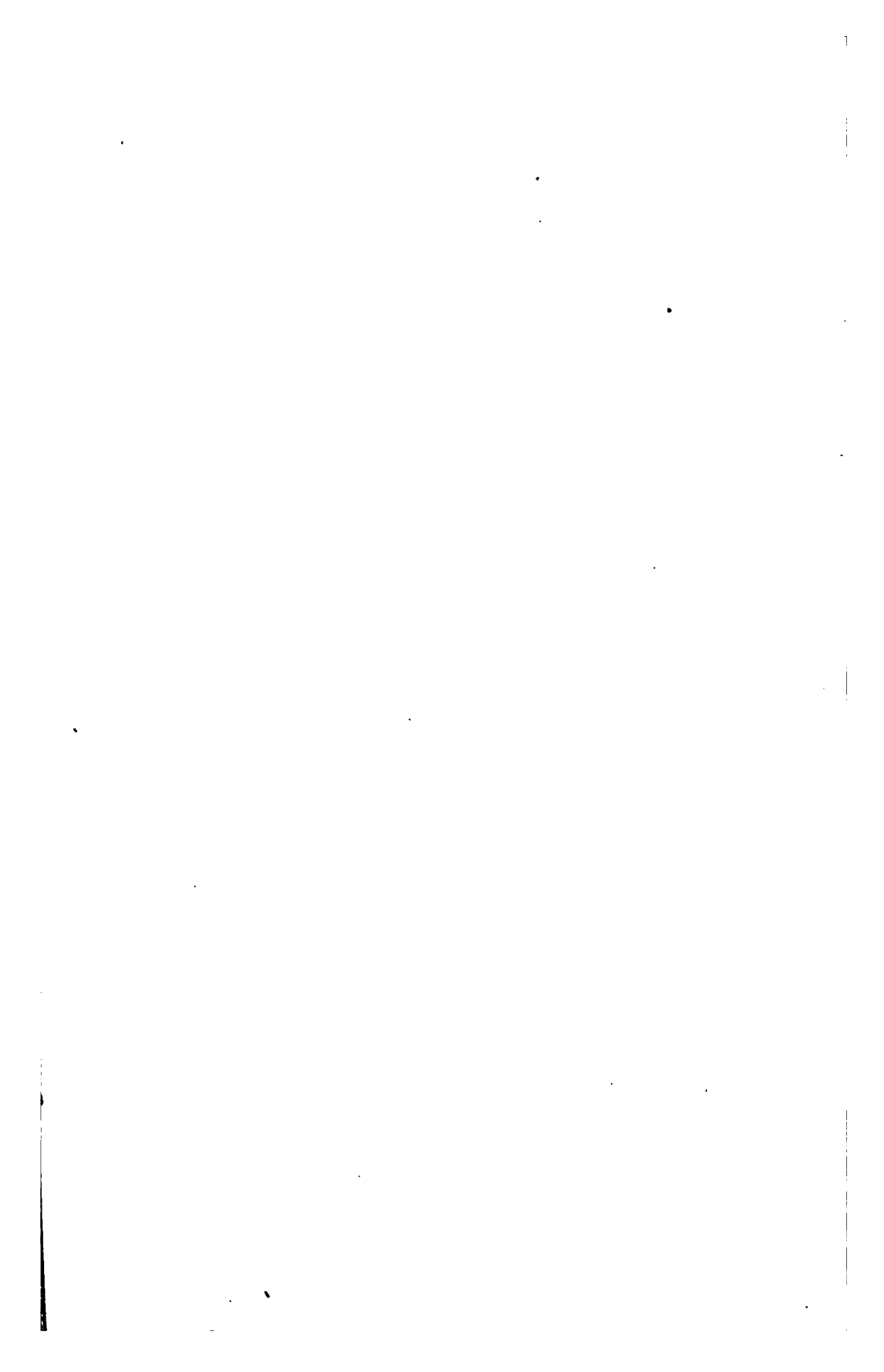
But not so with the countenance of the Warrior. The painter wished to depict a face "agitated by ambition and revenge." But his countenance is too sad and troubled for the face of a Warrior. There is some trace of regret, of shrinking from blood and desolation, which cannot be reconciled with the absorbing passions of ambition and revenge. In the smoke and desperation of battle the Warrior feels no remorse, no misgivings, no compassion—these emotions may be felt when he walks over the field of the slain, where he has laid prostrate his victims. But the form of the Warrior is nobly drawn. Every muscle is turned to inflexible iron, and his tramp like that of the war-horse, would crush what he trod on.

The countenance of Want is admirable, and recalled to my recollection the instant I gazed on it, the central figure of Michael Angelo's *Parche*. Desolation lights up the path of the Warrior with her torch—Dread presses on behind him in the steps of Famine. The group is one of the most impressive parts of the picture.

The form of Pleasure is beautiful, and a glance from it to Virtue gives the best commentary upon the success of the Artist. In the one there is nothing but what would make us better—in the other nothing that would not make us worse, and yet they are both beautiful. The incense which rises from Pleasure's vase floats over the face of Death, and obscures him partly from the sight of the victims of Seduction. I was not so well pleased with the figure of the Youth standing by the side of Pleasure. There is "a darkened group of disease and misery; the victims of Luxury and intemperate pleasures fill up the left-hand portion of the grotto:—Gout—Dropsy—Apoplexy—Hypochondria—Fever—Consumption." These figures are not drawn with sufficient distinctness—and this part of the picture is too dark—I should judge that the Artist had not touched the group since 1820—when the picture was finished. It is in every respect an inferior style of drawing, colouring and arrangement to the rest of the work. It is still in the power of the painter to add infinitely to the value of the piece by re-touching this group—particularly the figure of Consumption. This terrible disease, instead of being represented in the form of an insensible, mature, gloomy woman, who has passed the age of youth and feeling, should be personified by a youthful creature, who is fading gently and calmly away. Irving's pencil has painted the scene in his *Broken Heart*. "She is like

some tender tree, the pride and the beauty of the grove—graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf, until wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest : and as we muse o'er the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay." Such models are not wanting for the painter. In our fatal climate thousands of the brightest and most beautiful fall victims to that still but dreadful destroyer. The figure is near the mouth of the Grotto, and a beautiful light could be thrown upon it from the calm heavens beyond—a form could be drawn there that would recall to every spectator the image of some lovely and lost being who had once smiled around his fire-side altars ; and the recollection would make him weep.

But we have already said too much about this painting. These remarks are made with no unkind feeling—we have studied this noble work, and it has given us pleasure. However little our tribute of admiration may be worth, we cannot withhold it from the Court of Death. In gazing on it we felt the truth of Neal's saying about it—"It is one of the greatest and *best* pictures of our day. It is a grand poem on canvas." Those who have the agency in its exhibition in different parts of the country, are rendering to our people the highest service. Many thousands have thus afforded them an opportunity of contemplating a great work of Art, which must carry with it a benign influence.







C. F. W. C. E. Esq.

From a pencil sketch by Rochier

AS CRAWFORD.



C. F. W. F. O. R. D.

From a pencil sketch by Kochler

THOMAS CRAWFORD.



## THOMAS CRAWFORD.

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THOMAS CRAWFORD, who now stands among the first living Sculptors, was born in New-York just thirty-two years ago to-day (March 22d). We are made familiar with his early history by those who have known him from childhood, and we hazard nothing in saying that there are few men who have displayed from a very early age a more striking propensity for Art, or who have devoted themselves to it through youth and manhood with more earnestness, perseverance and enthusiasm.

Few men accomplish much in life, who do not follow up the ruling passions and impulses of boyhood. Those who have to force themselves through professions or pursuits uncongenial with their natural tastes, are always outstripped by those who follow the occupations they love. Nothing but congeniality begets earnestness, and earnestness alone can awaken the enthusiasm which ensures success.

Like all American boys, Crawford was sent early to school, and after he had gone through the ordinary routine of a common education, he took up the Greek and Latin classics, with which he at last became very familiar, and their spirit breathes from many of his works

His after-school hours were almost always employed in copying pictures in water colors, and in reading about Art and Artists. He was a frequenter of auction-rooms, where books and engravings were sold, and his supply of pocket money was always devoted to the little purchases he felt himself able to make, and every exhibition of works of art in the city he was sure to attend.

His fondness for sketching was encouraged by his father, who sent him very early to a teacher of drawing, where his rapid progress equally astonished and delighted his friends and his master. Had he known any of the Artists at this time, he would have begun the study of painting. But he was acquainted with none of them, and there seemed to be no particular prospect of his being thrown into circumstances likely to favor the development of his artistic taste.

From reading about Sculptors and Painters, sketching heads, and coloring old castles, his father now wished to direct his attention to mercantile pursuits, which in this country hold out greater prospects of gain than the liberal professions. But the boy clung to his paint-boxes and books, and his indulgent father without a struggle told him he could choose the pursuit he liked best—a wise and a sensible answer—as the experience of any father who tries to force his son to a pursuit against his fixed inclination, will finally prove!

He had often visited the work-shop of a carver in wood, then doing an extensive business in the city, and he looked with delight on the beautifully designed and executed ornaments on which the workmen were engaged. His choice was made—he would be a carver, and he entered the *atelier*.

Here he remained for a while, drawing and carving,

and at the same time pursuing the study of architecture. But he was not yet in his element—he wanted something higher and nobler for the exercise of his genius, and now commenced a new career.

He began making a collection of casts and bas-reliefs—among the latter were the friezes of the Parthenon and Thorvaldsen's Triumph of Alexander—that greatest of all modern works which was commissioned by Napoleon for the Quirinal Palace, for \$100,000, and which is now preserved in the Villa Sommariva, on the western shore of Lake Como. Like a miser who adds daily to his hoards, he was continually bringing home some addition to his treasures. At last he bought some clay and carried a portion of it to his room, and began to model. "A strange looking place was it, that same room," says a lady friend of the Artist, "covered with sketches in pencil, charcoal and red lead; the floor strewn with hands and feet—the tables covered with engravings and bas-reliefs, and the boy (for he was then about eighteen) trying to create images of beauty, such as filled his heart, from the chaotic mass around him." At this time he entered the studio of Mr. Frazee, and his friend and associate Mr. Launitz, where he remained till he sailed for Italy. He devoted himself now for some years with the greatest earnestness to Sculpture—nor tried to get rid of hard work—nor tried to get round that ugly dismal swamp, which even genius itself must *cross* before it can stand on the mountains. He attended the Drawing School in the Academy of the Arts of Design, for a considerable time, while he was in the studio of Frazee and Launitz. Those students who were drawing with him knew how well he worked.

It had long been a secretly cherished wish to gaze on

all those wonders of Art with which many descriptions, and a thousand fancy dreams had made him familiar. But this desire he hardly dared to express with soberness—for how he should accomplish his purpose, if indeed he formed one of going abroad, he could not tell. But he worked on—with the waving outlines of a thousand master-pieces of the ancient world floating before him—living on hope—with a strength of character and steadiness of purpose, that would not yield to discouragement, and yet, withal, a high and almost wild dreaming of the fame he believed he could win, could he one day, if not too distant, stand in that fair land which is the only one on earth that does not cheat the Poet's fancy, nor break the charm its name bears to the Artist struggling in a distant country.

He had never been away from his home but a few weeks at a time—how could he, of quick sensibilities and warm affections, break up the little home-circle where all that he loved was clustered, and go forth alone to study and to toil for fame in a land of strangers? It was a bold step to be taken by so young a man, but he had never been deterred by difficulties—his strength, like every genuine man's, rose as they gathered around him, until he finally conquered every obstacle.

His indulgent parents, perceiving that nothing else would satisfy the restless and eager craving of his mind, furnished him with the means of going abroad. He sailed for the South of Europe in 1834, in a vessel bound to Gibraltar and Leghorn, and after a long voyage of seventy days he entered Rome.

He had now reached the goal of all his hopes, and for some time he was like one bewildered, and could do nothing but wander amongst the treasures of Art and gaze

on the glorious skies of Italy. In his first letter from Rome, to a near relative at home, he says :

“ I cannot find terms in which to express the beauty of the skies here. There is a brilliancy about them I have never seen in America—a delicate blue, so transparent that you would suppose there was nothing between it and the seventh heaven. And the clouds—O how lovely they are, particularly after rain, or at sunset ! You ought to stand with me on the Pincian Mount, and see the sun bid good night to Rome ! ’Tis strange that I, who have a love for every thing beautiful in nature, cannot find words to express my admiration. I have stood for hours on the deck of the ship at sea and watched the moon as she calmly floated through the heavens—sunrise and sunset—the magic light that danced on the Mediterranean wave as it broke against the side of our vessel in the silent night, have each possessed a charm for me. How I have wished that you were there to share the holy feeling which came over me as I looked upon it. Nothing around as far as my sight could reach except glistening foam on the curling waves, and sometimes a solitary sail scarce visible in the distance. You may have dreamt of the stillness which reigns over such a scene—it is awful, and to me was only broken by some startling thought of home and its endearments.”

But this dreamy state of existence, (and no man of genius can pass through life without such feelings and sometimes using such language,) could not continue long. After the first bewilderment of ideas and feelings, which attends the rush of a thousand new objects upon the imagination, had passed away, he began in Rome to address himself soberly to the great business of being a Sculptor.

Launitz had given him a Letter to Thorvaldsen, who

was then on the summit of his fame. The great Dane received the young American with cordiality, and offered him the instruction of his Studio. In one of his letters, he thus speaks of the Sculptor :

“ I am at present in one of Thorvaldsen’s Studios—he has three. Thorvaldsen is one of nature’s gentlemen—there is no affectation about him. When I entered the Studio where he was, to give my letter, he was directing some of the workmen concerning a colossal equestrian statue. He insisted on my keeping on the hat which I had taken from my head, and after a few minutes conducted me through his Studios and told me that whenever I felt disposed I might commence modelling and drawing in any of them. They are filled with casts from his own works and from the best antiques. Clay and every thing for modelling is brought to my hand, and with such opportunities before me I was not backward in commencing. There is but one young man besides myself in the Studio—he is a native of Rome. Thorvaldsen visits us once a day, corrects what he sees wrong in our work, and after some words of encouragement leaves us. You know he is the first sculptor of the age, and has produced a vast number of statues and bas-reliefs of the most exquisite beauty—and he is still producing, for the fountain of his conceptions can only be exhausted by death.”

Thus began the Italian studies of Crawford, and they were prosecuted for a considerable time under his illustrious master. He enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the venerable Thorvaldsen, who honored him with his friendship, and his instruction whenever it was solicited, till he left Rome, which had so long been the field of his labors and his triumphs, to return to his native country to die.

He finally established his own studio. The death of his father left him, about the same time, wholly dependent upon his own exertions. The prices he received were not very large, but he was willing to endure those privations which seem to be the peculiar birthright of genius. He however did not lack employment. He made quite a number of busts which gained him even in Rome considerable reputation, and elicited the warmest admiration of his Danish Master. Very few of his busts have come to America, for like most of our distinguished Artists abroad, he has been supported by foreigners. Mr. Sumner in speaking of his busts says, "They are remarkable for the fidelity with which they portray the countenance, and for the classic elegance and simplicity of their composition. The bust of the late gallant Commodore Hull, made in Rome while he was in command of our Mediterranean squadron, is a beautiful production. We have also seen the bust of Mr. Kenyon, the English poet, which has great merit. That of Sir Charles Vaughan, the late most popular representative of the British court at Washington, we have not seen ; but we have heard it mentioned in terms of high praise."

In 1839 he designed his Orpheus, the model of which was no sooner completed than he was prostrated with a brain fever, the effect of over excitement and intense application. For a long time his recovery was doubtful, but his constitution naturally good triumphed at last over disease. With half restored strength he went again to the labors and excitement of his studio, and the consequence was a relapse, which threatened to prove fatal. His recovery was slow.

His first solicitude after these dreadful illnesses was the execution of his Orpheus in marble, which had been

ordered by the Boston Athenæum. We quote a portion of an able description of this classic work from an article in the Democratic Review, understood to be from the elegant pen of Charles Sumner, Esq., of Boston.

“Of all the stories of antiquity, not one is more beautiful or touching than that of Orpheus. Strange that his earnest love, and the unwonted errand on which it led him, after charming successive centuries, and becoming the theme of poets, should be first recorded in marble by a youthful artist whose sight opened in a land far away from the country of the hero—beyond *Ultima Thule*—beyond the Hesperian Gardens and the Islands of the Blest—and beyond that Ocean which, poured round the ancient world, seemed more impassable even than the sullen waters that guarded Eurydice !”

“The tale is simple, and in the memory of all. Young men and maidens for ages have listened to it, and old men in the chimney corner have mused over it. To Orpheus Apollo gave a lyre. Such a gift from such a god was not in vain ; and the youth charmed by his music as music never charmed before. The rapid rivers ceased to flow, the mountains moved, and the rage of the tigers was restrained, to listen to his songs. The fairest nymphs were his companions ! but he heeded only Eurydice. To her he was united in marriage. But the faithless Aristæus saw her and loved her. She fled from his approaches, and as she pressed the grass, in her rapid flight, a serpent stung her foot, and she died. The nymphs of the woods awakened the echoes of the mountains with their sorrows ; and the rocks of Rhodope, the lofty Pangæus, the Hebrus, and the sternest parts of Thrace wept. The lover was desolate :

"Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,  
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

He resolved to regain his lost bride. With his lyre in his hand, he enters the inexorable gates of the regions below. The guardian dog Cerberus is lulled asleep by the unaccustomed strains :

——— '*tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora.*'

The gentle shades of the dead, wives and husbands, magnanimous heroes, boys and unmarried girls, came forward and wept. The grim ruler was startled. The rock of Sisyphus stood still; the wheel of Ixion ceased its eternal motion; the refreshing water once again bathed the lips of Tantalus: the daughters of Danaus suspended their never ending task; the Furies, with their necks clothed with snakes, ceased to rage. All listened rapt to the music, and forgot their pains in sympathy with the bereaved charmer. And now success has crowned his efforts. The woman's heart of Proserpine is touched, and Pluto yields to her intercession. Eurydice is restored, but with one condition. The lover shall not turn to look upon her face until they are both again in the upper air. Joyful he leaves behind the abode of Death, and Eurydice follows unseen by him—yet still she follows. But who shall impose restraints upon the longings of love? Forgetful of the stern condition, thinking only of her, he casts one look behind. He saw his Eurydice; but with that vision she disappeared for ever, as a wreath of smoke fades into the air. He stretched forth his arms to embrace her, but she was not there. He raised his voice to speak to her, but she heard him not. He endeavored to retrace his steps, but the gates of Acheron closed harshly against him. What shall he do? With

what words shall he seek to bend the will of the Gods? How shall he assuage his own grief? All is vain; and he soon meets with a violent death, at the hands of the Thracian women, enraged at his continued fidelity to the memory of his lost wife, and indifference to their living charms. His head is thrown into the Hebrus, and as it floats down to the sea, the cold tongue lisps the name of Eurydice, and the river's banks send back the sound,—

——“Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,  
Ah, miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat  
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.”

From the sweetest poet of antiquity we draw the story. Another poet of modern times, whose great fame in his own age has subsided since like a flood, made it the subject of a drama, which has been called the earliest of the better sort of dramatic writings of which Italy can boast. The drama is entitled *Orfeo Tragedia*; and the author is *Angelo Poliziano*. It was written in 1472, in the space of two days, at the instance of the Cardinal-Francesco Gonzaga, and, as it was first acted, Orpheus was made to sing an ode in Latin Sapphics in honor of the Cardinal. This, however, now gives place to a beautiful chorus, in imitation of the Greeks, where the Dryads lament the death of Eurydice. The history of Orpheus is pictured by Poliziano with a felicity from which Virgil might have mended even his exquisite verses. This is his first lament as he appears at the entrance to the Infernal Shades:

#### ORFEO.

Pieta, pieta; del misero amatore  
Pieta vi prenda, o Spiriti Infernali:  
Quaggiu m' ha scorto solamente amore;  
Volato son quaggiu con le sue ali.

*Deh posa, Cerber, posa il tuo furore ;  
 Che quando intenderai tutti i miei mali,  
 Non solamente tu piangerai meco,  
 Ma qualunque altro e qua nel mondo cieco.  
 Non bisogna per me, Furie, muggiare,  
 Non bisogna arricciar tanti serpenti :  
 Che se sapeste le mie pene amare,  
 Compagne mi sareste ai miei lamenti,  
 Lasciate questo miserel passare,  
 Ch' ha il ciel nemico, e tutti gli elementi ;  
 E vien per impetrar mercede o morte.  
 Dunque mi aprite le ferrate porte.*

It will be observed that both Virgil and Poliziano indicate in a few words the scene to which Crawford has given a new immortality by his marblé. Virgil says :

“ —tenuitque inhians tria Corberus ora.”

And in the verse of Poliziano we have the address to Cerberus :

“ Deh posa, Cerber, posa il tuo furore.”

It is the moment when Cerberus has yielded to the music, and closed the eyes of his three heads in sleep, that the artist has selected for his chisel. The dog lies on the ground, no longer offering any impediment to the passage. Orpheus steps forward with earnest action—reaching with his body, as it were, into the shades impenetrable to mortals. In one hand he holds the lyre, which has done its first work of conquest ; and with the other he shades his eyes, that he may better collect the light to guide his adventurous progress. The expression of the body and of the countenance are in harmony, and they denote the strong resolve which inspires the heart of the lover to seek his lost companion. Nothing shall make him hesitate. He sees already her image—he catches the sound of her voice. He has left the light of

day behind him, and he knows not fear. Move on, then, eager soul ; such devotion shall not be without its reward. The torments of hell shall cease at your approach ; the company of the damned shall bless your coming ; and at least one fleeting vision of her whom you have loved so well shall be yours !

“ Too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the artist has arranged his little group. The attitude of the principal figure, the position of the arms, and the apt employment of drapery, strike the most careless eye. But it is in the selection of the scene, and the poetical conception of it, that Crawford challenges our warmest admiration. It is not known that any other sculptor—we believe no other artist of any kind—has illustrated this scene. From the pictured urn of the past our young countryman first drew it forth and invested it with the light of his genius.

“ It was the writer’s good fortune, in the summer of 1839, to see this work, while under the artist’s hands, in his small studio in Rome. He was still engaged on the plastic clay, devoting to it the daily labor of his hands, and, it may be said, the daily and nightly thoughts of his mind ; for his soul was absorbed by it, as by a poem. The model, when completed, excited the most gratifying commendation from the highest quarters. An English gentleman, familiar with the works of art in all the capitals of Europe, wrote of it in language which no American could employ without exposing himself to the suggestion of an undue partiality to a fellow-countryman warping his better judgment. The Englishman shall speak for himself : ‘ If Crawford is sustained in his art,’ he says, ‘ and keeps his health, he will be the first of *modern* sculptors ; nay, an American may rival Phidias. He has

completed the mould of his Orpheus, which some of the best judges even in the mould compare to the Apollo. Gibson, chary and cold in praise, spoke of it to me as a most extraordinary promise of eminence in the art. I knew that Thorvaldsen (himself the greatest of modern names, not even excepting Canova) has expressed the same opinion, and esteems Crawford as his successor in the severe classic style of sculpture. I send you some lithograph engravings, privately struck off, of the Orpheus, which I brought from Rome. Here in London, at Mr. Rogers', and elsewhere, I have shown the print, to the great admiration of all who saw it. But Crawford is still struggling. The moneyed Americans who visit Rome follow names, and as yet know not the rising merit of their countryman. He has bespoken the marble for the statue. He has no order for the work! New-York will disgrace itself if fifty gentlemen do not club £10 each together, and send it to your Consul at Rome to contract for such an exquisite work, that his native city may have such a *first* work, and *first* encourage such a self-taught man of genius. I shall next week put a paragraph in our papers calling attention to the model. But the print speaks for itself. Further, Crawford has the merit of virtuous habits, and an honest independent spirit. I found him just recovered from a nervous brain fever. It is hard work to go up hill; but he is up at his work now. Waiting for the Carrara marble for Orpheus, he is moulding an inimitable model of Washington on a charger—a most grand and simple design. Indeed, he has formed his own style, and highly classically stored a mind of great genius. We shall live to see him the most eminent artist of our times. *I only wish he were an Englishman.* How such a man can emerge from your

backwoods into the eternal city I cannot imagine. But it will reflect eternal disgrace on New-York, if, with its opulence, he is not sustained in early life. The most delightful part of his mind is the utter absence of conceit—the independent but mature formation of his views of art—his just, without idol estimate of Michael Angelo—his boldness of opinion, and withal his real diffidence and desire still farther to advance his intellect and powers. He is the artist who and whose works most struck me in all our journeys on the Continent; and I write the above as you well know, who know me, from admiration of a struggling man of merit.'

"But the statue of Orpheus is not the only work by which Crawford has entitled himself to the regard of the friends of Art. He has produced several *bas-reliefs* of very great merit. Among these, some from Anacreon are destined to the Boston Athenæum. He has also been engaged on a large *bas-relief* for Mr. Tiffany, of Baltimore, in illustration of the words, 'Lead us into life everlasting.' It is understood that this is intended for a monument. Another work by him is a small figure, the Genius of Autumn, made for Mr. Paine of New-York; also, a small statue for Mr. Jonathan Phillips, of Boston, a repetition of which has been ordered by Mr. Tiffany of Baltimore.

"The following sentences from a letter written by Crawford during the last year, will show his more recent occupations, and the ardor of his soul in the pursuit of excellence in his Art:—'I have commenced a small statue of Youth, for Mr. Hicks, of New-York: The model will be completed in about a month. It is a boy of seven or eight years, dancing in great glee, and tinkling a pair of cymbals, the music of which seems to amuse him

exceedingly. The sentiment is joyousness throughout. It is evident no thought of the future troubles his young mind: and he may consider himself very fortunate in being made of marble; for thus his youth remains without change. . . . I intend commencing seven *bas-reliefs*, which will contain compositions representing the great poets of ancient and modern times. I have Homer, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Milton, and an ideal arrangement of Apollo with the horse Pegasus. I may possibly add Shakspeare, but I think of reserving him to place in another series intended for the Tragic Poets. Soon as I have completed these, you shall have outline engravings of them. I have composed many other things, and I regret that I have not a hundred hands to keep pace with the workings of the mind. The most important of these will be, perhaps, illustrations of the whole of Ovid. I intend engraving these; for to model them would require too much time, unless they were ordered. They will be simple drawings in outline, composed with a sculptural feeling in such a way that they might be modelled in *bas-relief*, and still preserve the harmony of composition so necessary in Art. I have often thought that works such as these might be ordered in *plaster*, if not in *marble*. The expense would be but one-half, probably, and they would answer every purpose connected with the ornament of our literary institutions. Many persons think it is absolutely necessary that all works of sculpture should be in marble. If it is possible, so much the better, but after all, casts give to the instructed mind quite as much pleasure; and the reputation of the Artist may be placed as well upon fine impressions of his works in *gesso*, as though they were executed in a more durable

material. Witness the 'Triumph of Alexander,' the great work of modern times. It was ordered to be made in plaster of Paris originally. Besides, we have the immortal casts of the antique throughout the world. I do not mean to say that I should desire an order for a statue in plaster, nor for a single *bas-relief*; but an order for a *series* of compositions I should consider a most fortunate consummation, and devoutly to be wished.' In another part of his letter Crawford says: 'I look to the foundation of a pure School of Art in our glorious country. We have surpassed already the republics of Greece in our political institutions, and I see no reason why we should not attempt to approach their excellence in the Fine Arts, which, as much as any thing else, has secured undying fame to Grecian genius.'

"Such a spirit is worthy of our country. New-York—nay, America—should be proud of THOMAS CRAWFORD, for he was born in that city. It is now as many as six years that he has been pursuing sculpture with an earnest attention, rising almost to rapture, amidst the remains of ancient Rome, in the long galleries of the Vatican, and that modern continuation of the Vatican, as it may be called, the studio of Thorvaldsen. Here he has formed that correct and classical taste, with the freedom of Canova, but without his meretricious style, which manifests itself so exquisitely in all his productions. 'He left his home in New-York,' says one who saw him much, 'a very young man; and few knew the immortal aspirings of the enthusiast, save the one to whom he came with every new model, and by whose side he sat night after night, reading, drawing, poring over the *Musée des Antiques*, and other works of Art, laughing at the eccentricities of Benvenuto Cellini, forming tab-

leaux in which Homer and his heroes, Phidias and Michael Angelo, Guido and Raphael, Salvator Rosa and Leonardo da Vinci, Flaxman and Thorvaldsen, were strangely mingled with Nymphs and Baccanti, winged seraphs and apostles.' A youth like this was the natural prelude to a noble manhood."

An interesting correspondent of the Evening Post thus speaks of Crawford in a letter from Rome, dated the 15th Oct. 1843:—

"Here, in Rome, I have frequently seen Crawford, a native of New-York; after struggling against many difficulties he has now won a proud reputation. He is a student, a close and diligent student, and his chisel gives promise of future excellence. Several of his works are already in the United States, and his name is familiar among those who take an interest in the Fine Arts. The venerable Thorvaldsen occasionally visits his studio, and I have heard, speaks in very kind terms of our young countryman's works. Crawford's rising fame has lately brought him several orders, and he is now in a fair way of overcoming all the obstacles that impeded him in his earliest career. He has just completed a very fine figure, which he calls the Genius of Mirth. Henry W. Hicks, Esq., of New-York, who was here some time ago, pleased with Crawford's genius, and desirous of encouraging him, gave him an unconditional order, at a liberal price, for a piece of sculpture, and the Artist has exhibited much taste in the selection of the subject. The Genius of Mirth, is truly a clever work—it is finished, and has been sent to Leghorn for shipment.

"It is unnecessary to describe this figure—you will doubtless see it soon, then, judge yourself, if my estimate of Crawford's merit is too high.

"By the way, as you know Mr. Hicks, I wish you would whisper in his ear, to send the Genius of Mirth to the first exhibition of the Academy—justice to the sculptor, not less than the gratification of his numerous friends, should persuade him to do so. There is also, in this young artist's studio, a beautiful model—'The Shepherdess'—which he is transferring to marble for Mr. Collis, formerly of New Orleans: he is at present engaged in making a copy of a Cupid for a gentleman of Baltimore, whose name I forget, the original of which he designed, and made for Mr. Phillips of Boston. He has also just finished a bust of Sappho; an ideal one—and a beautifully poetic one it is—for Charles Parker, Esq., of Boston. It is not necessary that I should enter into a critical examination of these various works. They will all be in the United States by and by, when you may, most likely, have an opportunity of seeing some of them.

"Crawford is very industrious, and young though he be, has already produced many excellent things. He is now publishing an illustration of his works; the first number lately appeared, the frontispiece to which is a bas-relievo, lately furnished for Dr. Van Rensselaer of your city."

A writer of taste in a Boston journal, 11th May, 1844, who seems perfectly to understand his subject, says that Thorvaldsen said, "The Orpheus is the most classic statue in the studios of Rome." The writer thus continues—"Boston is fortunate to possess so noble a specimen of the highest classical school. Crawford is no copyist; and they who have seen the story of Orpheus in marble at Versailles, can testify how completely an artist may fail; as they, who study the same story at the Athenæum, may see how perfectly our countryman has

succeeded. At the exhibition there are other works worthy of particular notice ; but, I would, in closing these hasty descriptions, invite the true patrons of genius and moral worth to send their words of encouragement to one of the first artists of the age, and to a young man, who for eight years has been struggling with poverty. With a self-devotion and courage which strike dead every opposing circumstance, Crawford has gone on improving his head, heart and hand, until he ranks in Rome second only to his great teacher Thorvaldsen. He has filled his *studio* with models from his inventive brain ; and they who want chaste and beautiful ornaments for their parlors, have only to send him an order, with a description of the space to be occupied and the price to be paid. I have not the slightest personal interest to serve in recommending Crawford ; but, as I have sat hour after hour to see him shape the clay to the type that was resting in his mind, I feel a strong desire that such extraordinary genius and excellence of character should find their reward.

“I proposed to him to give me a statue of Dr. Channing. The next morning he presented me an impressive figure representing the preacher in his robes, the left hand pointing to a text in an open Bible, while the right was raised to enforce the exposition of a truth. The action and movement of the statue were in perfect accordance with Dr. Channing’s peculiar manner, and I deeply regret that this statue has not been ordered. The warrior, who has given all his time and mind to destroy mankind, lives for ever in marble, while the profound Christian sage, who spake as one having authority in the realms of thought, and who spent his days and nights in the service of truth and philanthropy, is allowed to go to his grave without any proper notice of his greatness

Besides the works of Crawford already mentioned in the public prints, he has moulded half-sized figures of most of our patriot fathers, and illustrations of our national history. He has in clay a most exquisite little group representing an angel teaching two children to pray. His busts of 'Sappho,' 'Tragedy,' and a 'Vestal,' are of remarkable beauty. His 'Shepherdess' represents a girl of seventeen carrying home on her shoulders a little lamb, while by her right hand she is dragging along a wolf which has her arrow through his heart. The innocence of the lamb, and the triumphant joy of the Shepherdess at her rescue of the flock, are beautifully contrasted with the ferocity of the wild beast. Crawford is now busied on his 'Adam and Eve,' a group in heroic size representing the bitter agony of our first parents at the moment the gates of paradise have been closed on them forever. The genius of the artist has risen to the terrible sublimity of his subject, and I shall wait with impatience for a sight of this great work. I hope the time is not far distant when an effort will be made for an *American School of Art*—and who can doubt of its success when we have produced such painters as Copely, Allston and Stuart—and such sculptors as Crawford, Powers and Greenough? C. B."

The following description of Crawford's Vesta appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser and Patriot, over the signature of F. L. :—

"At No. 20 Long Wharf, up stairs, winding the way between cotton bales and other goods, through a door with dingy, thickly-dusty panes, in an unused, unswept and cobwebbed counting-house—there stands, in the corner, a Bust covered with a heavy brown cloth. The cloth was removed, and before us stood one of the purest

and chastest, yet most original works of modern Art—the Vesta of Crawford—a work full of repose, complete in itself, and of noble thought and conception. Like Thorvaldsen's Night, it reminds us of a brief poem full of the deepest feeling, in unpretending language, and thoroughly finished within itself. I have but lately returned from a trip through Europe, and all the master-works, ancient and modern, are vivid in my memory, yet the image of this bust falls with freshness and delight upon my mind, which I know to be, in this case, wholly impartial. It seems to me, that the mantle of the great Thorvaldsen has fallen upon Crawford. I do not know a single work of the latter which is not like the Shepherd Boy of the former, or all he gave us from his abundant genius; distinguished by originality, as well as an entire absence of extravagance or coquetry, which mars the effect of many works of Canova's chisel.

“In this bust of a Vesta, it appeared to me that the whole lower part of the face was truly original—without any reminiscence. I remember nothing of the kind in antiquity. How unlike any thing in antiquity; ‘yet how antique!’ The head is that of a girl of fifteen, yet in advance of her age, as Raphael's babes are babes indeed, but far beyond mere infancy. The Vesta of Crawford has the last remains of that fulness of cheek nearest the mouth, which we find in the highest degree in handsome infants, while her mouth is of the greatest sweetness, and of that peculiar expression which the mouths of young persons assume when they are in earnest meditation. The mouth, on the point of being opened, looks as if the ready word played already on the lips. Her down-bent eyes, her slightly inclined and exquisitely formed head—all, all is beautiful, and makes us

wish all possible blessing upon him who conceived Orpheus and this Vesta, and has executed them with delicacy, chaste self-control, genius and refinement. America ought to be proud of her Crawford."

The following list of those works of Crawford, taken from sculpture and modern subjects, has been furnished me by a friend:—

*Adam and Eve.* A group illustrative of their expulsion from the garden of Eden. In this work the object of the artist has been to give the noblest expression of grief; Eve, overcome by shame and sorrow, clings for support to the form of Adam, whose arms are thrown upwards in the act of supplication, while his clasped hands are indicative of the mental suffering that almost overpowers his nature. His face is raised upwards, and shows a combined expression of grief and entreaty, as if the severity of the sentence against his disobedience is insupportable. All is pervaded by the solemnity that gives to grief its most touching form. The size is what is called the *Hevie*; in other words, about nine and a half feet for the stature of Adam. Eve is, of course, in this proportion. Of this groupe a gentleman, who saw it in Rome in the winter of 1844, wrote—"It is really conceived of Poetry and born of Sculpture, and shows the imagination of the one and the power of the other more than the Orpheus, or any other of his works."

*A Family*, suffering under the reign of fiery serpents; there are five figures in this work.

*A Mother*, attempting to save herself and child from the universal deluge; a group.

*David*, as the conqueror of Goliath; a statue.

*David* before Saul; a bas relief.

*The Shepherds and Wise Men*, presenting their offerings to the infant Jesus; a bas relief, containing twenty-four figures. An etching of this has been made.

*Christ*, disputing with the Doctors; a bas relief, containing twelve figures.

*Christ*, restoring sight to the blind; a bas relief.

*Christ*, discoursing with the woman of Samaria at the well; a bas relief.

*Christ*, restoring life to the daughter of Jairus ; a group of four figures.

*Christ*, blessing little children ; a bas relief, containing fourteen figures.

*Christ*, ascending from the tomb ; a bas relief of five figures.

*Prayer* ; a statue.

*An Angel*, teaching infancy to pray ; a group of three figures.

*"Lead us into Life Everlasting ;"* a bas relief of seven figures.

*The Landing of Columbus* ; a group of five figures.

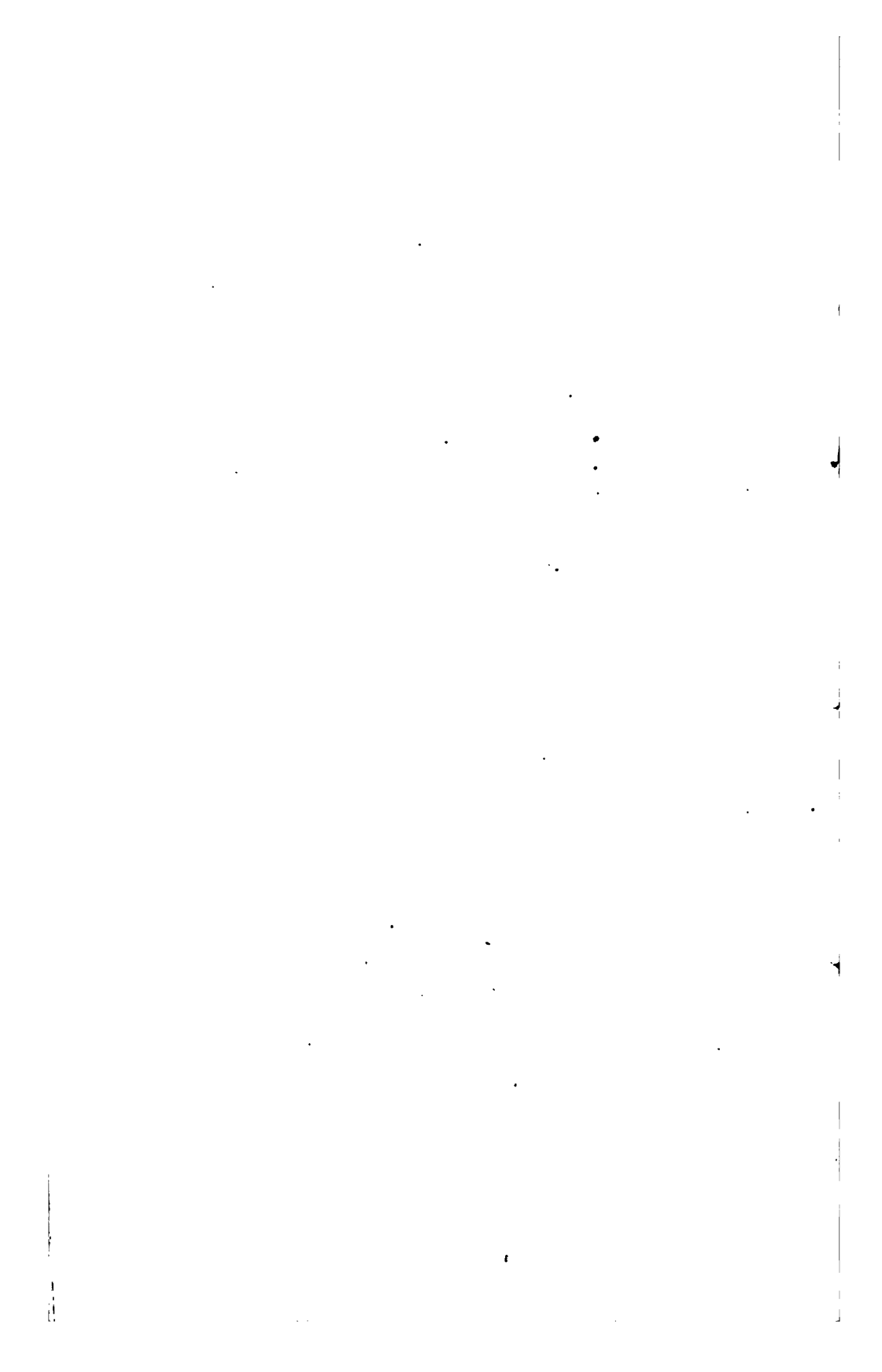
*Three Statues of Washington*, differing from each other in sentiment and costume ; one of them being a representation of Washington in the costume he wore. Of one of these there is a beautiful engraving.

*Two designs for Washington Monuments*, each surmounted by equestrian statues. One of these designs has four bas reliefs. The subjects are, Washington receiving his commission ; the surrender of Lord Cornwallis ; Washington writing his Farewell Address ; Washington again upon his farm at Mount Vernon. Accompanying this design are statues of History, Peace, Heroic Poetry, Victory, Abundance, and Navigation.

*A design for an Equestrian Statue of Washington*, modelled in Boston during the past winter. These three equestrian designs differ from each other.

Besides these, Mr. Crawford has made sketches for statues of *Franklin, Jefferson, Channing, Washington Allston* and *Henry Clay*.

Since 1844 Crawford has designed some noble works which are not embraced in this enumeration. His fame has long been established, and I have heard some experienced connoisseurs remark they thought nothing was hazarded in saying that Crawford had in his *Orpheus*, and his *"Shepherds and the Wise Men,"* surpassed nearly all the Sculptors of modern times. The etching of the *Shepherds* seemed to me to be equal to almost any similar bas relief of Thorvaldsen.







# The Puritans and their Principles.

BY REV. EDWIN HALL.

PUBLISHED BY BAKER & SCRIBNER, 145 NASSAU STREET.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

*From the New York Observer.*

THE PURITANS AND THEIR PRINCIPLES. By Edwin Hall. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1846.

Mr. Hall is the able pastor of the Congregational Church, in Norwalk, Ct. He writes with vigor, and in the midst of all his disquisitions, does not fail to sustain the interest of the reader. The work before us is the fruit of much research and thought, and will stand, in our opinion, as a noble defence of the character and principles of men whose monument is civil and religious liberty in the earth.

This volume is richly worthy of a place in the library of every college, and of every man who wishes to understand the true greatness of the Puritans. We presume that it will be very generally sought after and extensively read.

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*From the N. Y. Evening Express.*

They set forth the causes which brought the Pilgrims to these shores, their principles, and vindicate them from the aspersions which have been cast upon them. The subject is one of the greatest interest to any person who has any desire to know the history of his own country, and to be acquainted with the principles and sufferings of the most remarkable men that ever reached this continent.

## From the Morning News.

WORKS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.—Mrs. Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna is one of the most gifted, popular, and truly instructive writers of the present day. In clearness of thought, variety of topics, richness of imagery, and elegance of expression, it is scarcely too much to say, that she is the rival of Hannah More, or to predict that her works will be as extensively and profitably read, as those of the most delightful female writers of the last generation. All her writings are pervaded by justice and purity of sentiment, and the highest reverence for morality and religion; and may safely be commended as of the highest interest and value to every family in the land.

## From the Religious Spectator

If Charlotte Elizabeth were not one of the most attractive and useful writers of the age, we might perhaps be ready to say that she was in danger of surfeiting the public appetite, by her numerous productions; but as it is, we are constrained to say the oftener she shows herself as an author the better. Her works never tire; and we are never even in doubt in respect to their useful tendency.

## From the Albany Argus.

Charlotte Elizabeth's works have become so universally known, and are so highly and deservedly appreciated in this country, that it has become almost superfluous to mention them. We doubt exceedingly whether there has been any female writer since Mrs. Hannah More, whose works are likely to be so extensively and so profitably read as hers. She thinks deeply and accurately, is a great analyst of the human heart, and withal clothes her thoughts in most appropriate and eloquent language.

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The Abridgment retains most of the attractions of the larger work, and brings it within the means, as to time and expense, of a still larger body of readers. Of the faithfulness with which this abridgment has been made, the following testimonials from the *New York Observer* of Oct. 21, is abundant and satisfactory evidence. It is from the pen of a distinguished clergyman of New York, whose opinions on such subjects are entitled to universal confidence.

"I have read the Rev. Mr. Dalton's Abridgment of D'Aubigné's *History*, as reprinted by Baker & Scribner, and have fully compared it with Mr. Carter's edition of the original work. I am free to say that I think the abridgment is made with great fidelity and sound judgment. It consists almost wholly of the author's own words, and embraces those parts which are of the most prominent interest. Doubtless those who can command the time will prefer to read the original work; but those who

to have the substance of the work in less compass, will here find it faithfully condensed by one who entered into the true spirit of D'Aubigné. Both editions, I believe calculated to be eminently useful, and I wish to both the widest circulation.

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This edition of D'Aubigné, abridged by a skilful hand, has received the commendations of the press, and of men of talent, for the rare merit it presents in the present form. It is admirably adapted for Sunday School and Common School Libraries, and for the family. None of the important facts of the original history are omitted, or even mutilated; while all that is extraneous and common-place, has been dropped. It is useless to talk about the advantage a child will reap from the reading of the full edition; the same argument should hold good for all purposes, and we would have to banish books wholly from our School Libraries—for, of the historical portion of those Libraries, hardly a single volume can be found, that is not an abridgment of a more voluminous work. Children *must* have the facts, and the stirring interest of unbroken narrative; their age, and their unripe minds, imperatively demand them, and we might as well forbid them to study Astronomy except through the barren formulas of La Place, as to forbid them to read history except in the philosophic voluminousness of original productions.

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**THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS, and other**

Fragments from the study of a Pastor, by Gardiner Spring,

D.D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, in the city of New York.

The following notice of Spring's *Fragments* is extracted from the New York Commercial Advertiser.

The first piece entitled the "Church in the Wilderness," is one of the most beautiful sketches in our language. It is in every respect a finished production—a picture complete in all its parts, that for a time captivates the affections, enchains the powers of the mind, and fills the soul with the most exalted conceptions. The Church is represented, under the various circumstances of her earthly allotment, leaning on the arm of her Beloved, and deriving all her strength from this unfailing source. The chastened but glowing fancy, elegance of diction, and purity of thought, conspire to give beauty to the image, and make us dwell upon it with delight.

The other pieces in the collection are scarcely of inferior merit. "The Inquiring Meeting" portrays with great vividness some of the phases which the human heart exhibits, when under the influence of religious excitement. The "Letter to a Young Clergyman" abounds in instructions of inestimable value. It may perhaps be doubted whether the author attaches sufficient importance to pastoral visitation. "The Panorama" is an affecting delineation of the employment of men as they usually appear on the stage of active life. "The Useful Christian" contains sound practical suggestions for informing the mind, regulating the heart, and inspiring energy of action.

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MEMOIRS OF MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR,

by REV. LOT JONES, A.M. Fifth edition, 18mo., \$0 50

From the Christian Mirror.

MEMOIR OF MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR: or an

Illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit, in awaken-

ing, renewing, and sanctifying the heart. By LOR JONES, A.M.

Memoirs of individuals have become so common, that not a few may be ready to ask, Why publish another? We have no fears that the above question will be asked by any one *after* reading this volume. If he does not feel "reproved, corrected, or instructed in righteousness," it will be because he has made pre-eminent attainments in scriptural knowledge, and holy, useful living; or else because his conscience has lost its susceptibility. In Mrs. Taylor religion appears with dignity as well as grace, in power as well as beauty. Hers was the faith which "works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world." Its fruits were choice and abundant. Nor were her virtues cancelled, or their influence more than destroyed by gross defects and blemishes. She had uncommon symmetry and harmony of character. With a uniform and controlling desire to do good, she never lacked the means and opportunity; and did much, in the best and highest sense of the expression. She won not a few to righteousness. Her religion was a religion of diligence and energy, rendering her "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and her labor was "not in vain."

We see in Mrs. Taylor the same religion, in its essential elements, and in its more important developments, which glowed in and beamed forth from the "great cloud of witnesses;"—the same faith, the same humility, the same dependence on atoning blood, the same susceptibility to the constraining influence of Christ's love: "We thus judge, that if Christ died for all, then all were dead; and that he died for all that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them." We see deep religious experience, but no extravagance—strong feelings, but no fanaticism—absorbing devotion, but no cant—firmness of principle, but no party bigotry. We have here, not only holiness in its principle, but the *beauty* of holiness adorning and perfecting the character.

Mr. Jones was greatly favored in the subject of his narrative; and he has wrought up his materials with great skill and judgment. Nothing has been inserted, which would have been better omitted; and nothing appears to be wanting, which was necessary to a just appreciation of her character.

We unhesitatingly commend this Memoir to all females, in all ranks of society. The most refined and best educated will rise from its perusal, improved in literary taste, intellectual expansion, and correct thinking; and the less favored will learn from it what it is in their power to become by diligence, by prayer, by studying the Scriptures, by a whole-hearted devotedness to the duties which they owe to God and their fellow-men.

From the Boston Recorder.

**MEMOIR OF MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR:** or an  
Illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit, in awakening,  
renewing, and sanctifying the heart. By LOT JONES, A.M.

It is not possible to do justice to this captivating and instructive volume within the compass of the few lines to which our notice must be confined. And perhaps it is best to desist altogether from an attempt to convey a correct impression of it to our readers; for it must be confessed that our own emotions on the perusal of it are too strong to permit the exercise of the most cool and deliberate judgment as to its intrinsic merits. To follow a lovely youth through the scenes of childhood and ripening years; to mark the various traits of intellectual and moral character, as they are developed in the relations of the child, the sister, the friend, the wife, the mother, the teacher and the disciple of Jesus: and then to group the whole, and contemplate the triumphs of faith over natural affection, and the heart's corruptions, and the power of death itself; cannot fail to excite very strong emotion in any bosom not petrified, even though the execution of the work were marked with

many imperfections. But Mr. Jones has not failed in the fulfilment of the task he has assumed. The simplicity and clearness of his delineations; the richness and fulness of evangelical sentiment diffused through the whole, and arising naturally from his subject, the dignified tenderness of style, and the accurate discrimination made between spurious and genuine religion in his incidental remarks, show him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, and leave an impress on the volume that will render it very precious to every evangelical reader. Any Christian who desires above all things to grow in grace, to learn the nature of the Christian conflict, and to use successfully the weapons that shall give him the victory over his spiritual enemies; or, in one word, to learn "the mind of the Spirit" on these points, will do well to study this volume.

From the Episcopal Sunday School Visitor.

Sometimes the usefulness of religious biography is lessened by a redundancy of ornament in the style, by too many digressions, which are continually breaking into the interest which the reader feels in the narrative, and driving away the profitable reflections which it suggests to the mind.

It is very seldom that we meet with a book so entirely free from blemishes of this kind, as the one before us. It is the simple portrait of an amiable, enlightened, and devotedly pious Christian, drawn by a most judicious and faithful hand.

The young Christian who is just commencing his course, and whose temptations and trials are sometimes leading him to despondency, will read this book with thankfulness; and those who are yet strangers to vital religion may be induced, from this lovely instance of its powerful effects in sustaining the soul, under the heaviest afflictions of life, and in the hour of sickness and death, to seek for themselves an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Taylor evidently possessed a fine and cultivated mind. Of this the beautiful fragments of poetry which are given in

the course of the book, and the extracts from her correspondence, are evidence. Had those talents been cultivated for the world and its approbation, she might, perhaps, have attained *all* that this world can give—fame—applause—and celebrity. But what would they avail her now? She has chosen the *better* part, which cannot be taken from her.

It would be injustice to the publishers not to notice the beautiful manner in which the work has been executed. The paper and type are excellent, and the engravings good: but still the matter of the book is its main recommendation.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

This is a new work just issued from the press, and well worthy the attention of Christians. It describes, mainly from her own writings, the character of a Christian, whose experience of the power of sin and of the power of grace, was deeper than is usual, and whose example of usefulness to others gives beautiful evidence of the reality of her own principles of character. We have been much interested in looking over this volume, and rejoice in recommending it to our readers. They will find it an uncommonly interesting and instructive biography, worthy of its excellent author, and adapted to be eminently useful to themselves.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

This is a well-written biography of an amiable and devoted Christian, who pleasantly and beautifully exhibited the Christian character in the different relations of life and in her early death. The reader will be pleased with the spirit and sentiments of her early correspondence introduced and scattered throughout the volume. It is calculated to be useful and edifying, and we freely recommend it to our readers. It is published in a beautiful style.

From the Christian Watchman.

The interesting subject of this memoir was born at East Haddam, Conn., January 18, 1809, and died August 2, 1836. Books of this description are sure to obtain readers, and therefore we sincerely wish they always combined as much solid instruction with affecting and interesting narrative, as we find in this volume. "He that winneth souls is wise." Every endeavor, therefore, to secure so important an object, which is not at variance with the principles and the spirit of revelation, is wise also. As the author fervently prays, so we sincerely hope this work "may subserve the interests of our holy religion, and be the means of leading many to the fountain of eternal life."

It is a lamentable fact, but one we suppose no one will venture to deny, that there are persons who, though they cannot be prevailed upon to read a few pages of a book of this kind, would need no persuasion to sit down and peruse any of Bulwer's novels, from the preface to the finis, without suffering their attention to be interrupted. A person can hardly read this volume without feeling that, for the time at least, he is a wiser and a better man. The author has produced a book alike creditable to the powers of his mind and to the devotional feelings of his heart; and which, in our opinion, justly entitles him to the thanks of the religious public, among whom we sincerely hope it will obtain an extensive circulation and an attentive perusal.

From the New York Evangelist.

In the memoir of Mrs. Taylor, the reader will see chiefly "an illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the heart." He will see an humble female, born in Connecticut, and reared under the genial influence of that blessed atmosphere so prevalent in the land of the Pilgrims, becoming first a teacher of youth in her native state, then in New York city. With a mind well cultivated

and of a respectable order of talent, with a heart formed for friendship, and keenly alive to the purest and tenderest sensibilities; she was such a one as almost any one would wish their daughters to be. Her piety was of a high order even from the first, and no wonder; she had been an object of the prayers and exhortations of *Harlan Page*. The closing scenes exhibit, in no small degree, the triumphs of Christian faith. The biographer has done his work well, interweaving, page by page, in an easy, natural manner, delightful lessons from real life.

The book is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art, and shows also, in the portrait prefixed and the vignette title-page, the engraver's skill. The book *will* be read, and seldom, we hope, without profit.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

This memoir is an illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit, in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the heart. Mrs. Taylor was in many respects an extraordinary woman; and her biographer has performed his task in a style of great excellence. The narrative of her conviction and contrition, which is here given, is deeply affecting and instructive, by reason of its protracted character, as well as the circumstances which kept her so long without the "joy in believing," which she afterwards found to have been her privilege. That her's was the true "godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation," no one can doubt; and yet she was for many years the subject of its anguish and mental agony, before she received the "spirit of adoption," or had the "witnesses in herself" of which the apostle speaks. Subsequently, her enlightened piety, her growth in grace, and her experience of the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, made her a "burning and a shining light." In these days of degeneracy, her memoir is a most timely publication, showing, as it does, an eminent example of Christian experience and practice, unsophisticated by any of the dogmas of scholastic divinity.

Mrs. Taylor was an humble, sincere, fervent, and consistent Christian, in sickness and in health, living and dying, exemplifying the truth, power, and preciousness of our holy religion. Intellectually, she was a woman of high order; and her early and devoted piety, her patience and resignation in affliction, her victory over death, all demonstrate that she was a witness of the washing and regeneration, and the renewal of the Holy Ghost.

Would that our young ladies would read her memoir, imbibe her spirit, share her enjoyments, and participate in her blessedness here and hereafter.

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## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We have received numerous commendatory notices of our edition of Charlotte Elizabeth's Works, from the religious papers of all denominations of Christians in this country, and for the benefit of those who have not supplied themselves with her books, we insert here a few which are believed to be a fair specimen of the opinions of the press.

*From the N. Y. Tribune.*

This is an interesting work for all who in our day adhere to the principles of the Puritans, or rejoice in a descent from the noble stock who were the champions of Freedom two centuries ago.

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*From the New Haven Courier.*

The design of the work is to set forth the causes which brought the *Pilgrims* to these shores; to exhibit their *principles*; to show what these principles are worth, and what it cost to maintain them; to vindicate the character of the Puritans from the aspersions which have been cast upon them, and to show the PURITANIC SYSTEM OF CHURCH POLITY,—as distinguished from the Prelatic,—broadly and solidly based on the word of God; inseparable from religious Purity and Religious Freedom; and of immense permanent importance to the best interests of mankind.

The publication is intended to bring together such historical information concerning the Puritans, as is now scattered through many volumes, and cannot be obtained but with much labor and research, and an outlay beyond the means of ordinary readers.

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*From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The author enters with considerable minuteness into English ecclesiastical history prior to the persecutions of the Puritans, reviews the events which more immediately led to their emigration to this country, traces the effects of that step on the institutions and religious character of the people of both continents, and then enters into an analysis of both prelatical and Puritanical church polity, and warmly and eloquently defends the latter. The style of the work is vigorous and clothes a subject on which much has been already written with new attractions, combining succinctness of historical detail with elegance of diction.

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*From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

*Puritans and their Principles* is the title of a very handsome octavo volume, by EDWIN HALL, which has just

been published by Messrs. Baker & Scribner, at 145 Nassau street. Its purpose is to enable the public to judge concerning the character and history of the Puritans, which, as he contends, are now so perseveringly and so violently assailed; and he has discharged the laborious task with great zeal and ability. He says the utmost pains have been taken to caricature the principles, and to blacken the history of the Puritans; and as an evidence of this he cites the fact that very many persons at the present day believe that the famous code entitled the "*Blue Laws* of Connecticut" once actually had a place among the statutes of that colony;—whereas, in point of fact, they were the work of a Tory clergyman, and written expressly to blacken the character of the rebel colonists.

The volume exhibits proof of the industry and zeal of the author, no less than of his ability and devotion to the principles in defence of which he writes. As to the correctness of these principles, of course, we are not called upon to pronounce any judgment; but all who are interested in the subject, as indeed nearly all intelligent persons must of necessity be, may rely upon finding in this volume much matter, of fact and of argument, that will essentially guide their investigations.

The work is printed in very handsome style, and reflects great credit upon the newly established house by which it is published.

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*From the New England Puritan.*

This is a neatly printed octavo, of between 400 and 500 pages, from the pen of one who has proved himself a master of his subject. It gives the history of the Puritans, embracing the most of its material and interesting facts; and also makes these facts subserve a defence of the character and principles of our ancestors. The work is ably and thoroughly executed, and it ought to furnish a part of the library of every descendant of the Puritans.

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*From the N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.*

This is a beautiful octavo, of over 400 pp., handsomely printed. As it has but just reached us, we have given it,

as yet, only a cursory examination. We regard it as a very valuable book. It contains a large amount of important historical matter, in a condensed form; precious under all circumstances, but especially useful in our times, when both Scripture and history are studiously distorted to prove the inventions of men superior in excellence to the institutions of God.

The book shows the causes which brought the Pilgrims to our shores; exhibits their principles; vindicates their character from unjust aspersions; and states their system of church polity, as distinguished from Prelacy. It enters into the history of the Puritans and their times; traces their progress from the discovery of one important principle to another; exhibits them in their sufferings, wanderings, and landing on the margin of this wilderness. The claims of Prelacy the author subjects to the severe test of the Bible, reason and history. It treats historically of England, before the times of Wickliffe; of Wickliffe and his times; of the reign of Henry VIII.; of Edward, Mary and Elizabeth; of the conflict of principle; of Puritan sufferings; of the judicious Hooker; of James I., and the going to Holland; of the voyage to America; of the Pilgrims at Plymouth; of the storm gathering in England; Charles I.; Archbishop Laud; founding of the Puritan churches; rise of the civil war; the Rule and Judge of Faith; on the alleged right to impose liturgies and ceremonies; on schism; the Church, its officers, discipline; Episcopacy; Apostolic succession, &c.,

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*From the Presbyterian.*

The author presents, in his advertisement, a summary of his designs in this publication, which are "to set forth the causes which brought the Pilgrims to these shores; to exhibit their principles; to show what these principles are worth, and what it cost to maintain them; to vindicate the character of the Puritans from the aspersions which have been cast upon them, and to show the Puritanic system of church polity, as distinguished from the Prelatic." All this is accomplished with both zeal and knowledge, and the whole narrative, extending back

to the early times of the Puritans, and embracing a most important period of ecclesiastical history, is full of absorbing interest, not merely to the descendants of the Pilgrims, but to every American Christian. We have met with no work, which, to our mind, presents so satisfactory, and yet succinct a history of the times and events to which it refers.

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*From the N. Y. Baptist Recorder.*

The work of Mr. Hall was undertaken *con amore*,—his love of the Puritans is deep and unbounded. He has collected his facts from an extended course of reading, and expressed his thoughts in a style which, if not brilliant, is lucid and earnest. We hail with much pleasure all such contributions to our Historical Literature. We hope those who have read Dr. Coit will read Mr. Hall. Their conclusion will be that though the Puritans were mortal, and are justly chargeable with many inconsistencies and errors, they were still a noble race, the trace of whose influence is found in the best institutions of the world.

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*From the N. Y. Evening Post.*

The object of the work, as he states in the preface, is to set forth the causes which led the Pilgrims to establish themselves on this continent, to exhibit the nature and value of their principles, and show the sacrifices at which they were maintained, to defend their character against the attacks levelled against it, and to vindicate the puritanic system of Church Polity.

The work is not historical merely, but in a good measure controversial, and the author wields the weapons of controversy with no little dexterity and vigor. The Puritans were a class of peculiarly strong and decided character—a character which impressed itself upon the age in which they arose, and the influence of which yet survives. The author is a warm admirer of this class, and defends their memory with zeal. He takes occasion to discuss the claims of prelacy at much length, not only in its historical but in its other aspects. We have no doubt that the work will be favorably received by the large religious denomination to which the author belongs.

*From the Albany American Citizen.*

We cannot forbear to express our conviction that it is a work of great merit, and has no common claims, especially upon the regard of those who have the blood of the Puritans flowing in their veins. Its historical details evince the most diligent research, and its vigorous and masterly discussion of important principles, shows a judicious, discriminating, and thoroughly trained mind. As the subjects of which it treats, have, to a great extent, a controversial bearing, it cannot be expected, that all will judge in the same manner of the merits of the book, but we think all who possess ordinary candor must agree that it is written with no common ability, and contains a great amount of useful information.

*From the Hartford Christian Secretary.*

After an Introduction, containing a glance at the condition of England before the days of Wickliffe, we are presented with a history of Wickliffe and his times, the reign of Henry VIII., and the rise of the Puritans, from whence we trace them in their conflicts, visit them in their prisons, follow them in their wanderings, and come with them to their first rude dwellings in the American wilderness. We behold the foundation here rising under their hands, until the wilderness became transformed into a fair and fruitful field. The principles of these noble men are exhibited and explained. The matter of Church Polity is discussed, and the claims of Prelacy are brought to the test of reason, of history, and of the word of God.

We venerate the character and the principles of the Puritans of New England. Their history we have long since regarded as one of the most important triumphs of conscience and truth our world has seen. Our country will never cease to feel the blessed influence of their faith and principles; and we rejoice in the conviction, which is more and more confirmed by every year's observation, that the Puritan theology will spread itself widely over our land, and especially on the sacramental question, will be the prevailing view of American

*From the Christian Intelligencer.*

Christians. We read with interest, accordingly, the accounts of the Pilgrim Celebrations, year after year, and wonder not that such enthusiasm should be manifested by those who claim lineal descent from the Pilgrim Fathers. That some things occur in connection with these occasions, which look very unlike the Puritans, it is mortifying to see. There have recently been some sad incongruities enacted. What, for instance, has fiddling and dancing and carousal, and all the paraphernalia of the ball-room, to do with Puritanism? If one of the good old Puritans should rise from his rest, and come to the door of a Pilgrims' ball—would he not more readily fancy that the sons of the Cavaliers were exulting in the riddance of them, than that the sons of the Pilgrims were celebrating the holy triumphs of a self-denying piety? There is, to our minds, very much that is wrong here. And then, how comes it that Unitarianism is so ardent in the Pilgrim Celebration? What fellowship has the Puritan system with Unitarianism? We were inclined to ask, where, on the last Pilgrim Anniversary, were the Orthodox ministers—the men who occupy the Puritan posts—of Boston? Have they given all into other hands—or do they seek other modes of showing their regard for the principles of their fathers, which they deem preferable to the formality of uncovering their heads as they pass the spot of hallowed memory? If there is any anniversary which should be kept with truly religious service, it is this; and every proper means should be employed, that the descendants of the Puritans should know in detail their fathers' history, and the principles for which they suffered.

In this view, Mr. Hall of Norwalk has done good service—but his work, in its benefits, goes very far beyond this. We noticed his book briefly, a few weeks ago, and now, after a careful reading, are prepared to speak more decidedly concerning it. We know of no work, which, in the same compass, gives so clear and satisfactory a view of the origin and progress of the principles of Puritanism. There are evidences of careful and patient research, and a comparison of the best authorities, in every chapter. The picture of the *Laudean policy* is one that has its counterpart only under the bloody Mary, or on the opposite side of the channel. We hope to be able to give the whole of this, that our readers may know more of

the man, whose High Church views Puseyism sympathizes in, and whose execution it celebrates as martyrdom. The history of the successive colonies to New England is given with peculiar distinctness—and from the reading of it, we have derived a clearer knowledge of the several localities occupied. The style of Mr. Hall is vigorous, and his whole treatment of his subject manly. Our country congregations cannot fail of being well informed, with such courses of lectures as these.

As this work has grown out of the late outbreak of Prelatic exclusiveness—and especially in Connecticut—the author goes into the examination of the peculiar notions of Episcopacy. The controversy has called out several able works, and though this appears last, it loses nothing in interest, and is anticipated by nothing which has been published. In the chapters embraced in this part of the volume, there is a series of original and conclusive reasoning. A certain Mr. Chapin, as well as Bishop Brownell, comes in for his share of the showing up. In the concluding chapter, a curtain is drawn, and we are furnished with a view of some things worth seeing—note, for instance, the topics—"Episcopacy and Republicanism"—"Episcopacy in the American Revolution"—"Reproaches against the Puritans"—"The Table Turned." On the subject presented in this last topic, Dr. Phillips was led to say something in his late dedication sermon; the detail here given is amazing.

Mr. Hall closes his volume with a review of Dr. Coit on Puritanism, and exposes him fully. Every man of New England origin, who possesses any of the Puritan spirit, we should think, would make himself acquainted with this book. We commend it to every reader.

After these remarks concerning the book in general, there is one circumstance to which we would call special attention. Who has not heard of "the Blue Laws of Connecticut"—who has not felt aggrieved that good men should be concerned in their enactment? Behold, they are an *absolute fiction*—a mere Munchausen affair—according to Mr. Hall, the work of a Rev. Mr. Peters, an Episcopal clergyman, a Tory, who abandoned our country at the opening of the Revolution, and fled to England. Mr. Hall very justly expresses his amazement that this man's fabrications should be brought out in a recent impression, with special commendation.







